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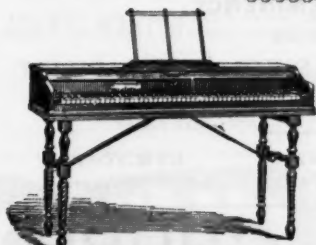
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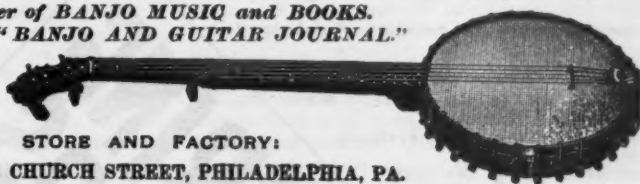
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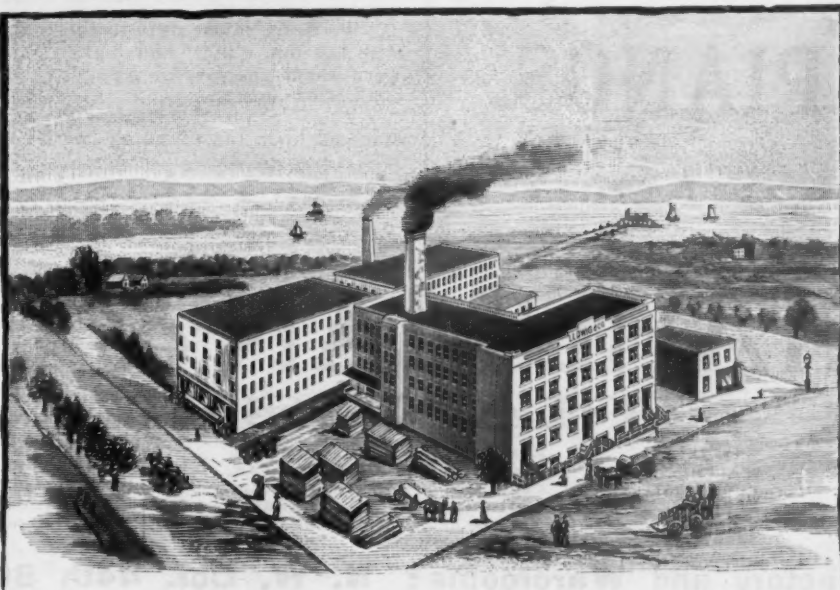
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## A Christmas Dream.

By MAX MARETZK.

### CHAPTER III.



N EAR Rome, on the site of the ancient suburb Preneste, arises the small city of Palestrina. There, about the year 1534, A. D., in a modest cottage occupied by a humble family of fruit venders, was born Giovanni Pierluigi Sante, called Palestrina. Rafael Sanzio, the prince of painters, had departed, but Palestrina, the prince of musicians, appeared, to achieve glory and immortal-

ity. By general consent he is considered the "Father of Music." He studied under Gaudimal and progressed so rapidly that in 1551 he was chosen by Pope Julius III. to be "Maestro della capella Vaticana," and was the first to bear that title. About that time, against the will of that prelate, he married Lucrezia, a distant relative of Cardinal Carafa. Pope Marcello II. succeeded Julius III., but occupied the pontifical throne only twenty-one days, expiring from the effect of an apoplectic stroke. Some contend that he was poisoned. Unfortunately for Palestrina, Cardinal Carafa was elected to succeed Marcello II. and assumed the title of Paul IV. His first step was to discharge Palestrina on the ground that no married man should be tolerated in the Vatican choir, and no woman allowed among the singers, "in order to conserve the purity of the established custom," but artificial male sopranos were considered perfectly moral and free from contamination.

Poor Palestrina, having thus lost his salary of \$6 a month, soon felt the pangs of poverty, hunger and despair. One day, his wife having gone out to implore the forgiveness of the Pope and to seek aid from former friends, a gentle rap at his door awoke Palestrina from his despondency. He opened the door and discovered a tall, thin gentleman, who, giving a quick glance into the room, quickly retired to a dark corner of the hall and, covering his eyes, said:

"Pardon me, illustrious maestro; I came to offer a bargain. I wish to negotiate with you for some compositions, but the reflection of the sun on the polished surface of that bronze statuette on your mantelpiece nearly blinds me. I have such weak eyes! Would you kindly cover it with some dark cloth?"

"With pleasure, sir!" answered Palestrina. "It is a crucifix, a present from my departed benefactor, Pope Julius. Walk in, sir! I have done as you desire."

An elderly man, attired in a black velvet dress, such as was usually worn by knights of militant religious orders, entered cautiously, one hand resting on the hilt of his sword, the fingers of the other nervously twisting a chain suspended around his neck, which resembled the decoration of the Golden Fleece, with the single exception that, instead of the pendant lamb, his chain supported a golden ram with twisted horns.

After being seated, and having rubbed his eyes as if they still smarted, he announced himself as Signor Don Bicornis Sophistocles, a Grecian gentleman from the Holy Land, superior of a fraternity of Byzantine Knights located near Jerusalem. He explained that he was traveling through Europe on a secret mission, and having heard of the illustrious maestro he had come expressly to see him and ask whether, for a consideration, he would be willing to compose a few pieces for the exclusive use of his fraternity.

"With pleasure, sir," answered Palestrina, "but I desire to inform you that sacred music is my specialty, or at

least the subjects of my compositions must be Biblical ones."

Sophistocles seemed for a moment perplexed, but, never long at a loss to extricate himself from embarrassment, assured the maestro that he would ask for nothing else; that for the present he desired to obtain two rather light compositions, for each of which he would pay three gold pieces, and one of more importance, for which he would pay seven, making a total of thirteen gold coins. At the same time he detached from his girdle a leathern satchel, counted out thirteen bright and dazzling gold pieces and placed them before Palestrina.

"You need not pay in advance!" cried the maestro, looking with astonishment and longing at the heap of money. "Anyhow, I must first know most clearly just what you desire."

"Strictly biblical subjects," answered Sophistocles somewhat ironically, having observed the impression produced upon the maestro by the shining coins. "First, I desire a dance; simply a dance; I wish the music such as excited Herodias' daughter to dance before Antipater, in order to obtain the head of John the Baptist."

Palestrina, slightly irritated, asked why such a hideous episode and such horrible characters from the Holy Scriptures had been selected.

"I do not agree with your opinion as to these individuals," responded Sophistocles. "Salome was a dutiful daughter who obeyed her mother implicitly, and so is a worthy example for the young girls of our day. Antipater was a king who kept his promise sacredly, a thing now seldom seen. Does not your own countryman, Nicolo Macchiavelli, proclaim the doctrine that a prince is not bound to keep his word? And as far as Herodias is concerned, she was an offended woman, and since the world began, the rage, revenge and cruelty of an offended woman has been regarded as more to be dreaded than the sting of a scorpion. She had not interfered with John in his occupation of baptizing whomever he pleased, and objected strongly to his meddling with her love affairs."

"But why do you choose dance music?" queried Palestrina. "Does your fraternity indulge in dancing?"

"We ourselves do not dance," rejoined Sophistocles, "but occasionally we give festivals frequented by crowds of Mussulmans, Jews, Indians and Egyptians, whom we first

"would be simply a short hymn or anthem in honor of Judas Iscariot!"

Shuddering with surprise and horror, Palestrina exclaimed: "What! a hymn to Iscariot, the arch traitor! the fiend who sold his Master and betrayed him with a treacherous kiss! Never!"

"Calm yourself, maestro; suppress for one moment your wrath and answer me a few questions. Why did the Nazarene die upon the cross?"

"To redeem mankind," cried Palestrina.

"How could he have accomplished his sacrifice and the destiny if Iscariot had not betrayed him?"

Palestrina stared, mute with astonishment.

"Don't you perceive that Judas was the chosen instrument to carry out the Creator's intentions? He could not avoid the decree of the Almighty; besides, he repented and became the prey to frenzied remorse and despair when he found out the awful catastrophe apparently caused by his action. Now, if the penitent Magdalene obtained forgiveness, why should there be no mercy for the more penitent Judas? Answer, devout maestro."

"I have never found in the Holy Scriptures that he has been pardoned," said Palestrina.

Seeing that his sophisms had not yet fully persuaded, Sophisto had recourse to his inventive talent.

"Not everything," said he, "that happened at the time of that solemn and mysterious tragedy is written in the Scriptures. The fraternity to which I belong existed long before the present era, and has only been remodeled since the events in Jerusalem. We know the contents of the Egyptian Hermetic, of the Roman Sibylline Books, the Indian Sanscrit Vedas and the Jewish Gamoras, and consequently could reveal many things of which you never dreamed."

I therefore assure you that Judas has been forgiven, and further, that his pardon has been manifested to him by a miracle. He hurled back the thirty shekels of silver to the Sanhedrim, but you know he carried the purse of the Apostles, which contained thirteen gold pieces. When the Apostles scattered he, in his frenzy, ran to the Wilderness, where he built a chapel and passed the remainder of his life as a recluse, invoking Heaven by prayers and fasting, for a sign of his forgiveness. The purse with the thirteen gold pieces he had hung on the altar of his chapel,



H. A. Lindsay

PALESTRINA, THE FATHER OF MUSIC.

allow to revel at liberty, to stain their souls by excesses of all kinds, but afterward we endeavor to convert them. The greater the sinner the greater the merit if we succeed."

Palestrina remained silent a moment, pondering over such reasoning, but after a glance at the refulgent gold before him intimated that he would think the matter over and try to decide favorably.

"This second piece of music I desire," continued Sophisto,

and before he expired an apparition in a dream informed him that as a proof of his pardon the purse of the Apostles he had so honestly preserved should henceforth be inexhaustible!"

"Incredible!" murmured Palestrina.

"Incredible?" retorted Sophisto. "You believe in miracles of the other Apostles, but not of Judas! What should you say if I should go further and assert that this very satchel hanging at my side is the identical purse of the



Apostles, and that the money on your table is part of its miraculous inexhaustibility?"

"Prove it!" cried the maestro. "Prove it, if you can!"

"Both Judas' chapel and the Apostles' purse came into the possession of our order," returned Sophisto, "and as you ask for proof I will show you I am no imposter." Thus saying he opened the satchel, and let Palestrina examine it.

"Empty!" he cried, triumphantly.

Sophisto, taking the purse, turned it inside out, and the jingle of coins was heard. He emptied it, and thirteen pieces of gold rolled out on the table. Picking them up and returning them to the satchel, he said:

"This, sir, will prove to you that money is no object to us if you will compose music for us."

Somewhat shaken, Palestrina asked for a few days' time to consider the matter carefully; nevertheless, he inquired what the third piece of music was to be.

Sophisto, emboldened by the impression he believed he had made, audaciously ordered a grand chorus, a "Hosannah in Profundis."

"You mean a 'Hosannah in Excelsis,'" interrupted the maestro.

"No; I mean 'in profundis,' and the subject is to be the joyous reception of Lucifer when he returned from the Garden of Eden to the lower regions and announced his success in tempting Eve to taste the forbidden fruit from the Tree of Knowledge."

"Enough!" screamed Palestrina, horror stricken. "I will listen no more."

"If," continued Sophisto coolly, "Adam and Eve had not obtained knowledge from that tree, where would you be, dear maestro? If existing at all, you would be like the beast of the field, content with eating, drinking and sleeping. That tree of knowledge completed the Creator's plan and conferred upon you reason, intelligence, inspiration and creative power. Where would your great compatriots Dante, Michel Angelo, Galileo, Raphael and yourself be without knowledge? Where would you all have obtained your inspiration to create master works if Mother Eve had not plucked and tasted that fruit of knowledge?"

"Hold!" shrieked Palestrina, pointing with his hand toward the hidden crucifix. "You forget that He, by his sublime sacrifice, redeemed mankind from that original sin. I cannot serve you." Then tearing down the cover and grasping the crucifix he held it on high and exclaimed with ecstasy:

"Him only do I serve! from Him only do I receive inspiration!"

Turning toward the spot where Sophistocles had been seated, he was dumfounded to perceive that he had vanished. He rushed to the door, opened it, but heard no steps, threw open the window, but the street was deserted as usual at the hour of siesta in Rome, and he saw nothing alive except on the roof of an old house on the angle of the next street, where sat a drowsy black buzzard, motionless.

Palestrina's pulse throbbed furiously, his brain felt as if on fire, he staggered back to his chair and his eyes fell on the gold coins; frantically he grasped the money and hurled it out of the window. At that moment his wife, Lucrezia, crossed the street and was about to enter the house. Attracted by the clink of the gold on the pavement, she turned around and observed a gentleman in black picking up gold pieces.

"Signora!" he cried, "you are dropping your money!"

"Alas!" she replied, "I have none to lose."

"Are you not the wife of Palestrina?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Are not man and wife one?"

"So the Church teaches, sir," she replied.

"Then," continued Sophistocles, "your husband's money is yours and you had better take it."

"You are carrying your jest too far; my husband has not a penny to bless his soul."

"But, my dear signora, I saw him just now throw it out of his window," insisted Sophistocles. "The fact is I paid it to him myself for some compositions I ordered, but he, not liking the subjects, lost his temper and tried to assault me with some blunt weapon. I left his room, and here are the gold pieces I gave him."

"My husband must be crazy to refuse work for ready money when he knows our state of absolute poverty," responded Lucrezia.

"Well, then, you had better take the money. Reason with him. Persuade him not to be so punctilious about the subjects of his compositions. Try to manage him, gently and by degrees, and if you succeed I will give you more money for your trouble."

He pressed the coins into the hand of the astonished woman and turned to depart, when she called him back and asked when he would return for a report from her.

"I do not wish to go again to your rooms," replied Sophisto. "Your husband is too impulsive. But you will find me any afternoon, about the hour of sunset, near the western entrance of the Colosseum. On reflection, I think it perhaps would be wiser not to speak to your husband about meeting me, nor show him the money. It might occasion another outburst of his anger. You had better get this gold changed into current money, and then, after a

good meal and the enjoyment of unusual comfort, he will probably tell you of his interview with me in his own way. Then will be your chance to reason with him and make him more docile."

Lucrezia followed his advice and went to a Jewish money changer in the Ghetto. He looked at the coins, examined them carefully, applied the touchstone, tried to read the inscription, and at length, utterly astonished, asked her how she came into possession of such coins. Not willing to tell the truth, she replied that she had found them in a crevice of the Colosseum.

"That is very curious!" exclaimed the Hebrew, "but it is quite possible, as these are coins of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and they must have been hidden there 1,500 years. What a lucky find!" But suddenly suppressing his excitement, with a view to a good bargain, he remarked that as it was not current money in the Papal states, and could be used only in the smelting pot or as ornaments, he could allow her no more than 13 scudi (dollars) in silver.

Lucrezia joyfully accepted, immediately went shopping in the markets and on her return home delighted her husband with a most welcome supper, accounting for her store of money by saying she had obtained it from a relative. During the feast Palestrina told her how, during her absence, he had been visited by a blasphemer, if not the devil himself. Lucrezia good-humoredly suggested that it was a hallucination caused by hunger, and urged him to eat and drink.

In the mean time the Jew, not being allowed to bargain or sell publicly, went to the principal jeweler of Rome, with whom he often traded, and offered the thirteen coins for sale. The jeweler gladly paid him 50 scudi and asked him to bring more of the same kind if possible.

The coins were transformed into medallions and exposed for sale in the jeweler's shop. Their novelty attracted the attention of the ladies, and in a few days he had sold them all at a large profit. The medallions became town talk and the jeweler implored the Jew to furnish more of them. The Jew harassed Lucrezia to go searching again in the Colosseum, and Lucrezia coaxed and wheedled Palestrina to try his pen on the Herodias dance, if for no other object than only to satisfy her curiosity as to how it would sound.

Meanwhile the ladies who had bought the medallions underwent strange changes in their manners when wearing them. The devout woman became irreligious, the weak one haughty, the liberal one avaricious, the modest one impertinent, the upright one hypocritical, the virtuous one flighty. It seemed as if the seven deadly sins were imbedded in those medallions.

One of the ladies, as bad luck would have it, the house-keeper of the Grand Inquisitor, usually as gentle as a lamb, the moment she placed the medallion on her bosom, became raving with symptoms of obsession by the devil. To the inquisitive eye of her employer this circumstance was soon patent, and he decided upon a test. He summoned her to his private office; when not adorned with her medallion she proved a model of humility and piety; but when, upon his command, she hung it upon her person, she immediately became quarrelsome, called him a butcher of innocent people, declared that the many witches he had ordered burned had gone straight to heaven, but that their accusers, their judges and the inquisitors would join Satan. He tore the medallion from her bosom and instantly she resumed her polite and devout character.

No longer doubting, the inquisitor sternly inquired from whom she had obtained the medallion. She named the jeweler—who referred to the Jew. Being questioned by an officer of the Holy Inquisition the trembling Jew accused Lucrezia Carafa of having sold them to him. Lucrezia, dragged before the Inquisitor and threatened with torture, confessed every detail of her encounter with Sophisto, and finally Palestrina, who had followed his wife to the tribunal, recited his adventure with the strange man, stated his refusal to serve him, and his mysterious disappearance at the exhibition of the Crucifix.

"There is no longer any doubt," exclaimed the Inquisitor, "we have a devil, a real live devil, running loose in the streets of Rome." He ordered Palestrina and Lucrezia to be held in custody, and proceeded to inform the Pope. On the way the idea struck him forcibly that catching a live devil and being able to hold and expose him would be a stepping stone to the Pontifical throne, while the Pope, on hearing the story, thought that catching that inexhaustible purse for himself would be a very clever stroke of policy.

After much discussion they decided that Palestrina should be ordered to write one of the compositions, and that Lucrezia should take it to Sophistocles at the Colosseum, as he had directed. It was further determined that a number of officers of the Holy Inquisition should be secreted in the outer vaults, and, armed with consecrated weapons of the church, appear at a signal from Lucrezia and capture the Evil One.

The only difficulty remaining to be overcome now was the known ability of the devil to metamorphose himself and disappear, as he had done in Palestrina's room. This question having been submitted to the casuists, they declared that the power of metamorphosis could not be taken from him, but if Lucrezia should be invested with some relic of a saint, she would be able to hold him fast until the arrival

of the officers. Accordingly they ransacked the storehouse of relics for something particularly effective, and finally selected a glove of St. Theodate, a stocking of St. Pelagie, and a shoe of St. Afra, which were given to Lucrezia, with the warning that if she held on to Sophisto she and her husband would be set free and rewarded, but if not, she would be severely punished for taking and using the devil's money.

After carefully preparing all the details of the program, Lucrezia proceeded one afternoon to the western entrance of the Colosseum and found Sophisto there, seated on a stone bench.

"I bring you the Herodias dance!" she said unconcernedly, sitting down at his side and handing him a roll of music.

"Oh, I am delighted! let me look at it," he answered. He placed the music on his knee and bent forward to examine it. Instantly Lucrezia's hand, protected by St. Theodate's glove, grasped him by the nape of the neck. He stumbled down onto his hands and knees, and turning his face toward her, displayed the head of a tiger. Undaunted by the apparition, Lucrezia planted her foot, clad in St. Afra's shoe, on his neck. He coiled down on the ground and changed into a hissing serpent. Without a tremor, Lucrezia's knee, covered by St. Pelagie's stocking, was pressed down on his back and she gave the preconcerted signal.

At that instant the serpent suddenly changed into a mouse. Horror-stricken Lucrezia loosened her grip and with a piercing shriek jumped up on the bench, twisting her skirts tightly around her. The legion of the Inquisition, armed with buckets full of holy water, rushed out from their hiding places just in time to see a mouse disappearing through a crevice in the wall.

Poor Lucrezia was sent to a convent, but after the death of Pope Paul IV., in 1559, she was reunited to her husband by Pope Pius IV., who, on hearing Palestrina's "Messa Marcelli," reinstated him in his former position at the Vatican.

(To be continued.)

**Copenhagen.**—Swedish artists have lately been prominent in Copenhagen musical life. The second philharmonic concert presented an exclusive Swedish program executed by Swedish artists. Wilhelm Stenhammar, known already as a pianist and a composer, played with Tor Aulin, who doubtless is the most prominent among Scandinavian violinists, the Berwald trio, also the violin sonata No. 2, by Emil Sjögren.

The youthful singer Dagmar Sterky, by her art and personal attractiveness, was very pleasing. She sang several Swedish songs. This lady will probably have the privilege to create the principal rôle in Stenhammar's opera, "The Festival at Solhang," which is to be given in Copenhagen, and later in Germany.

**Svoboda's Musical History.**—Prof. Adalbert Svoboda's "Illustrierte Musik Geschichte" (Carl Gruninger, Stuttgart) will doubtless occupy an unique position in musical literature, for careful investigation reveals the fact that such histories of music as we possess are ponderous, uninspired and costly in a degree relative to their dryness. That they are rarely read by the general public, and seldom used by professors and students of the musical art, except for the purpose of reference, is small matter of wonder.

Here, at a trifling cost and within the limits of a book it does not tire the hand to hold, are related in a popular, interesting and poetic style the greatest histories of the musicians the world has known from the early Grecian times to the latter half of the nineteenth century; nay more, Professor Svoboda with patient and laborious research has not alone penetrated far back into the past and shown us how melody developed by degrees from the disconnected vocal cries of primitive peoples, but he has also given us the best information respecting the characteristic features of the poetry and music of all ages and nations, with illustrations of the brightest examples of these arts. This part of the work is fascinating to the highest degree, though this quality is never lacking from the first page to the last, natural in the case of a writer to whom it is of equal importance what he tells and how he tells it, and who is poet, musician and historian in one.

There is a limpidity, clearness and fluency in his style beyond all praise. The work is free from all unnecessary and tiresome technicalities, but notwithstanding a true and clear idea is given of the great compositions discussed though their poetic and ideal side is never lost sight of. The biographies, together with the delineations of character of the great musicians, are treated with terseness, truthfulness and strict justice and show the great literary skill and deep knowledge of human nature of the writer, whose idealistic individuality pervades the whole work. A chapter is entirely devoted to myths and legends hitherto unknown, with useful and most valuable hints to composers. A knowledge of musical history should be essential to the education of every person and Prof. Adalbert Svoboda's "Musical History" should consequently be found in every hand.





GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
BERLIN, W. LINKSTRASSE 17, November 13, 1894.

**A**LTHOUGH THE MUSICAL COURIER is far too modest to claim any credit in the movement of American artists toward the European continent or for their most flattering reception and, above all, most remarkable successes they have been achieving here, it remains nevertheless a fact and a circumstance worthy of mention that these things have happened almost exclusively since the branching out of our paper into Europe and the adequate representation it has acquired there. This in turn helped to pave the way for American artists in this country, and called the attention of European managers, agents and, above all, the press and public to their proficiencies, and in many cases to the very fact of their existence, of which previously they were utterly unaware.

It is therefore with special pride, not unmixed with a bit of local patriotism, that again I have occasion to state that the great musical events of the week were the appearances at the Royal Opera House of two American ladies, both of whom carried away honors rarely won at that institution, and that one, a débutante whose unheralded name was hitherto entirely unknown to fame, won such immediate and pronounced recognition that she was without further ado engaged on most brilliant terms for a number of years by Count Hochberg. This was done, moreover, after a single private rehearsal before the Royal Intendant, in the presence of Mr. Pierson and a few other chosen spirits, and before the young lady had ever set foot upon any operatic stage. Her phenomenal alto voice, its range, beauty and power, and her absolute control over it, as well as her sterling musical qualities, carried the day before her histrionic abilities had been inquired into.

The lucky possessor of this phenomenal voice is Miss Edyth Walker, who only a few years ago was a fellow passenger with me on the same steamer. She went to Dresden, and was there educated at the Royal Conservatory by Miss Orgeni. The story of her success here night before last at the Royal Opera House, when she made her début as "Fides" in "Le Prophète" I shall tell later on, and at present content myself with stating that her reception by the public and the unanimous verdict of the critics, surpassed in applause, recalls, praise and immediate recognition even my keenest anticipations. Not a half dozen people in Berlin knew on Sunday before 7 p. m. who Miss Edyth Walker was, and to-day she is recognized as one of the highest talented young singers that ever made their début at the Royal Opera House.

The other American lady who again won the hearts of the Berlin public was of course Lillian Nordica, of whose success as "Elsa" I reported in my last week's budget, and who was heard here a second and, I am sorry to say, for the present last time as "Marguerite," in Gounod's "Faust," last Wednesday night. The same scenes as at her "Elsa" début were enacted, and, barring the imperial boxes (H. M. the Emperor and H. M. the Empress, on account of the death of the Russian Emperor, being in court mourning), the house was filled to the last available space; this in spite of the raised scale of prices, which means much in Germany. The outward tokens of success, consisting also in most hearty applause in open scene (very rarely heard in Berlin) and triple enthusiastic recalls after the fall of the curtain after each act, were as flattering as they were deserved. Such finished singing, such lovely acting, such a poetic impersonation as Nordica gives us have not been heard on the Berlin stage in many years—certainly not since the retirement of Mme. Mallinger. Despite the somewhat unusual dressing (Mme. Nordica wore at her first appearance a white and black, instead of the customary blue "Gretchen" dress, and though she did not sing the part in German, but in Italian, she won her audience's sympathies spontaneously and irresistibly, and together with some of the habitués with whom I discussed the question we were unable to make up our minds whether we liked the American prima donna better as "Elsa" or as "Marguerite." Anyhow, we found her (as beautiful Mrs. Arnold put it to Mrs. Col. Savage, the wife of the author of "My Unofficial Wife") "just too lovely for anything." Well, let it stand at that, and I doubt not that on the 27th inst., when you hear Nordica in New York as "Elsa," you will all be of the same opinion as these two distinguished lady connoisseurs.

The caste of this "Faust" performance contained one

more "guest" in the person of the tenor Krauss, from the Mannheim Court and National Opera House. He was by no means a bad impersonator of the title part, having a good voice and some musical training as well as intuitions. But he uses the falsetto terribly often and none too well, and his acting was both a trifle stiff and conventional. His costume also did not fit him any too well, and though he is above the average height his nether gear, including his boots, looked as if they had been made for a fellow double his size.

Bulz gave "Valentine" for the first time, and like the great artist he sang and acted equally well. Moedlinger's "Mephisto" counts among his best parts, and Miss Rothauer was a charming "Siebel." Mrs. Lammert as "Martha Schwerdtlein," however, was simply dreadful. Old man Sucher had his forces under the very best of control, and so the performance as a whole was an excellent one and well worth remembering.

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On the same evening Miss Clara Polscher, the popular and justly famed Leipsic concert and Lieder singer, gave a song recital at the Singakademie, which for obvious reasons and to my sorrowful disappointment I was not able to attend. I hear, however, from the very best authority that the lady sang with her accustomed charm and success, that the hall was crowded and that three or four encores were insisted upon. I also learn that Mr. Anton Foerster, the young Leipsic piano virtuoso, accompanied with skill and taste. As the program seems to me a specially interesting one, containing as it did several novelties of importance, I herewith reproduce it in full for the benefit of the American Lieder program makers:

Mignon.....	F. Liszt
Abschied.....	Ed. Grieg
Primula veris.....	Hoffnung.....
An mein Tambourin.....	A. Rückauf
Trauliches Heim.....	O. Lessmann
Harren.....	"Schlaf", mein Kindchen.....
"Schlaf", mein Kindchen.....	H. Sommer
Frühlingslied.....	P. Umlauf
Abendgang.....	A. Fuchs
Am Bache.....	Forellenfang.....
Forellenfang.....	H. Hutter
Lenz.....	W. Kienzl
Kinderlied.....	W. Berger
"Die Lor' sitzt im Garten".....	H. Sommer
"Wandle ich in dem Morgenstau".....	Otto Dorn
"Ich wollt', ich wär".....	C. Reinecke
Maidlied.....	Wiegenlied.....
Wiegenlied.....	H. Harthan

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I just notice that I began my report this week with Wednesday instead of Tuesday, and so I herewith retrieve myself by stating that I heard the first part of Mrs. Marie Jaëll's piano recital at Bechstein Hall that evening. The lady in question is the author of a very interesting work and collection of studies for piano touch; she is also the widow of a famous pianist, and she is said to be an excellent teacher, with a substantial Parisian clientèle. All this to the contrary notwithstanding, she is a rather poor and disappointing pianist. When I hear such ladies as Mrs. Jaëll and Mme. Roger-Miclos and think of the high reputation they hold as pianists in Paris, my esteem for the critical judgment of my French confrères and of the Parisian public, as far as piano playing is concerned, falls to a minimum. Mme. Jaëll's exhibition of herself last Tuesday night was of the most pitiable nature; her technic was faulty, her touch not good, her tone poor, and, above all, her pedaling was so disastrously negligent and unmusical that the novel and at times risky harmonics of Saint-Saëns in the six little pieces which constitute his "Album pour Piano," and which are by no means among his more important or beautiful creations, sounded like mud pie. Not much better did Liszt's transcendental "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" study, far after the positive butchering of which I fled in conjunction with most of the other Berlin critics.

When we reached the Singakademie, however, we found that we had jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for there Miss Clara Nittschalk, a local contralto, was holding forth, and I must confess that a more affected, smirking and ridiculous elderly girl with a passé voice and a kittenish air I have never seen or heard. I could and did stay to the end of the program, which promised the Emperor's "Song to Aegir," but again took to my heels after the Vortrag of a manuscript Lied by one of the old Berlin music critics, which sounded as if it had been composed when both the writer and the singer were many decades younger and, so to speak, in their infancy, if ever they have gone through that remote period of their existence.

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For those who believe in the coincidences of figures I mention that on Wednesday night, the 7th inst., seven musical affairs took place in Berlin simultaneously. The opera I attended and Miss Polscher's concert I mentioned before. What I could not attend was a concert by the violoncello virtuoso Liègeois, who appeared at Bechstein Hall, and about whom you will find particulars in Mr. Abell's report. Another violoncello virtuoso, Miss Adele Adler, from Prague, a pupil of David Popper, gave a concert in conjunction with Lilli Marsala, soprano, at the Potsdam street

"Club House of the Friends." Leopold Gruber, a zither virtuoso from Vienna, invited the critics to the Architects' Hall. At the popular concert in the Philharmonie Messrs. Mannstaedt, Wittek and Beuge played, among other interesting numbers, for the first time César Frank's piano trio in F sharp minor, which I should have liked very much to have heard, and lastly the Concerthaus orchestra gave their first "composers' concert" for the season, on the program of which figured the names of the following Berlin composers: Wintzer, Peters, Phil. Scharwenka, Max Wagner, Boelsche, Wilh. Fink, Oerbig, A. Koenig, Priess and M. Fall. When Edison's phonographic apparatus will have become a household utensil each music critic will have an instrument at each concert which he cannot personally attend, and later on, when he wants to sit down and write his criticism, he lets loose his phonograph and reproduces the concert about which he is about to report. Here is an idea for my friend Mr. Wangemann, from Ducren, Mr. Edison's right hand man.

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Thursday night there was a fair division of labor, Mr. Abell taking charge of Willy Burmester's second concert, and I attending the joint concert of two American young ladies at the "Club House of the Friends," and of Mme. Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt's seventh and last but one piano recital.

As far as the efforts of the American sisters, one of whom is a singer and the other a pianist, are concerned they were of so dreadfully amateurish a nature that my pen refuses to write what I think about them and in mercy to the otherwise unoffending young girls I withhold even their name. But this much I want to say to them: "Don't you do it again!"

I was glad to notice an increased audience at the Marx recital, and to judge from appearances and the applause that followed the performance of each number the lady has taken hold of the Berlin public. I also learn that arrangements have been perfected by which Mme. Marx will be induced to repeat her eight recitals both at Paris and London in the near future. The following was the program in question, which consisted of variations and transcriptions:

Rameau.....	Gavotte avec variations.....
Haydn.....	Variationen in F minor.....
Mozart.....	Variationen in B flat.....
Beethoven.....	Variationen in E flat, op. 33.....
Mendelssohn.....	Variations sérieuses, op. 51.....
Scarlatti.....	Sonata.....
Bach.....	Toccata und Fuge.....
Gluck.....	Gavotte d'Iphigénie.....
Mozart.....	Variationen in G.....
Beethoven.....	Derwischchor aus "Die Ruinen von Athen".....
Schubert.....	"Vier Lieder".....
Mendelssohn.....	Scherzo a. "Sommernachtsstraum".....
Weber.....	Moto perpetuo, for the left hand.....
Schumann.....	Deux Etudes pour Pédalier.....
Saint-Saëns.....	Le rouet d'Omphale.....
Sarasate.....	Habanera.....
Wagner.....	Spinnerlied aus "Der fliegende Holländer".....
Wagner.....	"Der Ritt der Walkyren".....

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One of the most important and likewise most interesting concerts of the week was the third symphony evening by the Royal Orchestra under Weingartner's direction, for which, as usual on these occasions, the vast opera house was sold out to the last available place.

The program opened with Cherubini's best overture, the one to the "Water Carrier," which was so brilliantly and yet so reverently performed under Weingartner's baton that one could not help wishing for a hearing of the entire opera, a sterling and really very interesting work which has been shelved for the last ten to twenty years.

The living had a share on the program as well as the dead composers, which is a rare thing with Weingartner. This time, however, he made a laudable exception and gave us the Brahms third symphony in F and Eugen d'Albert's overture to Grillparzer's drama "Esther." The latter work I heard in New York several years ago, under the composer's own direction when, however, it was scarcely as well and effectively performed as last Friday by the Royal Orchestra. The invention in this A major overture is not quite up to d'Albert's maturer works of more recent creation, but the thematic workmanship and orchestra are already masterly.

Of the Brahms third symphony I like only the first and the poco allegretto scherzo movement, and these were also the best performed ones. Weingartner had worked out the allegro con brio most admirably, but the tempo seemed much slower than Bülow's, Thomas' or Nikisch's conception of the same movement. The andante and the finale are fearfully labored, and it seemed to me (or did I only imagine it?) that Weingartner just like myself felt no special interest in their reproduction.

Something entirely different was his reading of Beethoven's C minor symphony, which formed the second half of the program. It was impressive to a degree and as noble as it was brilliant. The most spontaneous applause followed each movement, and especially the close of the performance.

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The next symphony evening of the Royal Orchestra, on the 30th inst., will bring Liszt's "Orpheus," Borodini's E



flat symphony, Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture and Schumann's C major symphony.

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Saturday evening a new (new to Berlin at least) string quartet organization, the "Bohemian," made their "bow" at Bechstein Hall and met with immediate recognition and a most flattering reception.

The quartet consists of Messrs. Carl Hoffmann, Jos. Suk, Oscar Nedbal and Prof. Hans Wihan, all from Prague. Their forte seems to be the performance of works of Bohemian composers which they give with what for want of a better term may be called "national" feeling and in a most fiery, impulsive style, without, however, sacrificing anything of the ensemble. It is almost wonderful with what abandon and yet with what equally great precision, rhythmic and dynamic shadings these four musicians play.

They gave first Smetana's now quite well-known E minor quartet, entitled "Aus meinem Leben" and the C major quartet, op. 61, by his pupil Antonin Dvorák. The latter work did not impress me as much as the same composer's A major piano quartet which I heard the week before; still it is interesting, and especially the Scherzo in A minor pleased the audience very much.

Haydn's "Emperor Franz" quartet was the closing number of the program.

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A concert by the boy violinist Bronislaw Habermann, which was given the same evening, you will find noticed in Mr. Abell's column.

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About Miss Edyth's Walker's début in "Le Prophète" at the Royal Opera House last Sunday night and the success with which it was attended I spoke in the opening paragraph of this budget. I must now add to it that the most wonderful part of it is that this American young lady, outside of the rehearsals on the private stage of the Dresden Royal Conservatory of Music, had never yet set foot on any stage. This considered and making due allowance for the trepidation which a débutante necessarily must feel on so important and novel an occasion, her stage behavior was almost as phenomenal as her singing. Still, of course, her histrionic abilities are not quite as well developed as her voice, which latter speaks very highly for the teaching capabilities of Miss Orgeni. No such "Fides" has been heard here since the times of Marianne Brandt, and even she did not sing this most difficult and trying rôle in its entirety, while Miss Walker did not cut a note, and if possible sang the great coloratura cavatina of the last act, which is usually the stumbling block of all altos, as well if not better than the "Ah, mon fils," the begging aria and the duets with "Bertha." The only weak moment was the recognition scene with her son at the cathedral, where Miss Walker did not quite come up to the very high expectations which the remainder evoked.

The public and the critics were equally enthusiastic, and the fair débutante, whose American beauty was not quite recognizable under the make-up of old mother "Fides," but whose fine, tall figure seemed imposing enough, was called before the curtain several times after each act. This is the highest honor that can be bestowed at the Berlin Royal Opera House, where etiquette forbids all members of the personnel to even as much as acknowledge applause, and where a call before the curtain is only granted to successful authors and "guests."

The rest of the caste was likewise excellent, and altogether it was really a gala performance. Sylva, in the title part, was in fine voice, and his resonant utterances were especially noble and telling in the coronation scene. Miss Hiedler was a charming "Bertha," and sang exceedingly well; she likewise has a beautiful voice. Krolop was a trifle clownish as "Oberthal," but he and the three "Anabaptists" sang satisfactorily. The ensemble, carefully directed by Jos. Sucher, was a praiseworthy one.

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Some other news from the Royal Opera House is to the effect that Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," which has been thoroughly rehearsed, will not be brought out until December 4. The reason is that H. M. the Emperor wants to be present at the initial performance, which wish, before the expiration of the court mourning for Emperor Alexander III., cannot be gratified.

Meanwhile the "Postillon de Lonjumeau," which has not been heard here in ten years, has been remounted, and will be given soon with Sommer in the title part.

About Christmas a new ballet by Graeb and Moszkowski will be brought out, and in January we shall have Mascagni's "Ratcliff," with Mrs. Pierson and Ritter-Goetze, and Messrs. Sylva and Moedlinger in the principal rôles.

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It remains for me to speak of one more concert, the Richard Strauss third Philharmonic of last night. The Philharmonic was crowded this time, and even if I grant that many in the audience came more to hear Sarasate, who was the soloist of the occasion, I am at the same time glad to note that the general public seems to take renewed and enlarged interest in Manager Wolff's excellent series of concerts and in their new but steadfast conductor, Richard Strauss. The latter is gaining in favor, not only with the audience but also with his orchestra, and such

performances as were given last night are the natural consequence and outgrowth of the absolute control which the genial young conductor has gained over his forces. Liszt's tedious and lengthy last symphonic poem, "The Ideals," was played with a clearness and attention to detail which gave the sterile, arid and labored composition for some moments a semblance of an interest. This is bestowing high praise upon the reproduction. But especially gloriously played, and really a reading worthy of a Bülow, was that of the second "Leonore" overture.

As a fine feeling musician Strauss also displayed himself in the spirited and spirituelle performance of Charles Marie Widor's A major symphony, op. 54, which was the novelty of the program. Widor's music is but too rarely heard in this country, as well as in the United States. This symphony of the organist of St. Sulpice, of whom you have read so excellent a sketch in THE MUSICAL COURIER from the graceful pen of Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas, is a very original and interesting work, cleverly orchestrated, with fine flashes of novel harmonics and other devices, and withal of the most closely fitting form. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and the beauty and effectiveness of the moderate second movement absolutely carried me away. This movement is in C sharp minor, with a closing in D flat major, whereupon the slow movement makes its appearance in the key of D minor, which is a somewhat unusual arrangement. The second theme, as well as the trio of the slow movement, are very fine and the last movement is full of the most *récherché* musical surprises, which makes one long to hear it repeated in order to catch the many beautiful effects which whirl by the ear.

Sarasate was not in the very best of trim on this occasion; still he played finely. The third violin concerto in D minor, by Max Bruch (the composer was in the hall), is by no means as interesting a work as the same composer's G minor concerto. The first movement especially is a trifle stale and worked out to over great length. The slow movement, however, has much melodic charm, and the last movement some happy moments. Altogether it does not lie well within Sarasate's special line and demands more tone than he can give. Also did he have to play it from notes, which is a rather unusual proceeding for him.

Much better did he fare with Saint-Saëns' clever introduction and rondo capriccioso, which is well known to you, as it is one of Sarasate's hobbies, which he has often played in the United States. His technic is still marvelous and his piano playing as sweet as ever, but altogether I am very sorry to notice he was either badly disposed or he is in his decline. The public could or would not notice anything of this, for after the last piece a perfect furore of applause broke out, and when after the seventh or eighth recall Sarasate again appeared without a fiddle, thus plainly indicating that under no circumstances would he grant an encore, a war broke out in the hall among the people who continued to applaud and the hisses who wanted order restored. The somewhat comical situation did not come to an end until Richard Strauss lifted the baton for the performance of the Beethoven overture.

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At the concert house the third Wagner evening brought some novelties the existence of which only a few connoisseurs had hitherto had an inkling. I mean the piano sonata and the polonaise which Wagner wrote when, at the age of eighteen, he was a pupil of Weingig, and which as his ops. 1 and 2 were then published by Breitkopf & Härtel. These have been orchestrated by that arch-instrumentator Prof. Carl Müller-Berghaus, and in this form they were played at the Concerthaus. The sonata sounds like a little symphony, but it is very simple, and, except for a few unexpected harmonic changes, neither in form nor contents does it foreshadow the future musical reformer. These works are, however, of great historic interest. Among the other Wagner selections of this concert was likewise the Album piece which Wagner in 1853 wrote into Mrs. Mathilde Wesendonck's album and which Müller-Berghaus also orchestrated.

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Heinrich Hofmann writes to me that his new oratorio "Prometheus" was for the first time and with much success performed on the 7th inst. at Würzburg under Prof. Meyer-Obersleben's direction in the presence of the composer. The soloists were Mrs. Stavenhagen and Messrs. Hungar and Duesing. The second hearing of the work will be given at Speyer the 18th inst. Dr. Kalischer has written an interesting synopsis of this composition.

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Emanuel Moor's first piano concerto and his new second symphony, "In Memoriam of Ludwig Kossuth," will be performed at Mr. Henschel's London symphony concerts. The concerto will be played by the composer, who also informs me that he finished last summer a second piano concerto and several pieces for violin, which latter will shortly be published here by Simrock. Mr. Moor intends to give a concert with works of his own composition in Berlin during the latter part of December.

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I received a telegram of last night's successful first performance of Max Schilling's opera "Ingwilde," under

Felix Mottl's direction at Carlsruhe. Among those present at the première was Count Hochberg, intendant of the Berlin Royal Opera House.

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The Jos. Aibl Music Publishing Company in Munich has sent me the piano score with text of Richard Strauss' opera "Guntram." The work is beautifully arranged, and deserves a more extended notice, which will be given in THE MUSICAL COURIER'S "Review of New Music" column. My estimate of the opera appeared in this paper last June after I had attended the Weimer première under the composer's direction.

O. F.

## Vienna Letter.

NOVEMBER 20, 1894.

SINCE my return from holiday meanderings I have changed my abode, and the result has been that several persons armed with introductory letters have experienced considerable difficulty in finding me. So for the benefit of all or any interested let me here state that my address for the future is Burg-gasse 51, Thür 139, and that twixt the hours of 2 to 4 I am always at home. Door 139 sounds rather formidable to American ears where there are few elevators, but it is not half so near heaven as you perhaps imagine.

The twenty-fifth presentation of Strauss' operette, "Jabuka," was given Monday evening, and I have been cogitating ever since whether the work has really been such a success as on the opening night one fancied was the case. The theatre was only tolerably well filled, and the applause was not so spontaneous as the occasion seemed to demand. True, Strauss was called out a number of times, the usual laurel wreath was presented, and he, by way of acknowledgment, personally directed the third act; but interest, to a certain extent, was lacking; enthusiasm was conspicuous by its absence. And why? I can't well explain. Perhaps because "Jabuka" is not, in the strict sense of the word, comic opera in either music or plot, perhaps because the Strauss muse is at times not so happy as of old. Whatever the reason may be this opera will never win its way into the hearts of the people as have the "Fledermaus," "Gypsy Baron" and half a dozen others. And still what charming duets, what a dainty overture is that to the second act (there is really no opening overture, nothing more than a mere introduction); how gay and pretty are the costumes, how animated is the action; and still one leaves with a vague feeling of disappointment. Strauss is certainly endowed with perpetual youth; his movements are as brisk and fresh as ever and he bore no traces of his recent severe illness.

I am told that a libretto of Davies' has so pleased the master that he has been inspired to write a new work, the first act of which is almost completed.

When the Royal Opera announced its intention of producing the "Fledermaus" as a fitting close for the Strauss jubilee, with the composer in the director's chair, everybody was much interested. The house was sold out at immense prices despite the fact that Strauss' illness might prevent his attendance, and that considerable doubt was expressed as to whether grand opera singers would not be lost in the sphere of comedy and light opera. The success, however, was immense, and if the wishes of the public be heeded, a second presentation will soon follow. The refinement and musical taste of the artists added immensely to the charms of the work, and the enthusiasm at the close of the second act, the finale of which is the gem of the opera, was so persistent that the number was repeated.

Mark is an excellent singer and a satisfactory actress as well, while in Schrödter is lost to the world a very clever comedian. Frau Forster met with the greatest success, her charming personality and clever couplets taking the house by storm. Beeth, Dippel, Felix and Schiltenehelm did good work. Fuchs directed.

Gemma Bellincioni gave her farewell concert Saturday evening in the large Music-Vereins-Saal. Farewell for this season is, I suppose, what is meant. There was a large and elegant audience present, although materially smaller than that which attended her last year's concert. I think it does not require much cleverness to solve the why and wherefore of this. Only a little thing. Stagno, you know!

Roberto, it is a sad and mournful thing not to be able to yield gracefully to the ravages of old Father Time. You are making a desperate struggle, but entirely without the sympathy of your hearers, so be forewarned. Your voice has departed to a better world; and, let me whisper softly in your ear, you don't look attractive when you are in such a miserable temper. That would-be smile was enough to make the gods weep; and as for the applause some good natured few tried to raise, it was a good deal more than you would receive were you rash enough to brave a Vienna audience another time.

Bellincioni met with immense success, her coloratura work being particularly fine. There is a personal magnetism about this singer which adds much to her clever work; she interests her audience in herself, she is so friendly, so anxious to please. Her numbers included the aria "Casta diva," from "Norma"; Una voce poco fa, from "Barbier



von Sevilla"; "Les Enfants," Massenet; Spanish Songs, "Yradier"; "Ich liebe dich," Grieg.

Fräulein Hochmann, a pretty little violinist, received quite an ovation after a very musical interpretation of Wieniawski's *Legende* and *Polonaise*, and the "Zigeuner weisen" of Sarasate. The tone produced was pure and sweet, but almost too small for the large room.

Edmondo Paul, a baritone from Florence, sang two duets with Bellincioni and a group of solos. His voice was neither large nor unusual in quality.

"Mignon" is always excellently produced here, and Wednesday's performance was no exception. It is one of Renard's best rôles. I never weary of seeing it, the music is so interesting from beginning to end, and the story is so pretty. Renard is intensely musical, and her histrionic interpretation is so naive, so charming, just what the ideal "Mignon" should be—queen of the Viennese stage. Enthusiasm was as warm as ever.

Schrödter as "Wilhelm Meister" was splendid support, although a little more warmth could be infused into his acting. Fräulein Abendroth was as mincing, coquettish and undesirable as usual, and her small voice is by no means equal to the duties of "Philine." Of Reichenberg one can say only good, his work is always so reliable, so fresh and interesting.

Ben Davies gave his first song recital Sunday evening, and there must have been serious mismanagement somewhere, probably in the scarcity of press announcements, for the popular tenor met with a poorly filled house. Musically Davies met with great success, and the press notices were glowing, which not at all astonished me. A perfect school, an organ unusually broad full and sweet, an easy, flowing delivery, and a most genial personality won for him the hearts of his listeners. This concert was one of the finest vocal treats of a year.

Comparisons were made with Götze and Niemann, but I should say Ben Davies is Ben Davies, and so simplify matters. His numbers included a richly colored Händel Recitative and aria from "Judas Maccabeus," "Mondnacht," and "Widmung" of Schumann, old English ballads from the seventeenth century, and "Cielo e Mar," from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

Algernon Ashton played some very uninteresting compositions of his own in a most uninteresting fashion. His manipulation of the ivories was heavy, dull, clumsy, four cornered as could be, and a thick muffled toned piano in no way enhanced his efforts.

Tivadar Nachéz is the violinist whom many rank with Sarasate. His technique is big, and his interpretations interesting, but a little less violin and a little more voice would please the public infinitely. Everyone is anticipating the second concert with great interest.

"Fra Diavolo" was given on evening last week, and such a gay, dashing "Diavolo"! I could scarcely believe that this rollicking, fascinating black-haired villain was, as I had hitherto supposed, the demure, sedate Schrödter. I quite realize that one usually does not apply these adjectives to a man, but they aptly describe the impression made on me by this silvery voiced tenor. It was a splendid and inspiring performance.

Mark was a clever "Zerline"; Mayerhofer is as beloved as ever; Dippel as "Lorenzo," the brigadier, was charming to behold, but no actor, so indifferent in fact that I concluded he was meant purely as ornamentation. I hope to hear him soon again as "Siegfried."

Vladimir de Pachmann has at least temporarily forsaken the cloister solitude in which he has for some weeks been buried and is rejoicing the souls of piano devotees by a couple of recitals. The first was given Tuesday evening and fell short of expectations. The program was not a fortunate one. Sonata op. 39 of Weber was well played, particularly the last movements. The group of Brahms was rather beyond the comprehension of most people, myself included. The nocturne and berceuse of Chopin were ridiculously played, but the prelude was exquisite, and the valse (op. 42) was immense—if one likes a valse taken in

such a tempo. Liszt's "Étude de Concert No. 1" and "Mazurka Brillante" were given in true De Pachmann style. And then came the Schumann "Études Symphoniques"—those awful studies which De Pachmann will persist in butchering! He has not the requisite manliness, there is no breadth, no nobility to his interpretation. He has not the strength, and, as is generally the case, his memory took a short vacation in the last one. It is too bad! Pachmann has such clever fingers, plays some things so exquisitely, that we can but regret his foolish attempts at things intellectually and technically beyond him.

LILLIAN APEL.

### Technic.

At an examination not long ago in the Royal High School of Music in Berlin, technic was defined as the art of putting the right finger on the right note at the right time. This definition is at once accurate and concise, but the question of the means of accomplishment is yet unanswered in the minds of many students otherwise richly endowed with musical gifts.

The methods employed for acquiring technic are so numerous as to bring to mind the half humorous, half desperate words of the late Charles Platt, "Every man has a method," and indeed it would be strange if every man who reaches a goal in the art of piano playing has not, during the long a tedious process, evolved some unique system for himself. In Amy Fay's book "Music Study in Germany," we see something of the trials of a student amid conflicting methods, and in reading the tale of ambition and suffering, it is but natural to wish that there was but one method, and that the right one.

Rubinstein is reported to have said at the age of sixty that he never played the scale of C major to his own satisfaction. While in his ideal both tone and expression were undoubtedly mingled with the bare technic, his words might still have been true, though referring to the one requirement alone. Legato and staccato, octave playing and finger work, crescendos and decrescendos are all technical. In legato playing with most pianists the thumb is the unruly member, and great teachers have invented many means of overcoming the difficulty caused thereby. Among the best of these is in my opinion the "dumb thumb" practice, taught by Oscar Raif, of Berlin, although this has not secured the approval of all his contemporaries in that centre of music. In ordinary runs this plan of using the thumb silently while permitting the fingers to give to other tones in the scale their full resonance is very efficacious. In the case of arpeggios and unusual runs of the modern school, the theory taught by Robert Tolmie, of San Francisco, which he presumably learned from either the elder Kullak or Moszkowski, is most excellent.

Consider A, B, C, D, E the five fingers and regard any five notes as the ones to be learned, to illustrate the theory. To the finger A (the thumb) count 1, 2; to B, again 1, 2, and so on. Now the usual practice in legato would be to raise the thumb A when the finger B is put down at the count 1. According to this method, however, A is held till the count 2 of B, B in turn is held till count 2 of C, and so on. Thus each finger learns not only the art of falling but also of rising again, for by this means the raising of each finger is a separate act necessarily suggested by the mind. In this way a close connection is established between mind and fingers, and is the cause not only of accurate but of intelligent piano playing. An excellent legato is effected by this manner of practice, and if the study be sufficiently long and earnest the piano can produce even such strings of pearls as Joachim brings forth from the depths of his violin.

In staccato work the best results I have seen have been from the method taught by Prof. Heinrich Barth, who invariably used the wrist instead of the finger staccato. Like all wrist exercise this is a matter of many hours, but to the real student that is no hindrance.

With many technicians the chief difficulty of all lies in

octaves. Played with a stiff wrist and tense muscles of the forearm octaves must ever remain difficult and fatiguing. Attacked with the arm loose from the shoulder and with the fingers governed and held in proper relative distance from each other by the muscles of the hand alone, they are played with comparative ease. How long a time is required to make octave playing easy by this means I cannot tell. It can be done, and that is the only foundation the earnest student requires whereon to build his study. In chromatic runs in octaves Kullak tells us that many of the great virtuosos, among them Dreyschok, used always the first and fifth fingers, but in many instances it seems advisable to use on the black keys the first and fourth and on the white keys the first and fifth, as Kullak himself suggests in volume 1 of his *Method of Octaves*.

In all piano work, but most especially in octaves and full chords, the looseness of the arm from shoulder to wrist is to be preserved. When this gives place to tension of the muscles extreme fatigue is the immediate result. Naturally one cannot practice even with the best methods without a certain amount of weariness, but when the fingers or the arm grow tired one should not stop, but with all the muscles relaxed practice on with the utmost repose till the weariness is gone, when the tempo previously employed may be resumed. It is a good rule never to stop when tired.

A difficult passage may be practiced many days and weeks without apparent progress, but labor cannot be lost, and after long and careful study all difficulty vanishes suddenly from the passage as if by magic. To succeed in overcoming technical imperfections a student must have infinite faith; he must know beyond all thought of doubt that earnest work will inevitably have its effect. He must "learn to labor and to wait." Thus, far from making technic a drudgery, he will cultivate the higher faculties of his being and learn at the same time the art of "putting the right finger on the right note at the right time."

KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN.

**Mannheim.**—The Society of Ancient Researches at Mannheim has given in concert the Delphi Apollo-Hymn in the original language, and also in the German version of Dr. Reimann.

**A Toreador as Don Jose.**—The celebrated toreador Martinez Navarro, of Madrid, has left the arena for the stage. He made his debut as Don José in "Carmen," and his "noble tenor voice won for him success."

**Mr. Watkin Mills at Birmingham.**—November 8 Mr. Watkin Mills sang at Birmingham at the first concert of the twenty-second series of the Birmingham subscription concerts. The local papers, after speaking very highly of Mr. Stockley's band, referred to Mr. Mills' singing as follows:

Mr. Watkin Mills' interpretation last night of the air "She alone charmed my sadness" was distinguished by the fine qualities which so universally attach to his every essay. "The Erl King" ballad marks an event in Schubert's career. Last night Dr. Winn ably seconded the singer in a rendering which may be justly referred to as worthy of the exciting music written to Goethe's exciting poem. The changes necessary for the child, the father, and the Erl King's daughter were admirably set forth by Mr. Mills, each change showing his fine vocal quality and his command of varying expression.—Birmingham "Gazette."

Mr. Watkin Mills sang extremely well the excerpt from Gounod's "Irene," "She alone charmed my sadness," and quite excited the audience by the fullness and power of his voice, the low note cadence, too, having something to do with his success.—Birmingham "Daily Post."

**Boonton Choral Union.**—The Boonton Choral Union, Edward M. Young, conductor, will give a Thanksgiving entertainment at the Boonton (N. J.) Opera House Thursday, November 29. The Choral Union is composed of the best musical amateur talent, and has been brought to a high degree of proficiency under Mr. Young's leadership, consequently a pleasant evening is anticipated. The first part of the program will be devoted to Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Trial by Jury," and the second part to John Madison Morton's one act farce, "Poor Pillicoddy."

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BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, {  
15 Argyll street, LONDON, W., November 14, 1894. }

**MRS. KATHARINE FISK**, the American contralto from Chicago, who sang so successfully here two years ago, is located in London—at least for the present. She gave a recital at the Salle Erard last Thursday, and received a warm welcome from a delighted audience, which heartily applauded her many times during the afternoon. Her program I give in full:

"Creation's Hymn".....Beethoven  
"In questa tomba".....Goring Thomas  
"A Summer's Night".....Nevin  
"In a Bower".....Griswold  
"What the Chimney Sang".....Neidlinger  
"My Liddle".....Johns  
"I Love, and the World Is Mine".....Brahms  
"Sapphic Ode".....Bungert  
"Ich hab ein kleines Liedlein dacht".....Leoncavallo  
"Schwerer Abschied".....Schubert  
"Death and the Maiden".....Saint-Saëns  
"Amour aidez ma Faiblesse".....Saint-Saëns  
"Auld Robin Gray," old Scotch.....Chadwick  
"Love and Joy".....Hawley  
"The Northern Days".....Norris  
"Ah, 'Tis a Dream".....Rogers  
"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry".....Rogers  
"At Parting".....Rogers

I do not recall since my residence in London any singer giving an entire program unsupported before, and this one certainly was a great credit to Mrs. Fisk, and enabled her to display to the best advantage her exceptionally fine and pure contralto voice. She created a favorable impression in the first excerpt, which was continually heightened as she progressed, each number meeting with favor. In the classical numbers she displayed great intelligence and considerable dramatic instinct, besides highly cultivated style. The mastery with which she sang the lesser numbers, together with her clear enunciation, shows that she is a deep student, able to comprehend the meaning of the poet, and has developed her powers so as to give full expression to the import of the words.

Madame Patti has just completed her provincial tour under the direction of Mr. Percy Harrison, of Birmingham, and has returned to Craig-y-Nos. On the 26th inst. she sings at Cardiff, where she takes part in a concert performance of the garden scene from "Faust," and on the 28th inst. makes her only appearance this season at the Albert Hall. Mme. Patti was very popular with the late Czar, and on one occasion His Majesty presented her with a beautiful medallion surrounded with diamonds and bands with the Zartlick Order, which it is claimed has been given to no other foreign singer of her sex.

Messrs. Hill & Sons, violin makers of Bond street, have followed the worthy example set by Mr. Daniel Mayer and others, and will present a violin, with bow and case complete, to the value of £30, to one worthy student in each of the leading London schools of music. The condition is that the student shall be thoroughly proficient and not able to buy a good instrument. The successful student from the Guildhall School of Music, Henry Waldo Warner, was a promising pupil of Mr. Alfred Gibson.

Mr. Ebenezer Prout, who is widely known for his text books on harmony and counterpoint, and other works on

music, has been offered the chair of Professor of Music at the Dublin University, lately vacated by the death of Sir Robert Stewart. Considerable local feeling is manifested against Mr. Prout, as there are several Irish musicians who certainly ought to be capable of filling the post. I understand, however, that if Mr. Prout's nomination is confirmed by the senate he will accept. He is in his sixtieth year, and has achieved a considerable reputation as a composer, his first essay in this field having gained a prize offered by the Society of British Musicians in 1862. Among numerous works written since then are four symphonies, three cantatas, and several minor compositions. Previously to Sir Robert Stewart's appointment the work of this position was principally connected with the granting of degrees, but the late occupant of the chair established for the students a systematic course of musical instruction, which has largely added to the work, but not to the compensation, which is merely nominal.

Last Wednesday evening the Royal Society of Musicians celebrated its 156th anniversary at Westminster Abbey with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Dr. Bridge's "Cradle of Christ." The soloists in the former work were Madame Albani, Mrs. Helen Trust and Mr. Iver McKay. In the interval, when the collection was taken, a new organ piece which proved rather dull was brought forward, and Madame Albani sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," the effect of which in the venerable surroundings was unique. She seemed to be in exceptionally fine voice and created a profound impression, notwithstanding a little incident which happened at the close of the first phrase, when a score fell from the triforium upon the bass drum with startling effect to all present, especially to those who could not see the cause of this noisy though brief interlude. "The Cradle of Christ," which was first produced at the Hereford Festival some two months ago, and which has already been taken up by a good many societies through the country, gained many new friends on this occasion. Madame Albani and Mr. Dan Price were the soloists, Dr. Bridge conducting a fairly good performance. The capacity of the Abbey was this evening tested to its utmost. The north transept was free to the public, but the rest of the building was held for subscribers to the society and their friends. The orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as leader, was placed in the nave, with the choir between it and the congregation. Many representative musicians were present.

The Queen's Hall Choral Society gave their second performance last Thursday evening. Mr. William Carter, who, it will be remembered, is conductor, brought forward his "Placidia; or, The Christian Martyr," a sacred cantata, first produced under his direction at the Albert Hall, with a choir of 1,100 voices, December 5, 1871, when the work, according to the critics of that time, secured an immense success, which led to its performance four times the next year, once at the Crystal Palace, when over 3,000 voices formed the chorus. The work belongs to a style of music certainly very different to the fin de siècle compositions that are being brought forward at present. The audience at this last performance seemed to be pleased with it, and on the whole we must record a success. Mile. Nuola, an American soprano with a wide range of voice, made her London debut on this occasion, and was considerably more successful in the music of the "Stabat Mater" which followed than in the first work. Miss Grace Damian, Mr. Iver McKay and Signor Foli completed the principal quartet of the evening, and all did efficient work, Mr. Iver McKay especially doing excellently well in "Cujus animus" and Mile. Nuola in the "Inflammatus." The other soloists in the former work were Mr. de Barri Crawshaw and Mr. C. Constable. The chorus was not so good as at the production of "The Creation," which by the way is to be given December 11, and Mr. Carter will revive the custom of giving "The Messiah" Christmas Day.

Herr Popper will play a concerto for violoncello by Haydn for the first time in public at the Crystal Palace concerts early in December. Twenty-five years ago, when

he was playing at the Vienna Court Opera as solo cellist, he formed the acquaintance of an old gentleman, an enthusiastic amateur, who had a manuscript copy of a cello concerto by Haydn. He had not been able to find the orchestral accompaniment to this concerto, and he asked young Popper if he would write one to it in nearly as possible the style and spirit of Haydn. Herr Popper deferred the work from time to time, until during his summer vacation this year he finished it, and the public will have the opportunity of judging his work on this occasion as well as the old-new concerto. It is understood that the concerto has never been played before in public.

At the Symphony concert following the one to be given this week he will bring forward a sonata for cello of his own composition, never before performed in public, entitled "Im Walde."

M. Rivarde, who plays at the Symphony concert to-morrow evening, has just returned from Scotland, where he met with great success.

At the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday Mr. Whitney Mockridge made his first appearance before a Sydenham audience, singing "Walther's" prize song from "Die Meistersinger," and the tenor rôle in "The Spectre's Bride," which he originally created in America. His debut was successful, Mr. Manns congratulating him before the audience. The concert opened with Beethoven's overture in C, op. 124, "Die Weihe des Hauses," for the orchestra, which also played Saint-Saëns' prelude, "The Deluge," for the first time, the violin obligato being played by Mr. Hubert Celis. A new rhapsody by Mr. Godfrey Pringle, "Lo Zingaro," was brought forward; it treats of a gypsy maiden's hopeless affection and jealousy, with picturesque orchestration, hardly equal, however, to his "Durand" brought forward last year. The baritone part was admirably sung by Mr. Andrew Black. In Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" Miss Ella Russell and Mr. Andrew Black gave a most artistic rendering of their respective parts, and the performance seemed to be highly appreciated. Mr. Manns' orchestra played well, but was hardly subdued enough in the work for the soloists.

Sonzogno has taken the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris from May 15 to June 15, and has selected the following operas for production: Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and "I Medici," Franchetti's "Fior d'Alpe," Samara's "La Martire," Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," "Ratcliff" and "Silvano," Cipollini's "Ninon de l'Enclos" and "Il Piccolo Haydn," Giordani's "Vita," Van Westerhout's "Fortunio" and Granella's "Cristo all' Festa de Purim."

Lord Coleridge, who presided at the prize giving at Trinity College, London, of which he is vice-president, spoke very highly of the progress made by the institution. In the course of his remarks he confessed that he had once composed a melody, which he was glad to say never had been published, for he was afraid if it had been he would never have occupied his present position. He spoke also of how passionately fond he was of good music, and that he enjoyed all kinds except the barrel organ and other mechanical instruments, but preferred "Bach often" to Offenbach. Continuing his remarks, his lordship said the English were very fond of music, and so it would be acknowledged when a man was found to give the public good music at popular prices, and at present it looks as if Mr. Daniel Mayer would be the man. He would do the country and the cause of music a great service, and demonstrate to the world that the English really have great musical taste. The National Prize awarded by the college was taken by Mr. Eustace Turner.

The Gaiety Theatre will reopen on Saturday, the 24th inst., after several structural alterations and general improvements. The new burlesque, entitled "The Shop Girl," with libretto written by Mr. Harry Dam and music by Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton, will be produced.

Last Friday evening the Salle Erard was well filled with an appreciative audience for the first recital of three that Mr. Frederic Griffith will give this season. The program

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opened with Bach's trio for violin, flute and piano, in which Miss Llewela Davies, Mr. Emile Sauret and the concert giver acquitted themselves very favorably. Mr. Griffith, who has a pure, mellow tone and wonderful facility in execution, chose for his solos a romance by Emile Bernard and two selections from Lefebvre, for which he was warmly applauded, and he joined Miss Llewela Davies in a charming suite of Widor's for piano and flute, the second movement of which was particularly well played. Miss Davies, who has a crisp touch and brilliant execution, also gave a prelude and polonaise from Chopin. M. Sauret's selections were both of his own composition—a romance and valse caractéristique—well contrasted pieces, calculated to show off his thorough technic and beautiful tone. The vocalists were Miss Marion Evans, who sang Grieg's "Solweig's Song" and Gounod's serenade with flute obligato, gaining two recalls, and Mr. Oswald, who substituted Bohm's "Still wie die Nacht" for two of Edward German, and who also sang two of Mlle. Chaminade's graceful songs with very good effect. The concert was both interesting and successful.

At the Saturday Popular Concert Herr Hugo Becker replaced Mr. Whitehouse as cellist and joined Mlle. Wietrowetz and Messrs. Rees and Gibson in a performance of Haydn's quartet in G minor, later on joining Miss Fanny Davies in Brahms' duet sonata for piano and 'cello. Miss Davies played for her solo Schumann's "Waldscenen," Mlle. Wietrowetz played Max Bruch's violin concerto in G and Mrs. Helen Trust contributed some songs.

Last Monday night Señor Arbos, the Spanish virtuoso and professor at the Royal College of Music, led the quartet at the Popular Concert. Schumann's beautiful quartet in A minor displayed this gentleman's ability as a leader, and he was ably assisted by Messrs. Rees, Gibson and Becker. Later on in the program he joined Herr Becker and M. Slivinski in an excellent performance of Rubinstein's piano trio in B flat. The pianist played in his usual admirable style Schumann's Papillons and the twelfth nocturne of Chopin as an encore. Herr Hugo Becker played a very pleasing suite of small but melodious pieces from his own pen. The attendance on both occasions was large.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music, Monday afternoon at St. James' Hall, gave a chamber concert, conducted by their popular principal, Dr. Mackenzie. Three manuscript compositions by students were introduced. Miss Llewela Davies, who holds the Macfarren Scholarship, brought forward a quartet, introduction and allegro, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello; in this she evinced some originality, but in parts the influence of Wagner was apparent. This I take as an excellent indication that progress is being made by the younger or rising school of composers in England, and they are breaking away from the influence of Mendelssohn, and assimilating as far as possible some of the influence of Wagner, Brahms and the music that bears the impress of the spirit of our times upon it. Another composition was a clever "Romance and Bourée" by Mr. Christopher Wilson, for violin. A song, "Go, Lovely Rose," by Harold S. Moore, another student, suggested Grieg, another proof of progress. It cannot be said with truth that all the singers who took part displayed proper vocal methods.

This same spirit of progression that makes itself apparent on all sides must very rapidly weed out those teachers who are now undoubtedly exercising great injury on the young people with whom they are intrusted. Many of these, while understanding the æsthetics of singing, do not seem to understand building up the voice, and the controlling committees of our leading schools will have to look carefully to their staffs, the evidence of their right teaching, or wrong teaching, being constantly at hand. A large majority of the students of the Royal Academy show good training, and I do not wish in this connection to call attention to this school alone, but to all schools. Rhein-

berger's Mass in E flat displayed an excellent female choir which sang strictly in tune, but did not respond to the indication of the conductor quite readily enough, and consequently failed to give the light and shade that it would otherwise do. The concert once more showed the progress made by English musical educational institutions.

Herr Sauer gave the first of a series of eight recitals at St. James' Hall yesterday afternoon. I was only able to hear a small part of his first program, and refrain from criticising his work until next Wednesday.

Mr. Julian Pascal, a young pianist, who was born in the Barbados, West Indies, who came to London last season after a thorough course with Martin Krause, of Leipzig, gave his first recital at Steinway Hall last evening. His program included Beethoven's sonata op. 81 A., a liberal selection from the works of Chopin, and Liszt's concerto in E flat. Mr. Theodore Plowitz accompanied at the second piano. I was unable to attend, so cannot give a criticism of Mr. Pascal's work.

The London Choral Union, with Mr. James Lewis as conductor of the orchestra and chorus of some 400 performers, gave the "Elijah" last night at Queen's Hall. This is the first attempt of this society, which is organized to aid the London Congregational Union. The work of the chorus gave plenty of evidence that Mr. Lewis has plenty of material to do good work, and as time goes on we hope that this organization will do its part in giving good choral music in the metropolis. The soloists were Mr. Andrew Black in the part of the "Prophet," and Miss Kate Cove, Miss Meredyth Elliott and Mr. Harper Kearton, all of whom did excellent work. The second quartet consisted of Miss Marion Kitching, Miss Lillian Corner, Mr. Frank Wilson and Mr. Frank Millward.

According to announcement Mr. Herbert Cotton Theopold married Miss Anna Laura Cole at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Thursday, at 12 o'clock. The bride wore a traveling dress made by Jay, of Regent street, and carried a bunch of violets. The march from "Lohengrin" was played on the arrival of the bride, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the bridal party left the church. The musical portion of the ceremony included the "Dettingen" Te Deum, and two movements from the second organ concerto of Händel. The Very Rev. Archdeacon Farrar performed the ceremony, which was strictly in accordance with the ritual of the English church. Mr. Roosevelt, chargé d'affaires of the United States Embassy, gave away the bride, and Mr. D. H. Wells, second secretary, was the best man. The day was one of the brightest I ever have seen in London, and the young couple started on life's journey under the happiest auspices.

It has been reported that Sir George Grove has resigned the directorship of the Royal College of Music, and that Dr. Parry was temporarily taking his place until a regular appointment can be made. To verify this rumor I wrote to Sir George Grove, and herewith publish his reply:

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,  
NOVEMBER 13, 1894.

To F. V. Atwater, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 12th inst. It is true that I shall shortly quit the directorship here; but all the other particulars that I have seen in the papers are entirely premature. No choice of my successor has as yet been made. Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) G. GROVE.

It will be seen from this that Sir George Grove is still at the helm, and while the papers have mentioned many leading musicians of England as eligible for the post, no appointment to the vacancy has yet been made. There is no doubt but what Dr. Parry is most fitted for the post, as he has won for himself during the last twelve years the position of leading English composer. Nothing will be settled about it until the return of the Prince of Wales from the Continent. Sir George Grove has been the right man in the right place, and he has guided this important insti-

tution in a way that has secured for it a place in the first rank of the musical schools of London.

James Henry Mapleson and others, who are the promoters of a company to be called the Imperial Opera Company, Limited, have been served with an injunction restraining them from using Sir Augustus Harris' name in connection with a prospectus that they have been circulating privately and which they intended to publish the last of the week. It seems from this that another organization will be brought forward shortly for the purpose of giving grand opera.

Among the concerts and recitals for next week are Josef Hoffman's Recital Monday afternoon, the Wolff Musical Union next Thursday afternoon, the second London Symphony Concert to-morrow, when the Scottish Orchestra will perform the first time in London; Herr Mottl's Wagner Concert Tuesday evening, the second piano Recital of Emil Sauer Wednesday, and the first of the new St. James' Hall Ballad Concerts Wednesday evening next, while the series of the original Ballad Concerts will commence at Queen's Hall on the following Saturday.

Mr. Hayden Coffin Monday afternoon gave the second of his vocal recitals, organized by Messrs. Wilcocks & Co., at Steinway Hall. The pièce de résistance was the "Song to Aegir," composed by the German Emperor, and which was sung for the first time in England. Mr. Coffin gave it in German, imbuing his rendering with the proper spirit, making altogether a fine impression. He was accompanied at the piano by Chevalier Emil Bach. This song is published by Bock & Bote, of Berlin, the Emperor's publishers, and is sold in England through Wilcocks & Co. Prof. Max Muller translated the work into English at the Emperor's request, and his version of the words I give below:

Hail, Aegir, Lord of billows, whom Nick and Nix obey,  
To thee in morn's red dawning the host of heroes pray;  
We sail to dread encounter, lead us o'er surf and strand,  
Through storms and crags and breakers, into our foeman's land.  
Should watersprites us threaten, or if our bucklers fail,  
Before thy lightning glances make thou our foemen quail.

As Frithjof on Ellida crossed safely o'er the sea,  
On this our Dragon shield us, thy sons who call on thee.  
When hauberk rings on hauberk in battle's furious chase,  
And when the dread Valkyries our stricken foes embrace,  
Then may our song go sounding, like storm blast, out to sea,  
With dash of swords and bucklers, thou mighty Lord, to thee.

The Emperor composed the words and the melody, but it has been put into some twenty different arrangements. The music is very appropriate and expressive, and the whole composition is intensely dramatic.

Other novelties on the program were two manuscript songs by Frances Allitsen, "Like Violets Pale," and the expressive setting of John Oliver Hobb's "Love is a Bubble," which proved such a favorite that it had to be repeated. In these Mr. Hayden Coffin was accompanied by the composer. As on the previous occasion, the concert giver introduced several American songs, which again proved great favorites. The other vocalists were Miss Grace Damian, Miss Florence Lenton and Mr. Maurice Farkoa. Mr. W. H. Squire, a rising young 'cellist, played a "Reverie Pathétique" and "Danse Excentrique," from his own pen, two bright compositions which ought to make their way, particularly the last one. Later on he gave Johnson's "Idyll" and Fischer's "Hungarian Danse." Another young composer, Mr. Frederick Rosse, contributed a song entitled "My Jealous Heart," that was sung as (b) to Chadwick's "Allah," which was a good contrast to it. The hall was crowded, which testifies to the popularity of Mr. Hayden Coffin.

At the first concert of this season of the Wolff Musical Union Fauré and Thomé will be the composers from whose works the program will be principally made up. These gentlemen will both preside at the piano during the performance of their respective compositions. M. Johannes Wolff will be the violinist, Mr. Leo Stern the 'cellist, M. Van Waefelghem, from Paris, will play the viola and Mr. Henderson the drum. The vocalists will be Mme. Amy

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Sherwin and Mme. Remacle from Paris. The latter will sing the vocal works of M. Fauré, and Mme. Sherwin the vocal music from M. Thomé. Miss Lily Hanbury, of the Haymarket Theatre, will recite Victor Hugo's "The Trumpeter's Betrothed."

I have just received the prospectus of Mme. Carl Alves, the American contralto, who has been appearing before the largest concert-giving organizations in America with exceptional success. It is with considerable pleasure that I note that this lady has gained her entire education and high vocal culture in the United States, which goes to prove that there are teachers on the other side of the Atlantic equally as competent as those over here that we hear so much about. I should be surprised, however, if Mme. Alves did not learn some important lessons if she were to come here, and she will find a hearty welcome whenever she is ready to come, as the English public look upon American singers with favor.

Miss Mary Whittingham, assisted by Mr. George Aitken, gave a dramatic recital at the Queen's Hall (small) last Wednesday evening. Miss Whittingham has followed Mr. J. H. Leigh's lead in having appropriate music composed to form accompaniments to her recitations, which are taken from the best authors. Mr. Aitken, who presided at the piano, composed some of this music, and Mr. Sidney Hawley also contributed a share. In addition, Mr. Aitken played Schubert's nocturne in D flat, Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodie No. 2, and his own minuet and caprice.

The funeral of Mr. Eugene Oudin took place at St. George's Chapel in Albemarle street, Rev. Kerr Gray officiating, last Thursday at 12 o'clock. The service was simple, Mr. F. A. Sewell, who presided at the organ, playing "Abide With Me" and "Lead, Kindly Light." Among the many prominent people present were Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Mackenzie, Alma Tadema, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Palliser, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Enoch, Mr. Johannes Wolff, Mr. N. Vert, Mr. Pedro Vert, Mr. Douglas Powell, Mr. Thomas Chappell, Mr. Arthur Chappell, Mrs. Ronalds, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Mercer Adams, Mr. Renault and many others. A few intimate friends with the family followed the remains to their last resting place in Brompton Cemetery. Mrs. Oudin in her affliction has the sympathy and help of her sister and Mr. Oudin's brother. I have just learned from Mr. Vert that Mr. Oudin had been engaged to sing in Russia this month.

Miss Margaret McIntyre is due here on the 17th inst. from the Cape. It is not yet decided whether she will accept any engagements in London before going to Italy. Madame Belle Cole is expected home from her Australian trip on November 23. Mr. Watkin Mills sails for America on the Elbe from Southampton December 5 and is due to appear in Minneapolis on the 17th, from which time on he will be very busy filling his engagements.

The National Sunday League, Sir Arthur Sullivan president, gave the first of a series of performances at Queen's Hall Sunday evening. Dr. Churchill Sibley is the conductor of this organization, and a choir and orchestra of 250 performers gave an excellent performance of "The Messiah," the principals being Mme. A. Marriott, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. H. Kearton and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint. The performance commenced at 7 o'clock, with admission free to the hall and a charge of 2s., 1s. 6d. and 1s. for reserved seats, which had to be secured by application at the hall or office. The prospectus announces that they will give during the next two months "Hear My Prayer" and the "Stabat Mater," "The Messiah" a second time and the "Prodigal Son." The hall on this occasion was crowded to overflowing.

Mrs. Ellis Cameron organized a concert, under royal and distinguished patronage, in aid of the funds for the new wing of the Great Northern Hospital, last Thursday evening at Princes' Hall. A long and interesting program was provided by an excellent array of talent.

The organization of the British Chamber Music Concert made their second effort last evening. The program included a piano trio in E, by J. C. Ames; a sonata in D for piano and violin, by L. N. Fowles; a quintet in F for piano, two violins, viola and cello, by Luard Selby,

and Samuel Wesley's trio for three pianos. The performers were Messrs. Ernest Fowles, Ernest Kiver, Bernard Fowles, G. W. Collins, Leonard Fowles, Whitehouse and Miss Emily Shinner. Mrs. Mary Davies contributed songs by Goring Thomas and Dr. Mackenzie.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

### Interesting From Paris.

PARIS, November 12, 1894.

**PADEREWSKI** is still working at his opera and has taken lodgings in the environs of the city to have quiet and freedom from the claims of his numerous society friends and lady admirers. Like all Poles, Paderewski is superstitious, and believes that any undertaking spoken of before its completion more or less presages ill luck; consequently I had to give him my word of honor I would keep silent on the matter of his new opera. However, there is one thing I can say without overstepping the mark, which is, that this opera of Paderewski's is going to do more for his fame than even his piano playing has done, and that it will mark an era not only in the great pianist-composer's career, but an era in art itself. It is an absolutely superb work, great in intensity and full of truly human pathos.

Paderewski is still suffering from fatigue, especially in the shoulder joints, the results of his last American tour, and is compelled to be very careful in his playing and practising not to overdo things, but in a short time he will go on a short concert tour to Holland and will also play this winter in England and Spain. We confidently expect to hear him in Paris in at least three concerts in April.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the result of the Russian Imperial mourning has happily conferred on Parisian music lovers the chance of hearing Miss Louise Nikita for an extended period at the Opéra Comique in the rôle of "Mignon." Miss Nikita has steadily grown in the favor of the public and her performance draws packed houses, larger houses even than those for Calvé's "Carmen," so one can judge of Miss Nikita's success by this; and in Paris box receipts are things that cannot be tampered with or cooked, for, owing to authors' rights, there is an absolute control exercised, and the world at large has only to go to the music publishers to find what opera draws most money, for the figures are all down in black and white.

Miss Nikita will now not leave Paris until the middle or beginning of December, and she takes with her for her concert tour Mr. Harold Bauer, a pupil of Paderewski, who has played here with much success, and who promises to become one of the very really great piano virtuosos. He has an absolutely marvellous technic, is just over twenty, and I doubt not will soon find his way across the Atlantic. Like Paderewski's, his looks are long and ruddy. So of course his success is assured.

Last week the Baroness Wendelstadt gave a reception in order that the Infanta Eulalie should meet Miss Nikita, for the Infanta has long been an admirer of the young American singer, and at the reception absolutely went into ecstasies over her beautiful voice. Nikita was never in better form and sang superbly. Ambroise Thomas was in the audience, which was composed of the élite of Parisian society, and he, too, was one of the most enthusiastic; in fact it is almost a matter of regret that so young a singer should receive such an ovation, for Nikita literally queened it over all.

At the reception a funny thing happened with Ambroise Thomas, strangely enough, too, with a high personage in the diplomatic world. The diplomat was presented to the great French composer and, wishing to be agreeable, said: "Ah, dear master, I cannot tell you what an honor I have in shaking your hand. I never hear your 'Romeo and Juliette' without shivers down my back."

Ambroise Thomas looked up and, without moving a muscle, gave a most sympathetic "ah!" but those of us who were in the secret and knew the antagonism, none the less great because it was silent, existing between the composer of "Romeo et Juliette" and the composer of "Mi-

gnon" appreciated that "ah!" even whilst we pretended to be deaf to it.

Apropos, in spite of the statements of the French and foreign papers, it is not true that Ambroise Thomas is to write anything in honor of the coming "Faust" festival.

The Lamoureux and Colonne concerts have been going on for some weeks, and again I must ask, Why is it that these conductors invariably give us almost identical programs with those of years gone by? Repetitions of Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner numbers are perhaps a necessity; one cannot have too much of a good thing, but why those of little known French composers?

At the Colonne concerts Sarasate has had a veritable triumph, and his playing is even more marvellous than ever. It seemed to me to have more soul and less sentimentality, and his tone is, as ever, unrivalled.

At the Lamoureux concerts—and, by the way, I may mention that there is a marked improvement in the playing of the orchestra—Materna's success has been something phenomenal, in fact I have never seen such enthusiasm as that displayed by the audience last Sunday and the Sunday before. Of course it goes without saying that she sang Wagner, and I have never heard her voice in better condition. Even in the Cirque d'Ete, with its wretched acoustic qualities, her voice had a sonority, a richness and a fullness truly remarkable, and in her dramatic moments she proved herself, as ever, unrivalled as an interpreter of Wagner.

In "Le Crepuscule des Dieux" fragments she received at least eight encores, and I was beginning to believe we were never to be allowed to hear the "Huldigungs-Marsch," which, however, was not too excellently played. After her second concert Lamoureux telegraphed to the director of the opera house in Vienna asking permission for Materna to remain in Paris for a third concert, which was granted, so we are again to have Wagner and Materna next Sunday. Something surely to look forward to.

Siegfried Wagner happened to be in Paris last Sunday, and Lamoureux was very irate that the young fellow did not attend the concert. Nor can one wonder at Lamoureux's disgust. The ovation which Wagner's music received in Paris last Sunday was really something absolutely unparalleled, something that Siegfried Wagner, knowing his father's desires and his father's former failures with Parisian audiences, should have seen, but Siegfried was elsewhere, while thousands of strangers flocked to the Cirque d'Ete to do honor to his father's genius and enjoy it. So much for the sons of our great ones!

ALEX MCARTHUR.

**James F. Thomson.**—James F. Thomson, the Scottish-Canadian baritone, has been invited to sing before a selected audience Tuesday, December 11, at the residence of Mr. Nicholas Fish.

**Mrs. Agnes Thomson.**—Mrs. Agnes Thomson, a soprano, who sang with success in the West and South with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and other high class musical organizations, will take up her residence in New York, preparing a new repertoire.

**Miss Theodora Pfaffin.**—The Orpheus Club, Cincinnati, gave a concert recently at Pike's Opera House, in which Miss Theodora Pfaffin was the solo vocalist. It gives us pleasure to quote the following from the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette":

Miss Theodora Pfaffin, daughter of Mr. Theodore Pfaffin, of this city, was the vocalist. It was the second time she had appeared in public in Cincinnati. It was a most severe test for the young lady, who is very talented, because she knew that she was singing before a host of friends, for whose good opinion she must have been naturally solicitous. If any extra nervousness there was, it was well controlled and made little appearance in her vocalization. Miss Pfaffin has a soprano gift of great generosity, dramatic in expression, full in volume and wide in range. The voice is under good control, the intonation true with rare exception and the enunciation very clear. She sang the full scene and "Jewel Song" from "Faust" as a first number. Ysaye was among the first to congratulate her upon its rendering, and expressed himself as pleased that he had such a vocalist to accompany him upon his present tour. During the evening she was heard in three languages and still had a fourth in reserve. She received a cordial reception from the audience, and was tendered a wealth of floral tributes. The young lady may look forward to a promising future.

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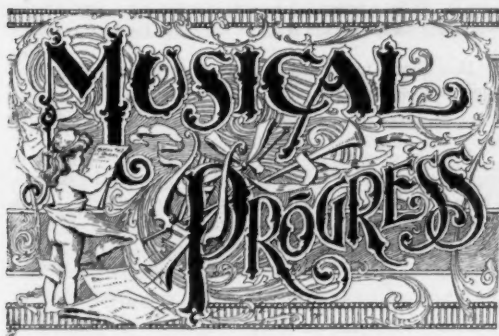
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PARIS.  
It is not the noise of music that hurts our ears, but its false notes. It is not the brutality of action, but its insincerity, that wounds our hearts.

**W**HAT is there in music, anyway? What is there in it that changes the whole condition of being in listening to it? What is it?

You are fretted or lonesome, tired, indifferent, very sad or very happy. The letter you looked for did not come, one you did not look for came. You have lost money or a friend. You are face to face with a care you cannot shake off, or you have heard the best of news.

You turn in with the stream that ends in a great orchestral bed. You don't care if the whole place sunk and you with it.

A slight tap, a chord, a measure, a strain, a great sweep of sound, a wave of color, a crash or a sob. What is it? Care is forgotten, joy is buried, indifference is seized in a grip of ecstasy. Nothing is the matter. You do not even think that it is not.

All consciousness of event is gone; all gone but a sense of the most exquisite relief. Will is completely gone. Were the whole body to float off out into space or down into a trough below, off you would float without a thought. Were the call to battle, off you would march in step with the pulse beat; were you asked for your last cent, you would give it without a murmur. Oh! the beauty, the great, powerful beauty of it! There is no other appeal in dead matter like that.

It has ceased. The change is like a collision in the midst of a smooth train run. Voices are harsh now, motions stiff and out of time. The rose is gone and the gray is back. You realize now that you must not give your "last cent." You fear battle; you shrink from death. Pain has returned and care is beside you.

What has done it, and how? What is the influence? How long does its benefit last? How much good does it do? Is the mind more benevolent for the impulse it has had, more religious for the sensation of prayer, more tender for the tears that have been shed?

No solo can do this. No singer alone can do it. The pianist cannot, nor can the violin virtuoso. It takes that peculiar something that comes with the mixture of sounds, the shaped harmony, the shaded color. It requires the great palate of the orchestra to paint such pictures over brain and heart and soul that life itself is covered up for a time.

\*\*\*  
THE COLLABORATION OF GENIUS.

Think of it! Take for example a recent Colonne concert program.

"Marguerite at the Wheel." Here is Goethe's "Marguerite," a melody by Schubert, the melody orchestrated by Ambroise Thomas, a Frenchman, sung by Mlle. Pégi, an Italian.

Here is a suite for orchestra by Grieg, a Scandinavian, on the drama "Peer Gynt" by Ibsen, no doubt based upon a legend by another.

"Wallenstein," by Vincent d'Indy, is after a dramatic poem by Schiller.

Here is a caprice on an Arabian subject, by Saint-Saëns, played by M. Louis Diemer and M. Edward Risler; a lament by Fauré, and a procession by Franck sung by Mlle. Pégi, and the second Rhapsodie Hongroise, by Liszt, orchestrated by Müller-Berghaus.

The great Symphonie Pastorale of Beethoven stands alone.

Besides, all these are directed by M. Colonne, the gifted

French chef d'orchestre, and played by a salade of nations.

The most sensational of the above compositions was the Grieg "Peer Gynt," especially the "Death of Aase" and "Dance of Anitra."

The first was a regular wail of funeral wind. It was like the sigh of an autumn wind through pine trees in moonlight in a cemetery. It seemed as if the entire orchestra was muted, and grief swept about the stage as through a great Æolian harp. So plain was the presence of death that one crossed one's self and shivered.

Anything more exquisitely restoring than the "Dance of Anitra" that followed cannot be imagined, and the effect was heightened by the Kobold Chase that closed the scene. The house went wild, and insisted on repeats of the short, vivid tone-pictures.

For one who does not love a piano anyway, what a discordant jar is the voice of one in the midst of an orchestra! How unvibrant and insincere its short metallic tap-pings after the liquid warmth of the orchestral instruments! It is like the intrusion of an impudent and hollow-hearted coquette into a room where real lovers are conversing.

One thing, however, that does go better on a piano than on an orchestra, is the second Liszt Rhapsody. What a disappointment on an orchestra! It has not body enough to go over orchestration, and when they try to make it the whole intention is changed. The electricity all drops out of it. It is flat and mechanical.

\*\*\*  
AMERICAN STUDENTS IN PARIS?

Well, there is Mr. J. Alfred Pennington, who is here studying organ with M. Guilmant.

Mr. Pennington is one of those serious students who can be entertaining and agreeable as well, and who withal has had unusual "good luck" in his musical career. He is thoroughly American in looks, manners and heart—handsome, graceful, jolly; a good talker, quick thinker, and although he loves music dearly, finds much in the world beside.

He began music work in Quincy, Ill., where he was organist at the Cathedral of St. John. He resigned his pleasant position there to go to Boston, where he studied five years at the New England Conservatory, at the same time playing the organ in the Harvard Street Baptist Church, which had the highest paid choir in the city, with a chorus of forty voices and an excellent choirmaster.

A prominent business man of Boston, member of the church, impressed by the young organist's talent, sent him to Paris to study with Mr. Guilmant. Later he went to Berlin, where he studied with Dr. Haupt, teacher of Mr. Eddy and Mr. Bowman; with Dr. Reinmann, and counterpoint with Albert Becker, director of the Royal Cathedral choir, which is under direct patronage of the Emperor.

Proof of the impression he made upon his teachers at a series of concerts given in the cathedral, Mr. Pennington was chosen organist, a rare privilege in itself, and all the more honor that there were so many Germans who would have been proud of the position. Besides this, he played at two court concerts, at one of which the Empress herself was present, and testified her pleasure and approval by a personal letter to the American organist.

He next met Dr. Rust, director of St. Thomas' choir in Leipsic, the church in which Bach played. After three years of study he returned to America and became professor of organ at Oberlin College, Ohio, remaining there two years. He has now returned to France for further study with M. Guilmant.

He is making a feature of the pure, plain chant, which is daily becoming the basis of ecclesiastical music all over the world, and in Protestant as in Catholic churches. He means to make a strong point of it in his teaching next year. He is at present weighing some very advantageous American offers. He is playing on Sundays for a French Protestant association here. Mr. Guilmant values him highly as a student-artist, and looks for a bright future for him.

As to advice to others who would follow in his footsteps, Mr. Pennington says that too many students come here without knowledge of rudiments which they could just as well learn at home, thereby incurring much unnecessary expense. Sight reading, the rudiments of harmony, French and a general musical education should be had before coming to get the best benefit from foreign study.

Masters cannot waste time on primary work. The unprepared pupil is consequently frequently handed over to an advanced student, who eight times in ten is an American. As to "seeing the world" while studying, that is out of the question and impossible.

Miss Nina Burt was educated at Miss Mears' and Dr. Potter's schools in New York, where the excellent French training prepared her for Parisian study. She came to Paris to study with Marchesi. After two years with her she had as her teacher M. Bax, of the Conservatoire, in whose hands she was placed by Mr. Thomas himself.

Her first public venture was at Nice as "Rosina" in "The Barber of Seville," at the Théâtre Municipal. It seems that Patti had been singing the rôle there in Italian, with French repiques, which so enraged the Nicians that when it was taken by the beautiful American girl singing excellent French, the success was phenomenal, and all unexpected Miss Burt made a No. 1 début.

She also sang "The Prince" in the "Light of Asia," in London, with Plançon, Eames and La Salle. She returns to America to spend the winter with relatives in Albany, and will no doubt be heard in New York during the concert season. She returns to Paris in the spring.

Miss Burt is something of a genius, playing all the ordinary musical instruments and being a very good pianist. She commenced taking lessons at six years. She is a skilful artist in painting besides, and designs all her own dresses with success.

The costume, of her own design, which she wore as "Rosina," is so very beautiful that it deserves mention. It was rose pink satin embroidered in three shades of pink chenille, with garnet bolero trimmed in balls to match the dress, and embroidered pink slippers.

Another was of garnet and gold with garnet and gold slippers, and the huge shell comb which she wore was sent her from Spain. She has taken over some lovely concert dresses to New York. For instance, a white moire with very large sleeves and very small waist; black satin with broad bands of pink ribbon banding the sleeves and corsage; a pale blue, silk figured, having the expression of a blue morning glory; a light green with black jet pendants. To know how they are made, go hear Miss Burt sing.

Mrs. Burt has accompanied her daughter through all her study and début life. That lady's observations as to a public career for a girl are not encouraging to others.

The study is accompanied by endless annoyance and disappointments; the entrance into public performance is made wretched by the long waits on the notions, movements and decisions of impresarios, even after engagements are made, and the familiarity of the "influence" around the management, and often of the management itself, is very trying to a refined girl.

A girl must be constantly on her dignity. "Oh, she's too stiff!" is a cant phrase among the ruling powers, meaning: "Let her go ahead if she can; she don't get any help here!"

It is not only the girls, but the poor mothers, who suffer through débuts. There are any number of mothers in Paris absolute wrecks through steering their daughters to the stage door—not to speak of papas left alone at home in America.

"If I had twenty girls, not one of them should ever see a piano," cried a desperate mother yesterday in my hearing.

Miss Beatrice Robbi is an unusually attractive and intelligent New York girl, of Scotch descent, with temperament, education, a knowledge of French since childhood, and one of the most beautiful forms in Paris to supplement vocal culture. Her experience with Paris vocal teachers would fill a very instructive volume, punctuated with tears and bound by a little fortune.

"With whom to study in Paris" has been with her, as with many others, a conundrum of expensive and irritating solution. She is finishing in style with de Boisjolin, and has good musical relations open when she feels justified in accepting them.

Through excellent family relations, as well as by her own charms and voice, Miss Robbi has had more privilege in the matter of singing in French drawing rooms than many Americans.

Speaking of this society, she says it is astonishing the unusual musical taste and capability among French ladies and gentlemen who make no pretensions whatever. The



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men are generally more naturally endowed than the women, who are always, of course, more studied and conventional. Many of the men could be artists if not prevented by military service and travel. The women are too grandes dames to attempt public life.

In the French parlor it is considered a mark of common courtesy to comply with the request to sing or play, and no professional excuses are offered. It is considered giving pleasure to guests and hostess. Without ceremony, with perhaps a simple denial of artistic pretensions, a man sits down readily and accompanies himself to some charming ballad with perfect taste and correctness. All the latest music is known. Often lovely duos and quartets are sung, and singing is much more à la mode than instrumental playing. Chaminade, Massenet, Holmès and René are favorites. The work is never disappointing. Poetry is sometimes recited with piano accompaniment.

A stranger has to be musically indeed to stand above a French amateur's capability, and in the place ascribed to the real artist. Indeed, an outsider does not have the opportunity to sing in French salons, except as an acknowledged artist, or as having unusual introduction, and then she has to be very chic in person and manner, and must have perfect diction and gift.

Mrs. D. J. Heineberg, of Nashville, Tenn., and her charming little daughter Amelia, a pianist, who has been studying piano with Professor Barth in Berlin, and of whom praiseworthy mention has been made many times in THE MUSICAL COURIER, are in Paris visiting.

Miss Heineberg's father is Professor Heineberg, of Ward Seminary, Nashville, and was a pupil of Heller. Mrs. Heineberg was a pupil of her husband, so the daughter comes honestly by her talent. She was a pupil in the Berlin High School and afterward private pupil of Professor Barth. She often played in the High School concerts under the direction of Joachim. She returns to Berlin to continue her studies and play in concerts another year, when she will go back to America to make her début.

Miss Nellie Sabin Hyde, the New York contralto, pupil of Miss Norah M. Green of Fifth avenue, and devoted admirer of that most excellent vocal teacher, is here for study. She has come for French language, French style and such experience as she may gain to aid her in her teaching at home. She is located near the Arc de Triomphe, in a French family where there are five other American girls: namely, Miss Martha C. Bell, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been here a year or more studying with Madame de la Grange, who is completely fascinated by her teacher and making rapid progress under her wise and loving instruction; Miss Colton, of Michigan, with the same teacher and three charming daughters of Mr. Quimby, of Detroit, founder of the Detroit "Free Press," and at present United States Minister at The Hague.

The girls are here with a chaperon, in the interest of French and music. One plays piano, another sings, a third plays guitar; all are lovely, pretty, frank, fun-loving wide awake American school girls. Mr. and Mrs. Quimby are to be congratulated.

Mary Lavin Howe and her husband are here also. Mrs. Lavin is studying with Marchesi. More about this interesting couple later.

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#### CZAR'S MUSIC.

The organ loft of the Russian church in Paris has been the scene of unusual activity since the death of the Emperor of Russia.

What with masses for the repose of the soul of the dead ruler, masses for the comfort of his family, masses for Nicholas II. and on the occasion of his accession and the rehearsals therefor, the Franco-Russian musical contingent has been busy enough.

The choir, divided into two parts, responded alternately during the prayers, filling the church with the large and impressive chants of the Russian liturgy. One beauty of the Russian Church music, it is all harmonized, none of the tedious unison dirges. An imposing hymn was one sung when prayer was made that the soul of the Czar be received among the saints. One of equal dignity but wholly

different intent was the Hymne d'Allegresse, sung at the mass given on the occasion of the new Czar's accession.

The way, Russian Church music is managed in this French community is interesting.

The choirmaster is M. Bourdeau, a thorough born Frenchman, but one of the most cosmopolitan and traveled of the French artists, with a great love for foreign musical schools, especially for the broad beautiful harmonies of the Russian.

The choir consists of fifteen men and fifteen boys. M. Bourdeau was baritone of the choir when his brother was choirmaster, and on the latter's being called to another important musical position took his place.

No instruments are used in Russian service, being strictly forbidden, as in the orthodox Jewish service. A tuning fork is the only visible means of musical support. The French boys, of course, cannot sing a word of Russian, so every word has to be translated into a sort of phonetic imitation of the language by the clever and painstaking choirmaster. In the same way, I believe, Hebrew is sung in the Jewish organ lofts of New York.

Almost all the music is brought from the Imperial library at Moscow. The religious works of Glinka, Bortmanski, Lavolf Panikida, and much ancient religious music dating from the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, are sung. The pieces are chiefly four voiced—soprano, alto, tenor and bass. The mass is followed absolutely as sung at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The music is extremely beautiful and unusually well sung at the Russian church in Paris.

The music arranged for the day of the funeral is the Requiem Mass for the Emperor, followed by prayers for the dead, the service to be almost wholly chanted. The church was described in a recent number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, in speaking of the anniversary mass for Marie Bashkirtseff.

A curious and interesting point in this connection is that the wife of the choirmaster, a most pronounced Frenchman, is an Indiana girl. From Indiana, U. S. A.!

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#### EMINENT FRENCH TESTIMONY FOR THE EUROPEAN EDITION.

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"It is a literary triumph as well as a musical one.

"CHAS. NUITTER,

"Archiviste de l'Opéra and translator."

"Oh! What a beautiful paper! S-o-o-o big! And all our composers and artists in it!"  
EMMA CALVÉ."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Pesons les idées musicales—Américaines—c'est épatant!"

"MARQUIS EUGÈNE D'HARCOURT."

"I know enough of the practical side of art work to know that latent art spirit never made a journal like that. There must be a most remarkable head back of it. I have a profound respect for the president of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and shake his hand across the sea.

"AUGUSTA HOLMÉS."

"It is beautiful as well as useful—that is art.

"MME. ROGER-MICLOS."

"It is simply astonishing to a Frenchman.

"BARON F. DE LA TOMBELLE."

"I am so glad that America is taking hold of our French music this way.

"EDWARD COLONNE."

"Tiens! tiens! tiens! Très bien, très bien, très bien!"

"GENERAL FRENCH OPINION."

"Gwendoline" has been given at the Opéra for the first time since the composer's death. Sibyl Sanderson has reappeared in "Thais." Mme. Materna has been singing fragments from "Tannhäuser" and "Crepuscule des Dieux" in the Lamoreux concerts with great success.

On two recent Sundays at the Colonne concert the second tableau of the first act of "Parsifal" was given. It consisted of the introduction marche "Entrée des Chevaliers," "Consecration du Gral," "L'Agape," or "Love Feast," and march finale. The French words were by Wilder.

Rehearsals of "Xavière," by Th. Dubois, are going on at the Opéra Comique.

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If you want to see Americans in Paris go to a pupils' concert. If you want your faith shaken as to whether people can discover the sentiment of a piece of music without a title to aid them, see a change of program made without announcement.

\*\*\*

Mme. de la Grange has commenced a series of musical evenings. More anon.

M. Pugno finds boys much more warm and emotional artistically than girls. The reserve and conventionality of girls is a constant hindrance to the *laissez aller* necessary to interpretation.

The fête of Sainte Cécile, which takes place on November 22, was celebrated at St. Eustache by l'Association des Artistes Musiciens, under the direction of M. Taffanel. The mass of Sainte Cécile by Gounod was given.

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What a plagiarist Beethoven was! Just hear "O ye tears" and "In the Gloaming" in his Andante Favori.

\*\*\*

Every one of the soloists in "Othello" have had severe colds. A species of influenza seems to have been imported with the Italian work.

Saint-Saëns? Yes, he was there last week, but this week he is not. He has demenaged again and No. 6 rue Marbeuf knows him no more. The first glimpse of winter activity in the city and he leaves for Algeria or Egypt (probably), where he will finish the score of Brunhilda left unfinished by Guirand.

Mlle. Kleeberg is making a tour in Belgium and England.

M. Samuel Rousseau, the eminent composer, was invited to Bordeaux to conduct one of his masses given at the fête of Sainte Cécile in that town.

M. Chas. Lefebvre has been appointed professor of the

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class in piano accompaniment at the Conservatoire in place of M. Benjamin Godard, whose health continues very poor.

Mlle. Nikita has renewed her engagement at the Opéra Comique. After her German tour she returns in "Lakmé." She has been steadily gaining since her first appearance.

Mme. Roger-Miclos has had the great misfortune to lose her father. Bound by the closest ties of sympathy and affection, the blow is a severe one to the pianiste. Strangely enough when at the age of twelve she signed a contract to go to America as a child wonder, her mother was taken ill and died, and the project was never carried out. Now when planning the same tour, to commence in January, her father dies. She will go to America, however, I believe.

The receipts at the Opéra Comique for the last five representations of "Carmen" with Calvé were over 40,000 frs. She says she is not so good in "Pêcheurs de Pèrles."

In the advanced classes of piano in the Conservatoire, of twenty-nine men and 137 women applicants, five men and six women were admitted. FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

### A New Scotch Opera.

AN immense audience filled every corner of the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, the evening of November 15 to hear Mr. Hamish MacCunn's opera, "Jeanie Deans." The management of the Carl Rosa Opera Company was wise in its day and generation in giving the first representation of the opera in Edinburgh. For what could be more appropriate than that the stately old capital of Scotland (beloved of Scott, and where the principal scenes of the opera are laid) should pronounce judgment first on a Scottish opera by a distinguished Scotch musician. The libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett (who, I understand, was present at the performance) gives the story as follows:

Act I.—The scene is in front of "Davie Deans" cottage. A number of the rustic lads and lassies have assembled in an open space for a dance. The music is supposed to be supplied by a fiddler seated on a wall. During the merry-making the "Laird of Dumbiedykes" makes his appearance. He is at once surrounded by the dancers, who eagerly demand a song. A bench is procured, and the "Laird" mounted thereon gives vent to his feelings (with many an amorous look toward "Deans" cottage, where lives "Jeanie," who flouts him). The song is well described by the rustics as "good but melancholy." The mirth of the dancers is, however, brought to an abrupt end by "Davie Deans," whose speech to them might be summed up in the words, "I thank Thee that I and those of my house are not as other men are," and he drives the innocent young folks from his sight.

"Dumbiedykes" watches the proceedings seated on the bench, and has a quiet laugh to himself as the self-righteous "Davie" stalks solemnly into his house. "Jeanie Deans" now comes on the scene, but the "Laird" offends her by some careless remarks and he retires to visit her father, as "Jeanie" is anything but cordial. Much depressed, and thinking of "Effie" (she knows not why), she is startled to see her sister appear, pale and wan, and supporting her steps by leaning on every tree or rail within her reach. She tries hard to get "Effie" to explain what is wrong, but only the piteous refrain comes, "I have been sick and nigh to death." Adjured (by "Jeanie") by the name of her dead mother to tell all, she reveals the story of her ruin and the loss of her babe. The story is scarcely told when the constables arrive to arrest her on a charge of child murder, and a most powerful and effective scene follows, where "Deans," with his Pharasaic righteousness, and forgetful of the precepts of the Master he so loudly professes to serve, curses his child with terrible vehemence. The curtain falls on "Effie," who has pleaded her innocence of murder, fainting at her father's feet.

In the second act we have the meeting between "Jeanie Deans" and "Effie's" lover, "Staunton," and midst thunder and lightning we catch a glimpse of the familiar outlines of Arthur's seat (Salisbury Craigs), with the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel and the Loch beneath. "Madge Wildfire's" voice is heard in the distance singing her song, in which she rehearses the tragedy which had once taken place on this very spot, "Muscraic's Cairn." The flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, "Madge's" weird song and maniacal laughter render this scene most effective. "Staunton" now appears and urges, nay, almost compels, "Jeanie" to swear that she will give evidence at the trial which, though false, would save her sister's life. "Jeanie's" religious upbringing had been strictest of the strict, and, all honor to her, she refuses to save her sister's life by perjury. "Staunton," finding her obdurate, and being warned by a song from "Madge Wildfire" that the officers of justice who were in pursuit of him are at hand, flings her from him, accusing her of being the means of her sister's death, when a few words could save her. He flies from the spot. "Madge Wildfire," having disguised herself in "Staunton's" hat and cloak, personates him so successfully that until she throws off her disguise and bursts into peals of terrible laughter the officers are under the impression that they have at last trapped him, and the curtain falls on the disappointed men, cursing poor mad "Madge" for her deception.

In the second scene of this act we are taken to the old

Tolbooth Prison. "Effie Deans," surrounded by criminals of both sexes, sits apart, and in a dreamy, semi-conscious manner sings a song of her old home, now lost to her. Suddenly there is a great noise without, warders enter, and the prisoners are ordered to their cells. "Effie" is left by the officers, not being observed, and shortly the prison doors are broken down by the "Porteous mob," and "Staunton," disguised as "Madge Wildfire," heads the riot. In the hurry and confusion of the doings of the mob in the prison he flings off the disguise and reveals himself to "Effie," and passionately appeals to her to come with him. Now comes the only glimpse of strength of character in "Effie Deans." She absolutely refuses to leave the prison until pronounced guiltless before all the world of the murder of her child, and not even force on the part of "Staunton" can move her from this decision. Wild cries from the mob make "Staunton" resume his disguise and hasten away.

Here is where a weak point in the opera comes in; no account is given of the trial scene, which is one of the most impressive and affecting incidents in the story. Sir Walter Scott worked up to this as one of the great climaxes in his story. It has been left to Messrs. Bennett and MacCunn to ignore it! Far better for the success of the opera and the fame, I should say, of librettist and composer had they introduced this impressive trial scene and left what they have made—a wearisome and long drawn out scene (the interview with the queen, where "Jeanie" pleads for her sister's life)—to the imagination.

To return to the libretto as given. "Jeanie Deans" comes to visit her sister in prison, but "Effie" resents her intrusion, as she had failed to speak the words which might have saved her life. "Jeanie" remonstrates with her, and tells her of her decision to proceed to London, to obtain pardon for her sister under sentence of death. She relents and begs forgiveness for her cruel words. "Staunton" is ushered in by the warden, disguised as a clergyman, and "Jeanie's" scheme revealed to him.

In the second scene "Jeanie," on her way to London, calls at "Dumbiedykes'" house to ask for the loan of money to help her on her journey. They are not "early birds" at the Maison Dumbiedykes, and "Jeanie," accustomed to attend to the wants of man and beast, finds a poor patient animal without "bite or sup" and proceeds in a most practical manner to supply its wants. In the midst of her self imposed task a slatternly, half awake servant girl comes shuffling along. At sight of "Jeanie" she flings her pitcher from her and runs shrieking to the house. "A Brownie! A Brownie!" Then, after a stormy passage with the housekeeper and the rejection of a proposal of marriage from the "Laird," who refuses to lend her the money on other terms, "Jeanie" sets out penniless on her long journey, but the "Laird," relenting, calls her back and freely gives her the loan she asked.

Act IV.—First scene takes us to Richmond Park, where the Queen and ladies in waiting are wandering about. It is here that the "Duke of Argyll" and "Jeanie Deans" come before the Queen, and this scene, as I indicated before, is the weakest and most tiresome in the opera. In the second scene we have some of the best writing in the whole work. A wild crowd—ready to be incited to anything—awaits the procession to the scaffold. "Madge Wildfire" flits about restless as ever; the mob eagerly calls for a song. "Staunton" joins the crowd quietly and asks them to rescue "Effie" from the hands of the law at a given signal from him. At length the doors of the grim, gray, old Tolbooth open and the melancholy procession emerges; first a body of guards followed by the officials of the highest rank, monks, &c., then "Effie Deans" sup-

ported by a clergyman, the rear of the procession being brought up by another body of guards. Angry shouts from the crowd meet the soldiery, and it is only at the sight of "Effie," the fair young girl "not yet eighteen years," led to her death, that they fall back in silence and compassion. Her father, attended by the faithful "Dumbiedykes," is in the crowd and now comes forward and clasps his child (whom he had cursed) to his heart, bestowing now a blessing and urging her to be brave. The poor child clings to him in dread terror when the officers try to remove her to the scaffold. Just at this moment when a terrible fight has broken out between the guard and the mob, who wish to rescue "Effie," the tumult is subdued by the arrival of "Jeanie Deans" on horseback, behind a servant of the "Duke of Argyll," and attended by two of a mounted escort; en passant, a realistic touch was given here by the introduction of three real live chargers, who behaved most decorously. "Jeanie" dismounts and immediately hands to the high sheriff a paper saying: "A pardon, sir, for Effie Deans." At this the mob bursts into wild shouts of "God Save the King." "Effie" now recognizing "Staunton," rushes to his arms, but he is at that moment arrested on a charge of riot and murder. "Jeanie," whom the librettist renders very much, just here, like the "put a penny in the slot" business, produces another pardon for "Staunton" (now "Sir George Staunton, of Whittingham, Bart."), and the curtain falls on a song of praise in honor of "Jeanie Deans."

The libretto is admirable in many respects, but the chief climaxes of Scott's work having been omitted, we are left wondering. Who murdered the child? or, what became of it? Where was "Effie Deans" tried? What became of "Jeanie" afterward? The truth is, the story is most unsuitable for operatic treatment, and would much better have been left alone. All the same every one must acknowledge that Mr. Bennett has done his conception of the story well, although he has missed what would have made a much more interesting work. It is (with the exception of the court scene), well and vigorously written. Now for Mr. MacCunn's part. I was quite prepared for no overture, or even prelude; but for a weak introduction such as is presented, I had not been prepared. Why does Mr. MacCunn think it proper to import into his opera, wholesale, Scotch reels or jigs. They neither add to his fame as a composer nor to his originality. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was, I should say, much more original than his opera. That there is fine and clever writing in it goes without saying, but one is driven to the conclusion that Mr. Hamish MacCunn is at his best in the simplest ballad music in the opera. He seems to be at present wavering between all the "schools" ever heard of. I should like to see an important work by Mr. MacCunn; not Scotch, and having no claim to the introduction of Scotch melodies. It would let one see if he could "stand on his own feet," so to speak. He has never afforded us that opportunity before, clever and talented as he is. "Effie's" melody in the Tolbooth Prison is a very good effort, but to the general public it will not appeal, not being "tune-y."

Mr. MacCunn has not striven certainly for popular favor, so far as his music is concerned, but the story itself, which always attracts Scotch people, will no doubt help him. I was much struck with the delightful little oboe solo which heralds the approach of "Jeanie Deans." I wish we had more of this. The duet between "Effie" and her lover when he entreats her to fly with him, is a very beautiful piece of writing and worthy of the best opera. The motif which always preludes the entrance of "Dumbiedykes" is excellent and at once attracts attention, slight though it may be.

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It yet reflects the canny, pawky humor of the old Scotch Laird. Some of Mr. MacCunn's harmonies and progressions have interested me very much. I remember at the production of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," wondering what his preceptors at the Royal College would have to say to the abrupt progression from the chord of F sharp minor to C major. Mr. MacCunn is far beyond the realm of preceptors now, so his progressions, right or wrong, must be accepted as his own convictions.

I had expected a very fine madrigal in the Richmond Park scene, but it is a poor, poor affair. The music, however, of the latter part of the opera is very fine and in some parts quite excels anything Mr. MacCunn has done. The quaint scraps of melody allotted to "Madge Wildfire" are lovely—very lovely—and the last chorus is a beautiful specimen of good choral writing. That the opera will endure I should not like to say. The story will always appeal to Scotch people, and a certain measure of success is always sure for it, whether as opera or drama, but I scarcely think it will add much to Mr. MacCunn's fame. The audience (a first night, of course) were immensely enthusiastic, and encores and recalls were frequent. Mr. MacCunn evidently expected this, as he rushed out of the conductor's seat immediately the applause broke out.

The Carl Rosa Company certainly did their very best for the opera. We had Marie Duma as "Jeanie Deans," looking the part to perfection and singing exquisitely. Alice Esty, a perfect "Effie Simple" and girlish "the Lily of St. Leonards," but her voice seemed to be overstrained. Miss Meinlinger made a magnificent appearance as "Madge Wildfire," and deserves highest praise for unexaggerated manner in which she personated the mad girl. The part of "Laird of Dumbiedykes" was excellently carried out by Mr. L. Pringle. Mr. Alec. Marsh as "Davie Deans" sang and acted splendidly, and "George Staunton (alias Robertson)" was represented by Mr. E. C. Hedmont, who quite excelled himself. His duet with "Effie" (Miss Alice Esty) in the prison I consider one of the finest efforts, and the music here is at its best. A scene of almost unparalleled enthusiasm occurred at the close, Mr. MacCunn and the principals being repeatedly called before the curtain. Loud cries were heard for Mr. Bennett, but he was modest and did not appear. The genial manager, Mr. Friend, however, came in at the last with the principals, and was heartily applauded. E. P. M.

### A New Violinist.

BERLIN, November 9, 1894.

**A** SECOND Paganini!" This is a term that has been applied to many violinists of unusual technical accomplishments and promise since the days of the great Italian virtuoso. In every one of these cases time and further development have proved, however, that a Paganini was not forthcoming. On the other hand others, less sanguine, have maintained that Paganini was unapproachable; that he would never be equaled. In many ways he was undoubtedly unapproachable, but as far as technic is concerned I believe a young violinist who has recently appeared here in concerts has fully reached the great heights attained by the remarkable Italian.

Willy Burmester is his name, and his playing is simply phenomenal! I have heard many great violinists, but never one that could approach Burmester in point of technic. He gave his first concert at the Singakademie last Thursday evening, November 1, with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Professor Mannstaedt. It was a Paganini concert in the truest sense of the word, as a glance at his program will show:

1. Concerto in D major.....
- (First movement.)
2. "Nel cor piu non mi sento".....
- (Theme with variations for violin alone.)
3. "Witches' Dance".....
4. Caprice No. 17 (study in octaves).....
- Caprice No. 18 (study in thirds).....
- Caprice No. 19 (B flat major).....
- (For violin alone.)

How Burmester did play it! Such runs! such chords! such left hand pizzicato! double harmonics! daring springs! glissando in octaves and sixths! and such a sweeping use of the bow! I never heard anything like it. In spite of all these terrific difficulties his intonation was perfect. Only a very few double notes, thirds and tenths, were out of tune, and these were due to a flat E string, caused by profuse perspiration. These Paganini pieces demand the utmost limit of technic.

Burmester proved equal in every respect. His pizzicato with the left hand was marvelous. It seemed as if he had fingers of steel. He made runs in single artificial harmonics, produced with the first and fourth fingers, as fast as the ordinary violinist can run a simple scale. More astonishing still were his double harmonics, all perfectly clear and in perfect tune. His bowing is not above reproach. Although he studied under Joachim, he has not that master's style of bowing. His elbow is held too high and his wrist is rather stiff, which made his rapid legato and spiccato sound a bit thick and indistinct at times. He has, however, in his own way, developed a command of the bow hardly less wonderful than his left hand technique.

Whether used at the frog or at the point; in its whole length, with powerful, sweeping strokes, or in the many intricate ways peculiar to Paganini, it was always manipulated with ease and abandon, in a manner bespeaking absolute control. His staccato volante is developed to an astounding degree of perfection, the down bow as well as the up. The notes bounded out like showers of pearls. He has also a good cantilena; his tone is full and warm and at times intense. The slow movements were played with genuine feeling and expression, as a true musician should play them. Some of the critics on the leading papers, however, claimed that he was lacking in emotion and musicianship. I have not read a single criticism here that gave him his full dues. Some have blamed him for playing Paganini the entire evening, stating that these works belong to a past period and ought not to be revived, as they are lacking utterly in musical value. Without so much as a word in recognition of Paganini's great services to the violin world, they branded Burmester as a mere technician, who could give no real satisfaction to musicians, and thus prejudiced did not even attend his second concert.

I think that one quality that needs to be developed among the critics is capacity for appreciation. These men who have thus railed at Paganini and Burmester must have a very limited knowledge of violin playing or they are prejudiced. Paganini gave an unparalleled stimulus to violin playing. Nothing has ever proved such a powerful incentive to technical progress as his astounding development of the resources of the instrument. This has in turn greatly affected modern violin literature. Some of Paganini's solos, to be sure, were written for himself only, with reference to his own strange individuality and capabilities, and, though the modern virtuoso may play them as well as Paganini himself did, as far as technic goes, they will always fail of that indescribable, electrifying effect that he produced with them, because the magic of his own weird, overpowering personality is lacking. It is equally true that some of his compositions have musical value and will not soon disappear from our concert programs. And as for study, many of his works are invaluable, notably the twenty-four caprices.

This first concert proved that Burmester is a marvelous technician. Until now it was generally conceded that Thomson had the greatest technic of all living violinists.

At his second concert Burmester played compositions of a very different order. His selections were:

- Concerto in D major, op. 35.....Tchaikowsky  
Concerto, No. 7.....Spohr  
"Faust" Fantasie.....Wieniawsky

I have heard the Tchaikowsky concerto better played by Halir; the difference was due chiefly to Halir's incomparable management of the bow. Burmester is not fully equal to all the demands made upon the bow by this horribly difficult work. Technically he played it without a flaw. My interest was centred in the Spohr concerto. I could not believe that anyone who plays Paganini as Burmester does could interpret Spohr well. Imagine, then, my astonishment on hearing him give this great work one of the noblest, broadest and most musicianly interpretations that a Spohr concerto ever received at the hands of a violinist. Never but once have I heard Spohr played with greater effect, and that was a double concerto, performed by Joachim and Halir. Aside from these two artists I have never heard anyone play this master's works in a manner that would compare with Burmester's interpretation in point of tone, technic and musicianship. The adagio was especially well played. Those of the critics who heard this can no longer say that he is lacking in sentiment and poetic tenderness. Spohr and Paganini are the two great extremes of their respective schools. Great, indeed, is the artist who plays both well.

The Faust fantasie again gave Burmester an opportunity to display his virtuosity. Here he proved himself a great violinist in the romantic school. His wonderful harmonics surprised me again. His tone in playing them is phenomenal—so full and rich! His harmonics have one feature that was quite new to me. In playing them he constantly uses the vibrato, whether single or double, open or artificial. In general he makes extensive use of the vibrato, but it is not that offensive, exaggerated wabbling of the hand that some soloists have fallen into, after the manner of an Italian street musician; his vibrato is of the agreeable kind that carries the tone.

The visiting violinist, to gain more than mere passing notice in Berlin, must be very great indeed. Burmester comes from an obscure town, unknown and unheralded, and in the face of indifference, prejudice and jealousy conquers the metropolis off hand. At the close of his last concert the audience was frantic. I did not dream that the Berlin public could show so much enthusiasm. For nearly half an hour recall followed recall, and encore followed encore. For once a Berlin audience was aroused from its lethargy, and the walls of the Singakademie shook.

Willy Burmester ranks as an artist among the half dozen really great violinists of the world. As a technician he is unique. He is but twenty-five years old, and has before him a brilliant future.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

[Mr. Abell evidently has not heard César Thomson play Paganini's music.—Eds. MUSICAL COURIER.]

### A ROSSINI ANECDOTE.

**R**OSSINI reigns in Rome at the Teatro Quirino, where the "Barber" holds the stage, and at the Nazionale "Cenerentola," and "Italiani in Algieri" are well received. It seems like the first part of the century, instead of the latter end. Rossini anecdotes are also coming to the surface. There are as many of them as notes from the "Swan of Pesaro's" pen. Some of these jokes are interesting, as throwing a light on the ways of artists at the beginning of this century. We all know that the singers of those times had a mania for overloading their parts with cadenzas. Rossini's taste disliked this, but had to submit to the popular clamor and the demand of the artists.

Among those who gave Rossini especial trouble was Crivelli, the tenor, who demanded that his part should contain every once in a while the words "felice ognora," as they furnished him with a good basis from which to start his "coloratura."

Even more senseless was the mania of Marchese, "the divine Marchese," a soprano (from the Sixtine Chorus, of course) who overshadowed all the sopranos of his time. This singer wanted in every opera a scene where he could jump on the stage from a rock, wearing a helmet with a huge feather panache. Signora Marcolini drove Rossini nearly insane by her many demands on the composer and for some time her lover.

When he wrote for her "Pietra del Paragone" she surprised him one day with her wish to sing the finale of the last act in the uniform of a hussar. "But, my dear, you are simply crazy," replied Rossini. "How can I introduce a hussar in the opera? You represent a Sicilian princess!" "That is your lookout; I want to sing the aria in hussar uniform with kolpak, dolman and high gold embroidered boots. This will be very becoming to me, and do not forget that you must arrange the aria so I may swing about a drawn sword." The poor composer hid himself to his librettist, the finale was changed and Marcolini had her own way, and at the representation carried the audience by storm. But who remembers now the aria "Pensa alla patria, e intrepido il tuo dovere adempi?"

**Dora Valesca Becker.**—The Philharmonic Club, Washington, D. C., gave the second concert at Metzerott Music Hall Thursday, November 22, Dora Valesca Becker, violin, and Anton Schott assisting. Miss Becker delighted the audience by her fine bowing in compositions by Sarasate, Wieniawski and Franz Ries.

**W. Howard Bartle's Concert.**—At the concert which W. Howard Bartle, tenor, gave last week Alice Purdy, soprano; Emily Baetz, contralto, and Robert Elsworth Terry, pianist, were the assistants. Dr. Carl E. Martin and Mrs. Martin also took part, the former sang "Dear Lady Mine," "Vulcan's Song" and "The Two Grenadiers."

**Conrad Behrens' Concert.**—Conrad Behrens, the basso, will give a concert at Carnegie Hall Saturday evening, December 8, when he will have the assistance of Dyik Haagmans (piano), Henry Haagmans (cello) and Aldis J. Gery (autoharp). Margarite Arcularius (soprano), Hermine Hülsemann (soprano) and Julius Scheuck (baritone), pupils of Mr. Behrens, will also be heard.

**New York Philharmonic Club.**—At Montclair Club Hall last Wednesday the New York Philharmonic Club, Eugene Weiner, director, gave a well attended concert. The soloists were Clara C. Henley, Henry Haagmans, Conrad Behrens (the latter earning two recalls) and Eugene Weiner, who played the flute obligato to Miss Henley's singing of Bishop's song, "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark."

**Yaw.**—It is a fact worthy of record that Miss Yaw and her company are making a great success in Texas towns. The local papers devote columns to laudatory criticisms, and invariably speak of the "largest house of the season." The San Antonio "Express" of November 22 says: "Miss Yaw is unique, phenomenal. She cannot be considered comparatively, because of her isolated artistic or vocal status. No one, perhaps, has ever heard an organ to be classed and compared with her peculiar voice. Her execution is well nigh as remarkable as her range." The company, consisting of Miss Lea, pianist, and Mr. Dick, violinist, receives its share of encomium.

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### GOVERNMENT BANDS.

"THE quality of mercy is not strained," but that of Government bands most decidedly is—and it is strained through so fine a cloth that it comes out exceedingly thin. It is an indisputable fact that the bands in the pay of the national government at army posts and on board flagships of the navy are of an exceedingly low grade. Their performances are as a rule distinguished by lung power more than by any other feature. They certainly do not impress the hearer as being the work of skilled players on brass instruments. Compared with the work of such bands as Sousa's or Victor Herbert's, the work of an ordinary United States band sounds like the performance of an unskilled pianist compared with that of a good pianist.

Some people are of the opinion that there is no good reason why our Government bands should be improved. They say that these organizations are quite good enough for their duties. The post band plays at guard mount and dress parade, and occasionally on the lawn in front of the commandant's quarters when there is a visitor to the post. The flagship band blows out "The Star Spangled Banner" at 8 A. M. and "Hail Columbia" at sundown, and between times endeavors to keep out of sight. The member of a naval band may be called on to do work not of a musical nature. He frequently has to help to hoist up a boat, and he has to take his part in the "setting up" exercises every morning.

It is a great mistake, however, to view this matter in a narrow light. Government bands at army posts are heard by thousands of persons, who are influenced indirectly by them in their estimate of the refinement and culture of the Government itself. Those on warships visit foreign ports, where they are heard by thousands to whom good martial music is as common as the food they eat. What must they think of a nation that cannot afford to support a decent band on one of its flagships?

The reason why our bands are so bad is well known. It is because musicians in the army and the navy are paid such miserable wages. What inducement is the

paltry sum offered by the Government to a man who is really a master of his instrument? He can earn more money as an independent musician. He may not get many engagements, but he will earn a living out of them for himself and his family because the rate of pay is so much higher. Furthermore he will not be subject to the severe conditions of military discipline, and he will in all probability have a comfortable home.

As the system stands at present it is quite impossible for the Government to secure the services of the better class of musicians. But as a matter of fact there is no place where better men are needed than in Government bands. The authorities ought to take this matter up and give it serious attention. Congress ought to raise the rate of pay for musicians in the army and navy.

### THE SEASON OF GERMAN OPERA.

THE season of Wagner opera in German will begin February 25, 1895, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Walter Damrosch is to be the director. The season is to last seven weeks, four in this city; one in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; one in Boston, and one in Chicago. The evening performances in New York are to be given on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, twelve performances in all during the evenings and four Saturday matinées. The advance sale has been very large, more than one-half the orchestra being sold already. Mr. Damrosch's indefatigable energy and ability has now abundant scope. He will have a large corps of admirable singers under him, and even the minor parts will be in capable hands. The chorus will consist of eighty picked voices. The Wagner Society has taken already 400 seats in the orchestra, and the lower tier of boxes has been subscribed for by the stockholders of the Italian opera, and of the sixteen boxes on the grand tier six have already been sold. It looks as if German opera was not dead in New York after all, thanks to Walter Damrosch.

The operas that have been selected to be given are "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Die Götterdämmerung," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" and "Die Meistersinger."

The artists who have been engaged are: Sopranos and Contraltos—Rosa Sucher, Johanna Gadski, Elsa Kutscherra, Marcella Lindh, Marie Brema, Marie Maurer.

Tenors—Max Alvary, Nicolaus Rothmühl, Paul Lange, Paul Siegel.

Baritones and Basses—Franz Schwarz, Rudolph Oberhauser, Emil Fischer, Conrad Behrens, James F. Thomson, Adolph Dahm-Petersen.

The New York Symphony Orchestra of eighty-five musicians, with Mr. Damrosch as leader, will participate.

### A BIT OF COMMON SENSE.

SOME time ago THE MUSICAL COURIER attacked the ridiculous and vulgar quality of music sung in most denominational churches, and was especially severe on the vile, canting stuff howled at revivals, &c. The article attracted much attention, and much adverse comment was made. We received protests from many, who spoke feelingly of the "good old tunes," and while we deprecated the wounding of religious feeling we held that bad music was bad per se and should not be tolerated in the tabernacles of worshippers, simply because prejudice kept it there. The Toronto "Saturday Night" bears us out in our crusade by printing in a recent issue the following strong bit of common sense:

Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist who is now conducting meetings in this city, has been delivering himself upon the subject of music as he understands, or rather misunderstands, it. He is reported to have remarked during the course of his address the other evening that it was a false idea that people wanted high toned, classical music. Ordinary people wanted the other kind. They did not know where much of this classical stuff came from or where it went to. Mr. Moody should, perhaps, not be taken too seriously when he invades the realm of music and poses as an authority on classical "stuff" and the alleged tastes of the people concerning it, but his remarks suggest a few thoughts regarding the insipid jingles which he associates with his own earnest, impressive and at times classical addresses.

The fate of these weak and ephemeral creations it is not difficult to prophesy. They all go the way of their sickly kind, and pass into oblivion after a brief and very harmless existence. Unlike a grand old classical hymn or anthem which has weathered the storm for generations and still serves as a beacon light for seekers after the truth, there can never be any doubt as to the ultimate fate of the musical monstrosities perpetrated by professional gospel hymn writers whose doggerel rhythms and effeminate ditties are a reproach to the dignity and purity of the Christian religion. Leaving aside the momentary excitement occasioned among an average audience by the thoughtless "hurrah" of an ear tickling gospel hymn, I fancy that even Mr. Moody would hesitate to deny the more powerful inspira-

tion and more lasting good accomplished by the nobler hymns and chorals of classical writers, such as are sung and preferred by the "ordinary people," as he terms them, in this city.

The so-called hymns and other inflections by such writers as Sankey, McGranahan, Stebbins and other offenders will long be forgotten when the equally simple but pure and dignified compositions of Luther, Wesley, Sullivan, Dyke, Stainer, Barnby and others are sung by every believer and seeker. Mr. Moody's pretended conception of music would not prove much of an inspiration to many of us to strive for the better land did we feel that the vulgar claptrap which Mr. Moody praises, and not the music of Palestrina, Bach, Handel and others of the great and glorious masters of music, should prove an index of that wonderful service of praise we all hope to participate in there.

### THE PLAYS THE THING.

WHAT a difference between the operatic artist of to-day and his predecessor? The old-time singer, if he happened to be a natural actor, well and good; but if he were not, then he sang. That seemed to be sufficient. Now we find artists like the De Reszkés and Maurel exhaustively studying the psychology of the characters they assume on the lyric stage. Maurel, the baritone, was reported by the "Herald" last week as saying:

"'Falstaff' is a paradox. He is a power-shorn Richard III. He has all Richard's instinct of cruelty without his gloomy, sombre temperament. He is a Richard who has become a gambler, a hunchback who has fallen in love with his belly, and such a philosopher! The 'Falstaff' that Boito has devised for the hero of Verdi's opera is rather the grotesque, tricked old rascal of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' than the 'Falstaff' of 'Henry IV.' He has aged. He has lost some of his strength, but he has gained in weight, and he is a bigger glutton. He is a sympathetic character for a musical comedy, for in our heart we find him amusing, and his very failings, to speak mildly, are droll and laughter provoking."

And of "Iago" in Verdi's "Otello": "Voilà! a part that I love," he said, referring to the character. "There is such a variety in the composition of 'Iago' that he is one of the most fascinating figures in the whole range of literature."

Fancy Tamagno speaking in such terms! The old-time singer looked first for top notes, not characterization. But the play's the thing nowadays.

### CRITICS OF MUSIC.

THERE is a good deal of public discussion of musical criticism just now, and a good deal of it is amusing as well as instructive. Most of the strictures on music critics are based on the text, "A music critic should be a musician." Following this position to its logical conclusion, we should assert that critics of pictures should be painters; of statues, sculptors; of architecture, architects; of poetry, poets; of novels, novelists. The criticism of critics is chiefly directed at those employed by the daily press. Now, if you go down to Printing House Square and ask any able editor what is the fundamental requisite of a music critic he will answer: "He must be a trained newspaper man, or else he will not know how to write what the public requires of him; he will constantly be missing the very features of an entertainment which are of general interest to our readers." The average newspaper reader never thinks of that aspect of the matter, and the musician will promptly and contemptuously thrust it aside.

The fact remains that the daily papers do not hire professional musicians to write their music criticisms, although they are constantly in receipt of applications from them. Mr. W. J. Henderson is authority for the statement that when the "Times" changed hands there were twenty-four applications for his position, and all but one were from professional musicians. Now, Mr. Henderson is not a professional musician; nor is Mr. Krehbiel, nor Mr. Finck, nor Mrs. Bowman, nor Mr. Steinberg, nor Mr. Hamblin, nor Mr. Hilary Bell. The only daily paper which employs a professional is the "World."

The opinion was recently advanced that a musical critic ought to be, for first choice, a musician who could write, or, for second choice, a literary man who understood music. Unfortunately there are but few musicians who can write, and music is the one thing that appears to be beyond the comprehension of the professional litterateur. There have been musicians who could write and their critical papers have been of permanent value; but no man needs to read the prose writings of Schumann, Berlioz or Wagner more than once to perceive that two out of the three are special pleaders, and that none of them write for the general public. They write for musicians.

What are the necessary qualifications of a good



musical critic? Unquestionably the first of all is a sound knowledge of music and its performance. It ought to stand as an accepted fact that no man is fit to write a musical criticism who does not know the principles of harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation and the general technics of composition. It does not follow that he should be able to write a fugue, compose a sonata, or arrange a Liszt fantasia for orchestra. A critic of painting should thoroughly understand perspective, brush technics, and the proportions of the human figure; but he need not be able to sit down and paint a picture. If he could, then to his mind his way would be the right way, and every other man's the wrong way; he would cease to be a critic and become an advocate. A music critic, then, must be a master of the theory of music.

In the second place he must know the principles of good performance. It seems as if this ought to go without saying, but we have frequently heard the assertion that any man or woman of average culture, who has been a habitual attendant at musical performances for years, is competent to pronounce judgment on the work of an artist. Now, pronouncing judgment is easy; giving reasons for your judgment is not. Every man and woman in an audience pronounces judgment on a performance. Some of them, to be sure, do not get any further than the expression, "I liked it" or "I did not like it;" but they have made up their minds as to its excellence or defectiveness. This very pronouncement of judgment is formulated in applause. Moreover, there are plenty of people who can say "She sings well" or "She can't sing a bit," and say it correctly, too, but who for the life of them cannot tell why. In other words, thousands recognize the effects of good technics or bad technics, though they are not acquainted with the technics themselves.

But it will not do for a critic to be ignorant of them. He must be able to tell why a pianist's playing sounds hard and cold; why a singer's delivery is labored and unvoiced. If he cannot do such things he cannot impart the kind of information the majority of his readers expect of him. Yet a man need not be a singing teacher to understand singing, nor a violinist to understand violin playing. If this were so, then even a musician who aspired to be a music critic would have to be a composer, a singer, a pianist, an organist, a violinist, a cellist, a conductor and a few other things. Musicians who are capable of such a range of performance are, so far as we know, confined to the variety stage, where they appear in what are known as "musical acts."

In the third place, no man can be a music critic who is not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the art of music. No man can criticise Bach playing who does not know the nature and purpose of the pianist's or violinist's art in Bach's day. Nor can any man rightly estimate the value of a new composition who does not know all about the growth and development of the form in which the composition is cast. A man is not quite fit to criticise a new symphony simply because he is familiar with symphonic form and with the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. He ought in his studies to have traced the spiritual development of symphony in general, and so be able to feel the nature of the new work. Nor can any man tell whether a Mozart aria is correctly sung or a Mozart concerto properly performed who has not the necessary historical knowledge to guide him to an appreciation of Mozart's purposes. The whole field of musical progress should be ever before the mind's eye of the critic. He must read his Wagner by the light of Bach.

Again, the musical critic must be a conscientious student of general literature. Liszt writes "Mazepa"; Strong writes a "Sintram" symphony; Grieg writes a "Peer Gynt" suite: a hundred men write on the suggestions of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Schiller. Is any critic competent to expound the value of such compositions who is not acquainted with the works which suggest them? Most decidedly not, for he can go no further than the technics, and criticism must go to the heart of every matter. Look at the immense task which Wagner set for the music critic. In "Parsifal" he made it imperative for the critic to trace the origin and development of the Arthurian legends, and to follow the story of the grail-seeker through the pages of Robert de Borron, Wolfram von Eschenbach and the others. In "Der Ring des Nibelungen" he laid upon the shoulders of music critics the burden of the "Eddes" and the "Nibelungen Lied." Massenet's "Werther" and the several "Fausts" compel an honest, serious critic to read

Goethe; and no man can utter opinions about the libretti of operas who is not a literary as well as a musical critic. It is right here that the line must be drawn between a musician who can write and the writer who knows music. The latter is the better man to deal with the inexorable literary requirements of music criticism.

The ideal music critic ought to be thoroughly conversant with French, German and Italian, not to speak of English. In the first place there are hundreds of valuable, even necessary works in the leading foreign tongues which the critic ought to read. In the second place, if he is to be an expert judge of the musical significance of an operatic score he must be able to read the libretto in the original language. It is only in this way that he can tell whether the music fully embodies the spirit of the text. It is only thus that he can decide whether the music is advantageous for the singer. Many passages which are cumbersome in English are smooth in the original language.

We have thus indicated some of the principal requirements of a first-class music critic. There is yet another. A music critic should be a good writer. He ought to be able to express his opinions in clear, fluent, correct, polished, vigorous language. He ought to be able to enliven his essays with the play of wit and fancy. He ought to have imagination to enable him to cast his thoughts in engaging figures at times, and he should always be intelligible and dignified. We are bound to admit that here the writer has the advantage of the musician. The former has, or should have, learned his trade. The latter is at the best an amateur litterateur.

We must admit that the music critic whom we have constructed is something of an ideal being. We have never met him and we fear we never will. We have said nothing about his character for honesty, judicial fairness and self control, for of course he must possess those attributes. We have been speaking of his attainments; but where is he? As Macaulay cried, "In Christendom where is the Christian?" But, granting that the ideal critic does not exist, that he will never appear until that beautiful millennium when the Wagnerite and the Brahmsianer lie down together, when the Rowbothams cease from troubling and the Hanslicks are at rest—granting all this, is not the professional writer who understands music a better man for the post of critic than the musician who can write?

#### THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

WHEN the word "artist" is used in a musical journal it means some one who plays upon an instrument or sings. When it is used in a dramatic paper it describes a person who really acts—not one who is simply named in the playbill. When it appears in an art journal it refers to one who squeezes human figures out of wet clay, or indicates dim impressions of nature with slabs of red, yellow and blue. All these people are supposed by the general public to live in a vastly different manner from ordinary human beings. They do not eat, drink, walk, talk, sleep or even breathe in the same way. The "smart set," as it is called—chiefly because it is so utterly without smartness—regards the artist as a sort of human freak, a person who is compelled to make a living out of certain natural peculiarities, because his father did not leave him any money. The "middle classes," by which term the "smart set" describes those respectable men and women who are engaged in doing the world's work, and making a good job of it, too, look upon the artist as a being set apart by a beneficent Providence to put into the lives of others a certain amount of beauty which does not exist in his own. Nevertheless these respectable people believe that an artist's life is not fit for publication; and to a certain extent the world in general has about the same opinion.

What is the common idea of an artist's day? Well, it is something like this: He, or she, gets up at 11, and has a bath of rose water and milk in a tub of porcelain. After dressing comes a breakfast of quail on toast and light wine, coffee and cigarettes, discussed by the artist in a satin wrapper, with eider down slippers on the feet. The afternoon is devoted to a drive and to the reception of hundreds of mad admirers, who kneel before the artist and pour out mingled stores of adulation, flattery, money, roses and jewels; all of which the artist receives with profound coolness, as if such things were of no more importance than so many postage stamps. Then

comes a magnificent dinner, with gold plate, crystal goblets, wild boar stuffed with holm acorns and killed in a South wind, Falernian wine, recently discovered in the catacombs of Rome and purchased by the artist for a king's ransom, hothouse fruits, cognac and liquors, and all the other constituents of a feast from dreamland. If the artist is an opera singer of course the dinner is omitted, and the singer, is conveyed to the opera house in a \$4,000 coupé drawn by a pair of blue ribbon winners from a bankrupt duke's stables.

During the evening princes, potentates and bankers continually pass through the artist's dressing room, leaving behind them words of flattery and priceless gems as presents. After the performance the artist is driven away to some mysterious and brilliant resort where a fabulous supper is waiting; and there he gives free rein to his appetites, eating, drinking and carousing, and finally drifting off into all kinds of nameless debaucheries, till the sun's rising sends him, half senseless, home to the China silk sheets of his gold mounted bed, where an East Indian valet—a priest of the ninety-second arch degree—mesmerizes into space the awful head which an ordinary mortal would have after such a day.

This reads like a silly piece of exaggeration, but as a matter of fact it is only putting into words the foolish fancies which non-professional people have about the lives of actors and musicians. Jean and Edouard de Reszké live at the Gilsey House, where Arabian Nights entertainments are rare. Their East Indian attendant is brother-in-law Willy Schutz, whose mesmerism is employed in the unceasing endeavor to keep newspaper men in a good humor. The tenor and his big brother go bicycle riding in Central Park at 10 o'clock every morning, except when there is a rehearsal, and then they go earlier; so that seems to break in on the 11 o'clock breakfast scheme. Ysaye, the violinist, lives at the Belvedere, which is a respectable hotel, not a gilded bower of epicurean indulgence. Tamagno's residence is the Normandie, and other artists, who are supposed to be in a mad whirl of indulgence, dwell in similar places.

The plain and simple truth is this: A real artist's life is one of unceasing self-denial, of endless effort, of constant labor. The amount of devotion and self-sacrifice increases as the scale of greatness ascends. The life of a man like Jean de Reszké is rigorously ordered to meet the iron rule of his purposes. He must keep himself constantly in the finest physical condition, or else his vocal powers will fail him at critical moments. He must live well, even generously, but not luxuriously. He cannot eat and drink anything he may fancy; for his digestion must not suffer the slightest impairment, on the pain of instant punishment in the shape of bad voice. He must not eat even food that is harmless to the voice but productive of fat; for a fat tenor—ugh! He must preserve the suppleness of his limbs lest "Romeo" be heavy footed, or the rejuvenated "Faust" antique of gait.

The sort of "artists" who indulge in riotous living never rise any further than the comic opera stage. Their misdoings are continually getting into print, and they maintain their value as drawing cards largely by the stimulation of public curiosity to see and hear people who are so very, very wicked. But these people never rise to the level of high art. Step down a bit further in the scale, and you come to the burlesque performers, and there you meet with persons who not only have no artistic but even no professional standing—persons who do not even recognize the obligation of their agreement to do so much work for so much money. They frequently incapacitate themselves for the evening's performance by the afternoon's indulgence.

It is the eternal thrusting before the public of the antics of these lower orders of public performers that makes the average man and woman imagine that all performers are of the same sort. Yet this is not true, even of actors, upon whom the necessity to keep in the finest physical condition is not quite so pressing as it is upon the singer. Yet the simple truth is that the nervous strain of acting is enormous, and the evening's work demands rest and quiet during the day. Furthermore, actors do a great deal more rehearsing than singers and virtuosi, and hence they are much more occupied during the day. Acting is a hardworking and poorly paid business. An actor who can count upon a salary of \$75 a week for thirty weeks out of the fifty-two is fortunate. On this amount he must dress his parts completely and live in hotels and sleeping cars. In the case of the



actress, with her expensive gowns, it becomes a pretty serious matter.

But the newspapers make heroes and heroines not of the earnest-minded, hard-working members of the theatrical and musical professions, but of the silly, the weak, the wicked. Even when they talk about the great artists they do not discuss their methods of study and performance, but their clothing, their lap-dogs and their little eccentricities. Two-thirds of the fine art that our great artists exhibit is wasted upon people who are utterly incompetent to appreciate it; but there are, thank heaven, a few who do know the beauty of it. And it is just these few who are aware of the amount of loving and patient self-sacrifice endured by the artist in order that his art may be truly great. There is no doubt, indeed, that the marital infelicities of artists are more frequent than those of ordinary persons, for the temperament of the artist is powerful and his passions are fierce. But the kind of unbridled indulgence in which he is supposed by the outside world to revel simply does not exist. A single question ought to indicate the end of all such indulgence: What has become of the few artists who have appeared on the stage intoxicated in the past 20 years? Their punishment has been swift and certain. The life of an artist must be study, or else the art and the artist must both deteriorate.

#### POOR OPERETTA LIBRETTI.

It seems to be the inevitable thing now that the critical verdict on a new operetta must in substance amount to this: "The music is pretty and pleasing, though not highly original; but the book is very bad." This is a great pity, for the operetta form is capable of the most artistic development. The works of Gilbert and Sullivan have conclusively proved that the operetta is a field in which keen, polished wit, playful fancy and even poetic refinement in the book may unite with grace, delicacy, color and humor in music. The Offenbach operettas, on the other hand, show how broad travesty may be dignified by literary skill and musical invention. Compared with the average operetta of the American stage these foreign productions are as Shakespearian comedies compared with the weird productions of Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld.

Now there must be a reason for the inferiority of our works. Our dear English brethren will tell us that it comes of our own inherent inferiority as a nation. China used to talk that sort of talk to Japan. The French would probably say that they did not know we had any operetta at all; but there is no ignorance on earth so vast as a well educated Frenchman's ignorance of the United States.

No, the lack of good operetta libretti is not due to the non-existence of Americans who can write them. Even Sydney Rosenfeld could turn out a really good libretto, if he had any incentive to the labor, and there are several other men in these United States—Benjamin Woolf, for instance—of whom little or nothing is heard nowadays, who could do it. But they do not try.

Why not?

Simply because they could not get their libretti performed if they did produce them.

In the first place, they would have the managers to deal with, and we should like very much to know where there is an American manager who has judgment enough to decide on producing a new operetta strictly on its merits. Do not, gentle reader, hasten to tell us that there is Mr. Whitney. Why, if "Rob Roy" had been offered to him by two unknown men, instead of by DeKoven and Smith, he would never have taken the trouble to read it. As a matter of fact, he engaged DeKoven and Smith to write an operetta, and he produced it because they wrote it. Other American managers do the same sort of thing. The Bostonians, for instance, would like mighty well to have "Rob Roy" on their list, but "The Knickerbockers" frightened them away from the two young Americans. As for Mr. French, manager of the theatre in which "The Knickerbockers" was produced, he will not touch an operetta of any kind because "Utopia" lost him such a pile of money. He blames the loss on operetta as a form of entertainment, when almost any sensible man could have told him after seeing "Utopia" in London, as he did, that it could not by any human possibility be successful in this country.

But let us suppose that there are managers standing around waiting for new American operettas. The great question is: Who is going to perform them?

Where are the singing actors with the refined, delicate suggestive art necessary to the successful presentation of a libretto of genuine literary cleverness?

It is the lack of artists in this line of business that makes the production of operetta libretti so unsatisfactory. Even the librettists who can do good work are debarred from the exercise of their skill by the requirements of the leading lights of the operetta stage. Where is the man or woman in the operetta business to-day that is capable of creating a new rôle? Francis Wilson might do it, provided it was a rôle made to favor his peculiarities; but no one else can. What new rôle has Mr. Hopper created since he has been a star? Not one. He has changed his make-up and his costume whenever he has changed the name of his part; but he has done the same old things in the same old way in each one, and has given one continuous impersonation of De Wolf Hopper.

What has Mr. Wilson done, outside of "Cadeaux" in "Erminie," to entitle him to consideration? Simply played "The Oolah" in other costumes and with other wigs. Henry Clay Barnabee is still playing the "Sheriff of Nottingham," and he will play it as long as he lives.

Now what happens when an operetta-librettist goes to one of these great men with a book? He is asked to cut, twist, turn, alter and remodel; and all for what? Simply to bring the parts within the limits of the abilities of the people who are to play them. The famous lights of the operetta stage are incapable of "composing" a new character. So what's the use of inventing them?

A librettist who desires to get his works produced—and that seems to be the natural and laudable object of a librettist—must go to some of the persons who are before the public, and here at once he meets with the obstacles indicated. We venture to say that it is an artistic impossibility to write a really good operetta for Lillian Russell. Why? Because she must be made the central figure; she must have all the interesting situations, and she must be on the stage most of the time. Now Miss Russell has no more comedy talent than a pump handle; hence the interest which surrounds her must be sentimental—and that settles the operetta. The comedy element must take a back seat, and thenceforward a thoroughly good operetta is an impossibility, for there has never yet been a really good operetta in which the comedy—not necessarily the buffoonery—element did not occupy the centre of the stage.

Miss Russell's case is mentioned simply as a sample of the sort of thing librettists have to contend with. The truth is that the star system in operetta is altogether opposed to good libretti. The reason why the English, French and German stages have produced so many admirable operettas is the existence of regularly established operetta theatres and operetta stock companies.

We shall never produce a school of competent librettists in this country till we have a good operetta theatre. Of course a prime requisite for that establishment is a manager who can tell a good operetta when he sees one. It is impossible at present to tell where this light of nature is to come from. Consequently we must try to make the best of such operettas as we get, and must be as happy as possible with libretti designed to give full play to Mr. Hopper's burlesque tragedy and baseball jokes, Mr. Wilson's knotty legs and parrot squeak, and Miss Russell's placid countenance and explosive high notes.

**Cosima's Royalty.**—Frau Cosima Wagner has entered suit against the Grand Ducal Theatre of Schwerin to recover royalties.

**St. Petersburg.**—On account of the Emperor's death, the imperial theatres probably will be closed six months, but another report has it that they will be reopened within three months. At all events, the musical and dramatic profession will suffer, and it is said that in order to mitigate the hardship the Emperor Nicholas has given a large sum for distribution among the involuntary sufferers.

**Emperor Wilhelm's Ducat.**—The first honorarium which the Emperor William is believed to have earned as a musical composer was from Vienna in consideration of the "Ode to Aegir." It consists of a single golden ducat, and is accompanied by the diploma of honorary membership of the Wiener Maennergesangverein.

This famous choir is bound by its statutes to pay a fee of one ducat to each composer, a work by whom, great or small, forms part of the program at one or more concerts of the society, and this is the first time that the rule has been applied to a sovereign.

## RAconteur

ON A CHOPIN POLONAISE.

"Polen, Oh Polen! Kehrtet heim die Kühnen!  
Unter ihren Sohlen würdest du ergrünen;  
Unter ihren Händen würdest frei du werden,  
Alle Leiden enden, schönsten Land der Erden!"

POLSKA'S GRABGESANG.

Would that these heart stirring rhythms,  
This terrible music wrought story;  
Would that this flashing of armour,  
This shock of battalions all gory;  
Would that this tone scene of battle  
Were more than a dream of dead glory!

Would that these wild rushing octaves,  
This onset of war chords, soul thrilling,  
Were shoutings of Poland's brave soldiers,  
The red vault of heaven loud filling!  
Would that this triumphing climax  
Were victory!—Russia's voice stilling.

But suddenly comes a great silence,  
Then thunders of dire agitation;  
Huge minor chords hurled upon majors  
With ominous reverberation;  
And the war tones, so grandly heroic,  
Are drowned in the dirge of a nation.

FRANK E. SAWYER.

WHEN I listen to fine organ playing I am reminded of John Milton. This is no new idea. I have heard it before. I love Milton very much, but read "L'Allegro" with better grace than "Paradise Lost." By the same token, as my Dublin friends say, I seldom go to organ recitals. Yet there is nothing nobler in the many departments of musical art. One said to me on Monday of last week, "Let us go to an organ recital." I shuddered, for the day was bleak. But I went. The recital was given in the First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. In the church were about 1,500 men and women, all serious, as if anticipating a serious function. At the organ William C. Carl presided.

The young man is a pupil of Guilmant, the bearded French giant of the organ world. He is a fervent admirer of his master, and I may add a worthy pupil, although his free style and easy mastery of his instrument suggest any but a state of pupilage. Mr. Carl played as an opening number Guilmant's first organ sonata in D minor—rather, he gave two excerpts from it, a "Largo e Maestoso," and an allegro, topping off with a prelude in G, written expressly for Mr. Carl by Guilmant.

I cannot truthfully say that I am a fervent admirer of Guilmant the composer. He has originated nothing, and the musical blood of Mendelssohn flows in his veins. But he writes, he thinks, so wonderfully for the organ that the most trite phrases and passage work are invested with new meanings and color because of the beautiful setting of the composer. For instance, a sweet little bit called "Noël Ecossais" was so dainty and pure in coloring that I forgot all about its thematic value, and Mr. Carl played it so poetically that it was the "bonne bouche" of the afternoon. He also played in broad sonorous fashion a "Marche aux Flambeaux," a new allegro giocoso, both by Guilmant. I forgot to tell you that it was a Guilmant recital. The other organ numbers were a caprice, the Marche Funèbre and chant Séraphique, and the fourth sonata. I could not remain to hear the last.

Mr. Carl is really one of the most ambitious of our young organists, and his playing is stamped with a style which is both scholarly and familiar. I mean that he can play for organists and yet win the attention of a mixed audience. He was assisted by some singers and a talented violinist, Geraldine Morgan, but his playing was emphatically the feature of the concert.

By the way, he is to appear as a soloist at one of the Symphony Society concerts this winter. He will play a work by Guilmant for organ and orchestra.

His repertory is extensive, and comprises every form of organ composition written. He has produced many novelties, and is always searching for the new.

He is in constant demand for organ openings and concerts throughout the country, and is already booked for a large number of recitals.

He is to open a large Hook & Hastings organ next

Thursday with two recitals in Richmond, Va., and will make an extended Western tour in addition to work in the East.

His twenty-fifth recital (December 17) will be devoted exclusively to compositions written especially for him by French, English and American writers. Here is the program:

Communion, A flat.....Alex. Guilmant  
Allegretto.....Th. Salomé  
Noël.....Theodore Dubois  
Canson.....Samuel Rousseau  
Marche Religieuse.....Allys Claussmann  
Andante Religioso.....  
Menuet de Concert.....Henri Deshayes  
Toccata e Confuoco.....  
Concert piece.....B. Luard Selby  
Toccata.....Georges MacMaster  
and works by Chas. A. E. Harris (Montreal) and  
Homer N. Bartlett, written for this recital.

Young Leonard Liebling seems to be a chip of the Liebling block. This is clipped from a Utica exchange:

Utica has a comparatively new resident in the person of Leonard Liebling, the professor of piano at the Conservatory. Mr. Liebling is a very gifted young gentleman and writes for publication almost as well as he plays. He is a lover of athletics and is not so eccentric and nervous as the usual musician, therefore he is more popular with the younger classes than most of his profession. In other words he is broad minded and doesn't care who knows it. Mr. Liebling, however, has one fault in the eyes of the gamins and loafers who hang about the corners, and that is that he wears his hair à la Paderewski. Of course Mr. Liebling is quite willing that people should make as much fun of his hirsute adornment as they choose, so long as they do not enter into disagreeable personalities, but when they do that they may find themselves in the position of the boy with the gun—they don't know it's loaded. Mr. Liebling is a graduate of the Berlin Conservatory of Music; he has fought his duels; he has played football and baseball after the fashion of the Germans and he holds the medal of that country for long distance sprinting. No one is expected to know all these things, but his more intimate friends and a couple of bullies, who insulted him the other evening, taking his curly locks as the groundwork of their argument, probably realize by this time that his athletic experiences have been turned to good account. At any rate they measured their lengths on the pavement once or twice, and for the next day or two Mr. Liebling's pupils at the Conservatory noticed that his knuckles were decorated with black court plaster. Sometimes it is better to be kicked by a mule than to risk an encounter with a gentleman.

Of course it shows ignorance and a parochial mind to laugh at the cut of a person's hair or oddness of attire, yet I would mildly suggest to Mr. Liebling, and, in fact, to all young musicians, that the time has gone by for long hair. It was once the badge of Bohemia; now, alas! it is the pride of the corn-doctor. In 1840, when Liszt flaunted his locks in the breeze and exploited his profile and technic to a gaping public, the air was muddy with romanticism. Cloaks and deep circles under the eyes, Manfred gloom and hints of suicide were the proper thing. But Zola had not written his first novel, and realism was as yet unborn.

We have changed all that now. An artist, whether he be a pianist or violinist, should not display by hirsute symbolism his superiority to his fellow beings. Let him look like a gentleman and let his work tell. I despise pose of all sort, and the sooner music is rid of its curse, the poseur, the better. The pose has vanished from all the arts but music. Painters, poets, prose artists and sculptors look like normal men. Why, oh why should musicians and football players rig themselves out like guys and bring discredit on their art? "Crazy musician," you hear people say; and looking at the street dress of many musicians, is it any wonder? And the worst of it all is that the whole thing is damned humbug (excuse my heat). Musicians like nice clothes, and there are many who are neat and bathe once a day. But there are some who fear they will be submerged in the common herd if they wear clean linen and cut their hair becomingly. What rot, what vanity! "I never wash, 'car je suis violoniste.'" What logic!

But I'm glad all the same that young Liebling pounded the "toughs." When Leonard reaches his Uncle Emil's age he will forget all about hair and turn his attention to technic, both pianistic and pecuniary.

An inquirer wishes to know who are the characters in "Charles Auchester." Really I have not read Miss Shepard's book for so long that I cannot remember with distinctness. Perhaps Philip Hale can. He knows everything about music and books. But I do recall that Mendelssohn is the hero. Jenny Lind, Liszt and Joachim are also in the book, and the story is supposed to be told by the late Sterndale Bennett,

who was an English echo of Mendelssohn. "Charles Auchester" reminds me of overheated maple syrup. It is saccharine and sloppy.

This is from "Life":

"Mamma," said a small girl, "why can't we have a grand piano?"

"Because we can't afford it, dear," her mother answered. "You must wish for a hen that can lay golden eggs."

"But, mamma," protested this literal young lady, "while you are about it, why not wish for a hen that can lay a grand piano?"

How's this from the Chicago "Evening Post"?

There is absolutely something new under the sun. Miss Ellen Le Garde, a name familiar in the gymnastic world, both as educator and writer, conceived the happy idea of musical dumb-bells. This is the only gymnastic apparatus—out of 500 pieces now in use—invented by a woman. Each instrument, briefly described, consists of four highly finished and nicked bells, connected by a polished wood handle of the usual form for a dumb-bell. The bells have a clear, sweet note that is very pleasing, particularly when used by a number of pupils at one time.

The ordinary child, as everyone knows, takes kindly to anything that furnishes a noise, and when this noise resolves itself into harmonious sounds his delight is manifest in face, voice and act. Drills with this form of bell are learned quickly by children, because they like them. The peculiar value of the musical bells lies in the necessity for sharp, energetic action at the end of each movement to produce the sound, which everyone using them will want to get, thus forcibly exercising the muscles brought into action.

An apotheosis of the dinner bell, I should say, association of ideas. Front!

Here is a Rubinstein story which I never before encountered. It was first printed in the Nebraska "State Journal" November 25.

"Instances of Rubinstein's good nature are numerous enough, but one of them which happened rather near at home is worth telling. A few years ago there lived in the southern part of the State an old Frenchwoman, who had been buried in the Nebraska prairies so long that she had forgotten entirely what went on in the world. She was poor and had nothing but the rent of a little house for her income, and her music and piano and a few souvenirs of better days in France. She was passionately fond of music; her piano was her only living relative. It had outlived her husband and children and fortune. She played all the time, played well, but in the stiff, formal way of bygone generations. When she was hungry she played, and when she needed a new bonnet and could not get it she played, and during the greater part of the winter the piano even took the place of her empty little stove.

"The only money she ever spent was for music. At last she got a composition of Liszt's in which the fingering was too difficult for her. In her despair she consulted the mayor and the clergy and the city officials, but Liszt was a little beyond them. She sought advice from lawyers and merchants as though she were in some great distress. Finally she made up her mind what to do. Liszt himself was dead, but she would send the music to Rubinstein. No one less than Rubinstein would do. She had heard him when he was a boy during his first concert in Paris and afterward in Russia. Yes, she had sufficient confidence in Rubinstein to trust him in the great matter.

"She borrowed pen and ink and elaborate stationery from her neighbor and she wrote him a letter in the elaborate euphuistic French of the second empire, beginning: 'Master—I am amazed at myself that I should dare to ask this favor, I. But above my piano I see your great face smiling, and I believe in your goodness of heart.' She told him of her sleepless nights, her agony and despair over that fingering in language truly pathetic. Much to the amusement of her less enthusiastic neighbor, she insisted upon directing the letter and music to 'Anton Gregor Rubinstein, Le Grand Maitre, St. Petersburg, Russie.' The town went down in a delegation to see that letter off. About a month afterward the music came back from Petersburg with the fingering carefully indicated in ink, and Rubinstein's name in one corner. Instead of playing it, the old lady had it framed and at once had a will drawn bequeathing it to the Catholic Church."

Do you believe it?

Mr. Finck writes in the "Evening Post" about the new Chopin nocturne—doesn't that sound lovely? A new nocturne by Frederic Chopin! It is like a mes-

sage from another world. And in C sharp minor, making the second in that key! Says Mr. Finck (oh, Henry! we may battle about Brahms, but we clasp hands on Chopin!):

"The newly discovered Chopin nocturne is to be printed at once in London. It consists of only sixty-three bars, and has the usual form of such works. A London critic who has seen the manuscript says that 'it opens (lento con grande espressione, C sharp minor) with an introduction of four bars in length, and is throughout simply constructed, the left hand having broken chords in accompaniment of themes which otherwise, save for a few bars, are not harmonized. Probably, therefore, the work belongs to the composer's youth. Its charm lies in the melody, which certainly savors of the marvelous Pole, having much character and distinction.'"

This is also from the "Post" of Saturday: "Some time ago a new German play entitled 'Francesca da Rimini' was produced at Mannheim. The critics said it was not a success, whereupon its author, Martin Greif, rose and refuted them. 'I hastened to Mannheim,' he wrote, 'to personally test the effectiveness of the piece so seriously questioned by the critics. I found its effect on me excellent, wherefore the criticisms are shown to be false.'"

This reminds me of a composer in this city who has a habit of remarking: "That is the best thing I have heard for a long time. I know, for I wrote it myself. Ja, noch zwei."

When I get a song or piano piece from the pen of E. A. MacDowell I am happy. I know that I am in for a treat, as this man, truly the brightest jewel in the crown of American composers, never turns out hasty, commonplace work. He is that greatest of all critics—a critic of ones self.

Two tiny songs lie before me. They are called two old songs, "Deserted" and a "Slumber Song." Both are in the key of E flat. Both cover but five pages of large music type. Both are gems. The first is a setting of Robert Burns' "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Little need of the composer writing, as an indication of tempo, "Slow, with pathos, yet simply." Back of every bar there glistens a tear, and it is a divine tear. Such simplicity and such results! All transparent as the dew and sad as childbirth. But why shouldn't a MacDowell interpret a Burns? It's in the blood. The "Slumber Song" is like a Runic croon. Its lilt is lulling. It breathes of delicious drowsiness. MacDowell is our poet-musician indeed!

And he plays at the next Philharmonic concert. What a unique event! A pianist-composer of whom Rafael Joseffy said despairingly: "What's the use of the pianists playing nowadays when a fellow like MacDowell comes along with his D minor concerto and plays it the way he does!" Mr. MacDowell plays this same concerto in D minor, and a noble and fantastic work it is. I heard it fresh from his pen in 1890 in Detroit at an M. T. N. A. meeting with that prince of orchestral accompanists, Theodore Thomas, at the conductor's helm. It was an ideal performance. Musical New York will surely turn out en masse to welcome its talented son next week at the second Philharmonic rehearsal and concert, December 14 and 15.

**Wilhelm No Opera Composer.**—The "Reichsanzeiger," of Berlin, has officially contradicted the rumor that Emperor Wilhelm was writing an opera. As the paper is the Government organ, the contradiction may be accepted as the truth.

**Cimarosa's Memory Honored.**—A commemorative slab has been placed recently upon the wall of the Marini Palace, at Venice, where it has been finally discovered that Cimarosa, the great musician and composer, lived and died.

The Venice correspondent of the "Progreso Italo-Americano," of New York, writing on the 1st inst., says: "Everybody knows that the suave and melodious Cimarosa died in that city January 11, 1801, but most people forget that he was buried in the Church of Santo Angelo. When that edifice was pulled down the remains of Cimarosa were mixed with others and carried to the Cemetery of the Santo Stefano Church. No mark could therefore indicate the exact place of his grave. But it has been ascertained that he resided and died in the Marini Palace; and the owners have caused a stone to be placed upon the palace walls with the modest inscription: 'Here lived and died Cimarosa.' The celebrated composer of 'The Secret Marriage' and of so many admirable works did not need any posthumous eulogy."





CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
226 Wabash avenue, December 1, 1894.

THIS year's musical season has, so far, had one peculiarity which distinguishes it from preceding years. At the opening of the season the prospect was that every week would bring forth fine musical entertainments, but the results have not as yet fulfilled the promises. We have had a feast followed by a famine, and the famine still continues—it is longer than the feast was. There are rumors of great things to come in the way of musical growth in this city.

These rumors are intangible, but still definite enough to have excited the curiosity of several of the promoters of musical enterprises to a high degree. There is talk of a great music school, an institution which is to have a splendid home in a fine location, with unlimited financial resources, and which is to be the greatest and best equipped school of music in the world. Well, Chicago is nearly ripe for such an institution. Musical culture is becoming more and more a necessity among the rising generation, and the older members of society are gradually being influenced by the enthusiasm of their children in the cause of musical advancement.

I have been unable so far to trace the rumor to its fountain head, but have learned enough to know that there is something startling to come of it. Its scope is broad and its promoters intend that the new school shall cover thoroughly every branch of musical art. They mean to make this city a power in the world of music. It is hardly possible for a great school to be started and at once reach the fruit bearing stage without the time for growth and development, but the Chicago University is an example of what can be done with resources that are practically unlimited. If the projected organization is perfected it will have a great effect upon the music of America.

Arthur Foote's concerto for violoncello and orchestra was given its first public hearing at the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The work shows Mr. Foote in an enviable light as a composer. It is in three movements—allegro ma non troppo, andante con moto and allegro comodo. Mr. Foote is a native American, whose education was acquired entirely in his own country. Mr. Foote has exerted much influence upon the music of America, both as an executive artist and as a composer. He has written many songs and piano pieces, and also trios, string quartets, suites for string orchestra, ballads for chorus and orchestra, overtures and several other orchestral works. His compositions have been heard in the largest concert halls of the country. Theodore Thomas has several times placed them upon his programs and they have been well received.

The concerto was written about a year ago. The first movement opens with a short phrase for the full orchestra, followed by a quasi recitative for the solo instrument. The full orchestra follows with a second phrase similar to the opening, and the solo instrument with a second recitative. The principal theme is suggested by the recitative. There is considerable passage work for the cello in the development of the themes, and the character is well sustained throughout. The second movement is a sustained, flowing melody for the solo instrument. It is broad and full of sentiment, and the orchestral accompaniment is effective in its simplicity.

The last movement opens with spirit. It contains much elaborate passage work for the solo instrument and the development of the themes is logical. A cadenza for the solo instrument followed by a short and brilliant coda closes the concerto.

Bruno Steindel was the soloist. He gave the concerto a spirited and highly artistic interpretation. His playing of the rapid passage work was even, clear and in exact rhythm. In the andante he showed considerable feeling, and his playing was always steady. The large audience gave signs of approval both of the composition and of the player.

The orchestral numbers were Mozart's symphony in D major, two movements of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," and the prelude and glorification from "Parsifal." It was interesting to mark the contrast

between the pure classical style of Mozart and the rich coloring of the modern school. The Mozart symphony is, however, the least attractive of the symphonies of that composer. It is dry and almost devoid of interest in the andante movement, and the other two movements—the symphony has no scherzo—are neither of them equal in beauty of conception and treatment to the three best known of the Mozart symphonies.

The playing of the orchestra Friday afternoon was not so good as in previous concerts. The strings sometimes sounded scratchy, and there was lack of life in the attacks, and in a few places noticeable deviation from the beat.

Next week's program is one of Mr. Thomas' "popular programs." It is:

Vorspiel, "Hänsel and Gretel".....Humperdinck  
Allegro Molto (second movement), from symphony No. 5.  
"From the New World".....Dvorák  
Scenes Alsaciennes (seventh suite).....Massenet  
Forest Devotion.....  
Leaping Marionettes.....Robert Goldbeck  
Mexican Dances.....

Conducted by the composer.

Waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss  
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner  
"Tournament March," from "Tannhäuser".....  
Arranged for orchestra and organ.

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The Liebling Amateurs gave their 115th recital at the Kimball Recital Hall this afternoon. The program was long and varied. Mrs. Hough, the Misses Holbrooke, Whiting, Jingby, Lightner and Jennings, and Messrs. Gorham and Livingston took part.

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On Monday night Bicknell Young gave the first of a series of song recitals at the Richelieu Hotel. Mr. Young was assisted by Emil Liebling, pianist, and Mrs. Young, accompanist. The program was:

#### OLD SONG.

"With Early Horn".....Galliard (1687)

#### PIANO SOLO.

Etude de Concert.....Schytte

Romance, op. 41.....Raff

Mr. Emil Liebling.

#### FRENCH SONGS.

"Formosa".....Felicien David

"La chanson des Gas d'Irlande".....Augusta Holmès

#### SONGS IN ENGLISH.

"Where Blooms the Rose".....Clayton Johns

"The Merry Maidens".....Thomé

"One Night Came on a Hurricane".....Betterton

#### GERMAN SONGS.

"Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert

"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen".....R. Franz

"Ich grille nicht".....Schumann

#### PIANO SOLO.

"Song of the Brook".....Lack

Canzonetta.....E. Liebling

Gavotte.....Westerhout

Mr. Emil Liebling.

#### ITALIAN SONGS.

"Io t'amero".....Stanzieri

Tarantelle.....Rossini

#### SONGS IN MANUSCRIPT.

"Gifts".....Roy Lamont Smith

"Heart and Soul".....

"Awakening of the Ganges".....Mme. Mazzucato-Young

Mr. Young was in excellent voice and sang with spirit and intelligence. His voice was as fresh and resonant at the end of the recital as it was at the beginning. Mr. Liebling is doing excellent work this season. His interpretation of the pieces on this program was masterly. The large parlors of the hotel were crowded by an intelligent and appreciative audience, and the artists were warmly applauded.

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William H. Sherwood gave the second piano recital of his present series in the Auditorium Recital Hall Tuesday afternoon. These recitals are rapidly growing in favor. The conservatory pupils and their friends nearly filled the hall. There has been so much interest aroused in these concerts among piano lovers outside of the conservatory that the management has decided to admit the public to the recitals hereafter. This is certainly a move in the right direction, for upon the public the artist must depend for his support, and the influence of the interpretation of great piano compositions by an artist of Mr. Sherwood's attainments cannot but arouse interest in the higher form of music. There are not many players of the most popular of musical instruments who possess the absolute command of its resources shown by Mr. Sherwood. His program was:

Fantasia in C minor, No. 3.....Mozart  
"Air de Ballet," in G major.....Chaminade  
"Bird as Prophet," op. 82.....Schumann  
"En Route," op. 107, No. 24.....Godard  
In memoriam Anton Rubinstein—

Fourth Barcarolle, in G.....  
Valse Caprice, in E flat.....Rubinstein  
Fifth Barcarolle, in A minor.....  
Staccato Etude, in C, op. 23, No. 2.....

The regular recital by members of the faculty of the

Chicago Musical College took place in Apollo Hall this afternoon. The program was:

Piano—

Concert study.....Liszt

Gavot.....Reinecke

Hans von Schiller.

Vocal, "We'll Meet".....Liebe

John R. Ortengren

Violin, Fantasie Caprice.....H. Vieuxtemps

J. Pinedo.

Piano—

Romanze, op. 33.....Schumann

Valse.....Strauss-Schutt

Hans von Schiller.

Vocal, "White Roses".....Korling

John R. Ortengren.

Violin, Fantasie Mose.....Paganini

J. Pinedo.

Hans von Schiller is one of the most accomplished of our local pianists. His playing is full of poetry and shows thorough knowledge of music. Mr. Pinedo produces a tone of sweetness and his execution is even. John R. Ortengren has a rich basso cantante voice of great power and resonance. He sings with feeling and has excellent ideas of interpretation.

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De Wolf Hopper is having crowded houses at the Columbia Theatre in "Dr. Syntax."

Pauline Hall will be heard at the Chicago Opera House next week in her new play, "Dorcas," which she calls a musical comedy.

WALTON PERKINS.

### A Rare Collection of Prints.

THERE will be an executor's sale in New York next week of the rare old collection of line engravings, mezzotints and etchings belonging to the estate of the late John Hunecker, of Philadelphia. The sale begins Monday afternoon, at Ortgie's Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, near Thirty-fourth street. The collection is rich in the best examples of all the great masters of an almost forgotten art. Theatrical and musical prints are numerous and the mezzotints are especially interesting. Mr. Hunecker was an ardent and experienced collector and this collection represents a half century of garnering. From Albrecht Dürer to Rajon this superb collection is represented by specimens of the best works of the great masters of engraving. The galleries are now open.

### From Mainz.

BEFORE us are two newspapers published at Mainz, Germany, containing criticisms of the third symphony concert of the season in that city under the direction of Emil Steinbach. The soloist was Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser. We reproduce the criticisms translated verbatim:

["Mainzer Journal," November 8, 1894.]

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser, the great American pianist, of quite recent European fame, played the Saint-Saëns C minor concerto with colossal technic, manly force and superb musical esprit. The artist also played with crystalline clearness and charming finesse old Scarlatti's famous Pastorale and Capriccio in the transcription by Tausig, a nocturne by Rubinstein and Schubert-Liszt's "Erkling," and so enthused the audience that she was compelled to yield to the well merited storm of applause by playing as an encore a piquant piece by Leschetizky.

["Mainzer Generalanzeiger," November 9, 1894.]

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeiser, who has quickly gained European fame. She magnificently justified the great reputation as an artist of the first rank which preceded her. Her splendid temperament, noble conception, marvelous touch and stupendous technic easily entitle her to the front place among living pianists. We shall be delighted to soon meet her again in our concert halls.

**Troy Vocal Society.**—The Troy Vocal Society December 13 will give a concert at Montreal, Que.

**Conterno Leaves the Navy Yard.**—Bandmaster Luciano Conterno, who for more than twenty-one years has been in charge of the Navy Yard Band, in Brooklyn, has resigned, and his successor has not yet been appointed. What led to this extraordinary step on the part of Conterno is the interpretation on the part of Captain Casey, of the receiving ship Vermont, of the laws governing the naval service and the notification last week that Conterno was to report every morning at 9 o'clock. This he refused to do, as when he was engaged by Admiral Rowan in 1874 it had been stipulated that he would be free to attend to outside engagements, the pay as bandmaster being only \$61 a month. This compact had been confirmed by every succeeding commander.

When this year's engagement expired Conterno declined to re-enter the service unless the old agreement was carried out to the letter. The usual officers' hop was to have been given last Friday, and when they with their lady friends arrived it was only to learn that there was neither bandmaster, band nor music.

Luciano Conterno is well known in musical circles. He is the bandmaster of the Ninth Regiment in New York, and was in the Seventh Regiment Band during the civil war. He was on Commodore Perry's flagship, the Mississippi, as a musician when it went to Japan and forced that country to open its ports to American commerce in 1853.



BOSTON, Mass., December 2, 1894.

SOME time ago there was a complaint in an English journal concerning the scanty terminology in music reviewing. Thus you have few synonyms. A singer sings, or, as some say, "delivers" an air. For performance, some say delivery; they that know no better use that hideous term "rendition." When there is a "rendition" you may be sure that the singer or player received a "perfect ovation"; and yet the performer did not enter on horseback (except occasionally in opera), nor was he crowned with a wreath of myrtle, nor was there a sheep sacrificed, neither were there shouts of "O! O! O!"

There is reason for this complaint. Take the announcement of a program. How sick does one become of the phrase "The program was as follows." Do you prefer "The program included?" If you put it "Here is the program" there is a sort of take-this-and-be-damned-to-you that may irritate the reader. No wonder that when you come to try to convey a just idea of a performance to one who was not present you pillage the verbal storehouses of other artists.

Yet there are grotesque uses of words that should not be encouraged. How many use the word "artiste," thinking that they thereby pay a compliment and point out the sex. But "artiste" in English, as well as in French, may be used of either a male or a female. Some object to the employment of the word "artist" in speaking of a musician, but as far back as 1590 we find this sentence: "Argues a bad eare and a bungling Artist." In 1674 Playford wrote: "If an Instrument be sounded by another who is an Artist." In 1712 Addison said in the "Spectator," No. 405: "That excellent artist \* \* \* having shewn us the Italian Musick in its perfection."

Now "artiste" was a reintroduction of the French word "in consequence of the modern tendency to restrict 'artist' to those engaged in the fine arts, and especially painting." It is thus defined: A public performer who appeals to the aesthetic faculties, as a professional singer, dancer, etc.; also, one who makes a "fine art" of his employment, as an artistic cook, hair dresser, etc. The earliest mention of "artiste" that I can find is in 1832.

Do you turn up your nose at the idea of an artistic cook? Nay, but there is decadent cookery. The artist reads Poe and tries the Bizarre: he makes a curious arrangement in pork and strawberries, with a sauce containing beer. But let this genius speak through the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette." "Then I produced some nocturnes in imitation of Mr. Whistler, with mushrooms, truffles, grilled meat, pickled walnuts, black pudding, French plums, porter—a dinner in soft velvety black, eaten in a starlight of small, scattered candles. That, too, led to a resignation. Art will ever demand its martyrs. The awful many will never understand. For dinners they love harmless dishes that are forgotten as they are eaten. My dinners stick in the memory." The "Saturday Review" may growl, as when thirty years ago it spake thus: "The definition of Ary Scheffer sinks into nothing in contact with such phrases as photographic artist, artist in hair, artist in wax flowers and the like." But even that sour reviewer did not sniff at the artist cook. By the way, what is the definition of Scheffer? Blessed if I know.

If the question of sex is so important, why should not the reviews say "artistess," as did Horace Walpole over a century ago?

So, too, misguided people think when they use the term "pianiste" the goddess stands revealed; but, oh, ye foolish! "pianiste" means simply a pianist, male or female.

Now there is a fashion in the advertisement of concerts. There was a time when in the announcement of a chamber concert it was thought sufficient to say "Mr. Jones, the pianist, will assist," or "Mr. Jones, pianist." When the "sassy" editor reviews a concert we learn that "Professor Jones presided at the instrument." To such reviewers every pianist is a professor and every piano an instrument.

In the Boston Symphony program book of the 24th appeared this information in the advertisement of a string quartet concert: "Mr. — at the piano." I suppose this is the correct thing; and yet how vague is the announcement. Being interpreted the phrase may mean that Mr.

Blank will be the pianist at the said concert, or that he will there play the piano.

You may say "He is not in the piano, or on the piano, or under the piano, or agin' the piano, he is at the piano." True, but the reader is not told what Mr. Blank is doing at the piano, whether he is repairing it, or tuning it, or admiring the woodwork. In the rural districts they would say, "He's to the piano." Possibly the phrase "He's in it," will now be changed to "He's at it," when there is talk of a pianist.

And yet a careful study of the meanings of "at" may show that the advertiser builded better than he knew. Thus Mr. Blank may be "in the immediate presence of the piano."

Elliptically, he may be "in active or aggressive contact; soliciting, pestering, assailing." Ah! how many pianists are then "at" the piano!

Or "at" is here used "with idea of obstacles or difficulties intervening," such as an unfriendly manager.

He is "at it," *i.e.*, "hard at work, fighting."

Again "at" may be used impliedly here with such verbs as "kick, tear, knock, drum."

Lastly, "at" may introduce the occasion or cause of an emotion, *e. g.*, "astonished, dismayed, grieved."

Yes, "at the piano," may be most fittingly used in the announcing of certain pianists.

One of the books knocked down at the Livermore sale in Boston, November 20-23, was "The Sweet Psalmist of Israel, a Sermon preached at the Lecture held in Boston by the Society for promoting Regular and Good Singing, Boston, 1722, by Thomas Walter." This little pamphlet, bound in half morocco, brought \$25. I believe it was bought for the Lenox Library, New York. It brought the price chiefly because it was printed by J. Franklin, and Benjamin Franklin was apprenticed to his brother at the time. Walter was the clergyman who said, in another book, of the congregational singing in New England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century: "It sounded like 500 different tunes roared out at the same time." The slowness was such that he states, "I, myself, have twice in one note paused to take breath." There was so little regard for time that the singers were often "one or two words apart."

At this same sale George Hood's "History of Music in New England, with biographical sketches of Reformers and Psalmists, Boston, 1846," brought \$6.

I picked up at the sale a pamphlet of seventy pages with this title "Noah's Flood, or the History of the General Deluge, an Opera. Being the sequel to Mr. Dryden's Fall of Man, London, 1714." Someone has written on the title page "Michael Drayton" as the author. But Dryden was born in 1631 and Michael Drayton died the same year. Still be it far from me to contradict the unknown critic, for there were giants in those days, and like Habakkuk, they were capable de tout.

What did they mean by an opera in those days? Bailey's Dictionary (ed. 1736) thus defines the word: "A dramatic composition, set to musick, and sung on the stage, attended with musical instruments, and enriched with stately dressings, machines, and other decorations."

This libretto is in five acts. Here is the first stage direction: "The Scene being Open'd, Hell is represented with Spirits in several Postures of Torment; hideous Howlings and Lamentations are heard, and several are flying cross the Stage; The Scene on a sudden Shifts, and represents Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Asmodey, Moloch, and Belial, at which Songs of Joy and Triumph are heard, all Advancing from a Rowling Lake of burning Brimstone." There are eight pages of dialogue, and then "Enter divers Fair Women Drest in Wanton Garments, Singing and Dancing." They tempt "several Pious Men" in song, and this is the third and last verse:

"This Heavenly Tree you may ascend,  
With Safety and with Ease,  
See how the Boughs their branches bend,  
Desiring still to please;  
Th' Immortal Juice, when drank by you,  
Will keep you from all Harms:  
But if you dye, we will dye too,  
In one another's Arms."

The act closes with "antick dances" of demons.

The first scene of the second act represents a Glorious Sun in its full Meridian. The act closes with vanishing demons, great flashes of fire, and "horrid Acclamations of Joy." The scene on a sudden changes, and represents Hell, where sundry Devils are flying up and down, and others in Extravagant Postures, Dancing for Joy, &c. But there are no verses for music in this act.

Act III. opens with an amorous scene between "Sem" and "Philothea," "Japhet's" wife. As they "exeunt Embracing" "Japhet" enters and gnashes his teeth in jealous rage.

A Glowing Heat, did in her Face appear,  
Showing at once her Passion and her Fear;  
Her swelling Breast lay panting on his Side,  
And rose and fell, like to a floating Tide;  
But I'll observe, and watch where they repair,  
For now's the time for Sacrifice and Prayer."

I hasten to inform the excited reader that "Philothea"

does not appear again in the opera. There are no verses in this act for music.

Nor are there any verses in the fourth act, which is concerned with the Deluge.

The fifth act is a temperance lecture. "Noah" gets drunk in the vineyard. "Ham" mocks him. The good sons cover the disgrace of their father. "Sathan" delivers a temperance lecture, which gives points to T. S. Arthur or any of the modern women who are now fighting the demon Rum and the Scarlet Woman. "Sin" enters in a Rich, Gaudy, Loose Attire, and after her several Devils in the shapes of Men, who make their Obeysance unto her, then Greet one another with profound Salutations. After which a Symphony of Musick is heard, to which they all Dance. Then "Sin" and a man sing a riotous Bacchanal. This is the final verse sung by "Sin":

Incirol'd with Charms  
He shall lye in mine Arms,  
And his Head in my Bosom I'll lay,  
We'll sport all the Night,  
In Joys and Delight,  
But in Drink we'll Carouse all the day.  
Chorus: We'll Sport, &c.

"Death" enters. The men mortally wound each other. "Sin" puts a garland on her head. "Musick is heard, to which she Dances, then Vanisheeth away." The last scene is the Tower of Babel with an angel, who "hovers perpendicularly over it." This is the final stage direction: "They all disperse themselves to several parts of the Earth, but as they go, with Amazement, they look back on their Tow'r, surrounded with bellowing Thunder and Flashes of Lightning. The Angel flies to Heav'n."

Now can anyone inform me whether this work was ever produced, and who, if anyone, put music to it?

There are four (in one) illustrations, and an address of the publisher to the reader, in which he says: "'Tis hop'd also that the critics will let this Posthumous Birth scape their Severity, since it's Parent is unknown or not in Being; and therefore claims a Candid and Courteous Reception among 'em. VALE."

The first subscription concert of the season was given by the Cecilia Wednesday, the 28th. The "Wage Earners" concert (same program) was given the night before. Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah" was given for the first time in this town. It was given of course in concert form with orchestra. These were the solo singers:

Delilah.....	Mrs. Julie Wyman
Samson.....	Clarence B. Davis
High Priest of Dagon.....	H. Meyn
Abimelech.....	W. H. Clarke
An old Hebrew.....	
Second Philistine.....	
First Philistine.....	R. T. Hall
Messenger.....	S. S. Townsend

So much concerning the work itself has been published in THE MUSICAL COURIER on former occasions that it is necessary now to refer only to the performance. The choruses were sung admirably throughout, and the third act was in certain respects—chiefly due to the chorus—given with spirit and understanding. The orchestra was weak numerically in strings, and, as Mr. Lang is not a strong orchestral leader, and as the rehearsals were few in number, there was not always the precision to be desired, in spite of the intelligence of the players, who were from the Symphony Orchestra. Furthermore Mr. Lang took the greater number of the movements in the first act at too slow a pace.

Mrs. Wyman sang with her accustomed technical skill, but oh, paradox! the woman who was so passionate in Verdi's "Requiem" at Worcester was a cold "Delilah." The tenor had something to do with this unexpected fall in temperature, for "Samson," as sung by Mr. Davis, was a drawler and a dawdler, a man of sluggish sentiment, a beeping tenor even in the moment of amorous triumph. And yet the third-act repentance of this slow-of-love in the second act was ferocious to a grotesque degree. Mr. Davis has naturally a good voice, and in spite of ruinous exaggeration he showed at times some musical intelligence; but his tone production is faulty, and a lower tone is to him apparently a gargarism effect. Mr. Meyn sang with much dramatic spirit. The others were tolerable and to be endured. Mr. Clarke, indeed, would have been eminently satisfactory if he had not "flatted" the upper tones.

This was the program of the seventh Symphony Concert:

Symphony No. 1, in D minor.....	Volkmann
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor.....	Saint-Saëns
"Chaconne and Rigodon," from "Aline Reine de Golconde".....	Monsigny
Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello".....	Ernst
"Carnaval à Paris".....	Svendsen

In the accompaniment to the Ernst fantasia there was a

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lack of precision, but the work of the orchestra was otherwise excellent. The dance music by Monsigny is without marked interest, except that it is taken from the "ballet héroïque" written for the Opéra. Sophie Arnould was the first "Aline" and the Guimard danced in revivals of this forgotten work. And such an association of ideas did not lend the music a foreign beauty.

Some day—may it come soon—conductors will not feel obliged to give the whole of a symphony. How much better, how much more impressive the D minor symphony of Volkmann would be, if the finale were not. The strength of the first movement with its austerity that is not displeasing, the beauty of the andante (by the way, Mr. Pourtau, the first clarinetist, distinguished himself therein), the grace of the trio to the scherzo—these are all nearly forgotten, crushed out by the brutal dullness of the finale.

Great was the triumph of Ysaye, and it was a triumph richly deserved. In these days when technic runs in the streets, even unusual perfection of mechanism is applauded without a loss of reason and consequent hysteria. What Ysaye did not do, or rather refrained from doing, was to my mind as admirable as what he did. Only the man of virtuosic blood knows fully the temptation to play with an audience that hangs on a fiddle stick. And how nobly did Ysaye refrain last evening from exaggeration of every kind!

His tone is of rare beauty. There is a sensuousness of tone that suggests corruption and dealers in corruption. Then is the fiddle the instrument of the Devil, as the men of the eighteenth century often believed. The tone of Ysaye is free from morbid sweetness, such as came from Muzio's violin, the fiddle of three strings. 'Do you know the story of "The Song of Triumphant Love"? If you do not, I'll tell it to you in the next number of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

When Ysaye stands on the stage you realize the presence of the virtuoso—I use the word in its original sense before it knew perversion. This man has stood before thousands. Yet is there never a suspicion of the poseur. Never did he play last evening to the eye. Never was there a doubt of his sincerity.

And again is there thought of the exquisite tone, of the gentle caressing of the strings, of the modest ease with which a huge difficulty was overcome.

Of course there are comparisons. It was Plutarch who established the fashion of this setting one man against another. Let us enjoy Ysaye without wondering how another plays or whether another would interpret a phrase in another way. What is the use of blunting enjoyment by adjusting constantly the scales? Let us be thankful for the characteristics that distinguish Sarasate, or Ysaye, or Thomson. Each man in this world, if he is of any worth, has something to say in his own peculiar manner.

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Here is a list of concerts and of solo singers for this season of the Handel and Haydn:

"The Messiah" (Handel)—Sunday evening, December 23, 1894—Mrs. Elene Eaton, Miss Mary Clary, Mr. C. A. Knorr, Mr. Watkin Mills; Tuesday evening, December 25, 1894—Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, Mrs. Ada Benzing, Mr. F. A. Mandeville, Mr. Watkin Mills.

"Israel in Egypt" (Handel)—Sunday evening, February 3, 1895—Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr.; soprano, alto and tenor to be announced.

St. Matthew Passion Music (Bach)—Good Friday evening, April 12, 1895—Mrs. Jennie Walker, Miss Marguerite Hall; Mr. W. H. Rieger, Mr. C. E. Duff, Mr. E. F. Bushnell.

"The Life of Man." (J. C. D. Parker)—Easter Sunday evening, April 14, 1895—Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Mr. Ben Davies; alto and bass to be announced.

They say that Mr. Ysaye will give two recitals in Boston.

Miss Minna Kellogg, assisted by Messrs. Tiferro and Fries, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall Thursday evening. She will sing arias from "Der Freischütz," Gounod's "The Queen of Sheba" and "The Prophet."

Miss Augusta Klous, contralto, will give a recital in Chickering Hall Friday evening, December 14. Miss Klous will be assisted by Miss Laura Webster, violoncellist.

Mr. Carl Faelten will give two piano recitals this season, the first on Tuesday, January 8, the other on Monday, January 21.

Della Fox and "The Little Trooper" will be at the Hollis the 17th.

A song recital is to be given by Mr. F. W. Wodell, baritone, in Union Hall, Tuesday evening, December 18. Mr. Charles Molé and Miss A. P. Emery will assist.

A testimonial concert to Mrs. Charles Lewis, for many years the leading soprano of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, will be given at the Boston Theatre some time in January.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins will give his piano lecture concerts in Steinert Hall on the afternoons of December 5 and 8.

This is the program of the Kneisel Quartet concert, the 10th, in Union Hall: Quartet, D major, Mendelssohn; piano trio, B flat major, Beethoven; clarinet quintet, B minor, Brahms. Mr. Baermann will be the pianist. Mr. Pourtau will be the clarinetist.

The Symphony concert of the 15th will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program will be as follows: Funeral march from "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven; concerto No. 4, D minor, for piano, Rubinstein; symphony in C, No. 2 ("Ocean"), Rubinstein. The pianist will be Mrs. Ernst Lent.

There will be no Symphony concert here the 8th.

PHILIP HALE.

### Mr. Watkin Mills.

MR. WATKIN MILLS, England's greatest basso, leaves Southampton to-day on the "Elbe" for a second visit to this country, where last year he met with extraordinary success and cordiality. He will not have time to remain in this city, as he is to sing in Minneapolis on December 17; however, later on we shall have the pleasure of listening again to his admirable singing. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the looks and ability of this famous artist, we have placed his portrait on the cover of this issue, and we will now give a biographical sketch of Mr. Mills, and some English newspaper criticisms.

He was born at Painswick, Gloucestershire, of a musical family, giving evidence of unusual talent at an early age, and his treble voice soon won a high place for him in the church, where he sang the leading parts in the music rendered. At the age of eighteen he developed a baritone voice of remarkable quality, and was soon sought after for concerts in the West of England. At one of these entertainments he was heard by a celebrated London professor, who advised him to give up his lucrative business and adopt the profession of singing. After serious consideration, and through the advice of several other eminent musicians, he decided to do this and went to London, studying for eighteen months with Mr. Edwin Holland at the Royal Academy of Music. He then went to Milan, where he fortunately found a good maestro in Mr. F. Blasco, with whom he worked assiduously for a year.

Within a month of his return to England, Mr. Mills made his début at a Crystal Palace Saturday concert, May 17, 1884, meeting with an enthusiastic reception. The following week he appeared in opera at Birmingham, taking the part of "Baldassare" in "La Favorita" with such success that Mr. Carl Rosa at once offered him a three years' en-

gagement; but his prospects were so bright in oratorio and concert work that he declined the offer, and has since confined his efforts to this field, in which he has been so wonderfully successful. He has since fulfilled engagements as principal baritone at all the leading concerts in England, at the Albert Hall, where he has sung in oratorio under Sir Joseph Barnby over fifty times; the Crystal Palace, the Richter concerts, the festivals of Leeds, Birmingham, Gloucester, Worcester, Bristol, Wolverhampton, Hanley and others, and always with the greatest possible success, his magnificent, perfectly managed, sonorous voice and highly cultivated style being greatly admired by connoisseurs and the general public. For several years past Mr. Mills' name has been associated with every important musical event, outside of opera, in the United Kingdom, and he has well nigh made the principal bass and many baritone parts of the works of Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Berlioz, Gounod, Sullivan and others his own. His interpretation of these oratorio rôles shows the greatest vocal resources and culture at the service of the highest interpretative intelligence.

Mr. Mills has had the exceptional advantage of special coaching in all of these parts from Sir Joseph Barnby, pre-eminently the best living authority on the traditions of oratorio in the world, and who took an interest in this rising young Englishman, who absorbed every suggestion with the avidity of an enthusiast. This priceless aid has been supplemented by further valuable study with Mr. Randegger and Mr. Blume. Mr. Mills' basso cantante (or singing bass) voice ranges from lower E flat to the upper F, just over two octaves, and by cultivation he is able to give a natural production of the heaviest bass parts, and also to subdue his voice so as to secure equal effects in the leading baritone rôles. He has many times sung both parts in the same work, a notable instance of this being when Benoit's "Lucifer" was brought out at the Albert Hall. He was engaged to sing the bass part, and Mr. Blauvert, a Brussels artist, the baritone. The performance was to come off on Wednesday night, and late on Monday evening the Belgian telegraphed that he could not come. Sir Joseph Barnby, knowing Mr. Mills' capabilities, telegraphed him: "Can you also sing baritone part in 'Lucifer'?" "Will do my best," Mr. Mills replied.

In the morning he had his accompanist for three hours, and at the rehearsal in the evening sang both parts satisfactorily. The press spoke in the highest terms of his interpretation of the high and difficult baritone, as well as the heavy bass music, and had it not been for Mr. Mills the work would have had to have been changed, as no one else in England could have taken up the part on so short a notice. Another instance illustrating Mr. Mills' abilities in this direction and also his reputation all over the kingdom for being an always ready and sure singer: The bass had failed in Dvorák's "Requiem," and he was telegraphed from Scotland to come and sing the part. He received the telegram just in time to take the night train and learned his music while en route, securing the highest praise from the public and press for his rendering of the work the next evening. A proof of Mr. Mills' unique position and unparalleled popularity is that he has sung "The Messiah" over 100 times in the last nine and a half years, twenty-four of these being at the Albert Hall, and all the other oratorios, cantatas and concert works comparatively as many times. Mr. Mills' repertoire, as will be seen from above, includes all the works done in England, a large number of arias, concert songs and excerpts from Wagner, many of the latter having been sung under Dr. Hans Richter.

Mr. Mills is a typical Englishman, tall, vigorous, with a strong personality, and by his intelligence has been able to appropriate the many lessons as well as the instruction received at such capable hands. His operatic training developed his dramatic instincts, making of him a broader artist, capable of giving the best interpretation to any work that he undertakes.

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## MUSIC SENT FOR CRITICISM.

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LOUIS V. SAAR . . . . . *Tagebuchblätter* (op. 7).

This is a collection of pieces for the piano which are mostly so short as to occupy but two pages, and are laid out in such a manner that the leaves rarely require turning during performance. They are not difficult as regards execution, high speeds or the use of extremely strange rhythmic devices; yet nevertheless require consideration and thoughtful rendering, for the harmonies, which are novel and attractive, demand intelligent handling, and there are frequently responses in the right hand to melodic strains in the left.

Little that seems commonplace is found either as regards form, figurations or the soul states recorded. In this respect they resemble some of Schumann's collections, such as the "Carneval Scenes" (op. 9). But as there is no internal connection in these pieces by Saar, they are better classed with Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" (op. 12).

Those persons who find the psychologic works by Schumann interesting on account of the evident pains taken to invent new turns of harmony, echoing phrases, &c., and particularly to give shape and expression to mental conditions seldom specialized, will find this collection worthy of notice.

Such titles as "Village Tale," "In Love," "Bashful Avowal," "Domestic Bickerings," "If You Knew," "Humbly," &c., indicate the composer's sympathy with modern writers, who are more careful to record states of feeling with truth and vividness than to make pretty tunes.

His aims are high, and yet the resulting music is not beyond the mental ken or executive ability of ordinary players.

H. Kleber &amp; Brother, Limited, Pittsburg.

ARTHUR NEVIN, . . . . . *Four Songs*.

These are pleasant little trifles which may serve to while away idle moments and entertain friends who are true art lovers, for they show considerable taste and refinement in their shaping. The composer has a fondness for bold and surprising modulations and the ability to gratify this taste.

He writes fearlessly, as though competent temporarily to forget the teachings of the schools and write straight from the heart—as one, having learned grammar, does not let its laws intrude when answering letters. "A True Love Song" begins with two lines in the key of one sharp, then has two in that of six flats, then lingers in that of one flat, and so on. There are but twelve bars in all in the chosen key. On the whole this is managed so well as to charm musicians; but singers who fear the accompanist may play too loudly will not be pleased, for unless these modulations are firmly established with richly glowing chords the tonality will hardly appear sufficiently marked to make the melody appear rational and consistent.

In the "Spring Song" and "Longing" this peculiarity is less noticeable. "Of Thee I Am Thinking" has an obligato accompaniment for the violin also. This part is not entered in the piano score, as usual, in small notes, nor is the harmony always complete without it; therefore it must be referred to.

This composer invents very interesting accompaniments, as shown above, and does not appear constrained by the laws of composition, but to be free in his inventions. Yet occasionally it seems certain that he has not yet sufficiently pondered the teachings of such theorists as Albrechtsberger, Cherubini or other authors on the subject of strict counterpoint, because of certain peculiarities respecting the progressions of his simultaneous melodies. This violin part sometimes associates itself with the vocal melody (and yet does not move with it note for note), and sometimes with the tenor and even the lowest bass, and is also similarly and apparently objectlessly unlike. There is no mutual enhancement of two contrasting melodies in such cases, and the effect gained by the added part at these points is a doubtful quantity. This is said with a full knowledge of the typographical errors and without reference to doubtful looking fifths and octaves which might be considered pedantic.

Such composers as Mendelssohn and Schumann, when employing obligato accompaniments, never write stiffly, as though under the dominion of the laws of strict counterpoint; and yet it will be seen that these laws created a mental bias which prevented them from associating two or more melodies that do not have independent courses at all points of their progression. Hence the anticipated gain of their added parts is fully realized.

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston and New York.

CHARLES WELS, . . . . . *Catholic Mass* (op. 127)

This mass is evidently written and put forth to meet the needs of choirs whose artistic powers are so limited that highly ornate compositions may be but rarely attempted; that is really to say, to suit the vast majority of church singers throughout the country. This may be seen by reference to very many particulars. The score consists of

fifty-eight pages of music for four voices and organ; and yet there are twenty-three formally separated movements. If therefore any sentence is set too elaborately, it may be replaced by other settings. At rehearsals short movements will appear less formidable than long ones; and thus piece by piece the whole mass may be gradually learned. The composer has acted discreetly in that he does not employ cheap artifices, nor give reminiscences of Italian singing master studies or piano-like accompaniments to make his work attractive, but supplies a sensible musical setting that is rational, consistent and suitable to the place and occasion of its use.

The calm, yet impressive and dignified contralto solo, "Benedictus," may be cited in evidence. It is somewhat singular, however, that the musical motive of the "Credo" is found employed for the "Dona Nobis," the underlying ideas not being related, and it is usual to have the settings of these two movements strongly contrasted.

This shows sufficiently well the difficulty of designing music for the entire Catholic mass which shall have an internal unity of its own. Reference to past movements seems foreign to the nature of the religious exercise, which passes on from phase to phase and finally ends, not in a song of triumph but in a "Dona Nobis Pacem." The attainment of this peace is the final consummation. In the Anglican Church the communion office closes with the "Gloria," and affords the musician an opportunity for a final chorus of great strength. In both churches the "Te Deum," by its tripartite form of praise, creed and prayer, presents a similar difficulty, ending with an inspiration or supplication for peace and rest. Mendelssohn in his "Te Deum" in A major follows closely the well defined meaning of the text and closes with soft and slow utterances of ineffable beauty, rather than, like Händel, in the "Dettingen Te Deum," with a sturdy chorus, drums and trumpets, &c., being freely employed. Unity in such liturgical texts must be sought by far other means than the mere reintroduction of themes previously heard in connection with religious ideas, which, in the mass, are especially irrelevant at the end of the function.

Clayton F. Summy, Chicago.

AD. M. FOERSTER, . . . . . *Two Concert Etudes*.

These works for the piano are not particularly difficult to execute, and by those persons who are fortunate enough to have made the acquaintance of this composer's writings they may be thought exceptionally easy with reference to the technical skill required in performance. With regard to comprehension, however, they must be regarded as physical studies rather than mere objective, concertante pieces, for they invite reflection and arouse considerations of innate worth rather than thoughts respecting novel and brilliant styles of execution of original piano figurations or patterns. The first étude (dedicated to Emil Liebling) is entitled "Exultation," and the second (inscribed to Albert Ross Parsons) is a "Lamentation." Both are marked by a melodic flow which is so rarely found in combination with gorgeous harmonies and elaborate modulations, that from this point of view alone they deserve praise and the thoughtful attention of artists.

As original formations, as characteristic pieces, as portrayals of strongly contrasted mental conditions, they indicate the high artistic rank of the composer, and illustrate very markedly the prevailing tendencies of our time. Older forms of the étude (say those in the style of Thalberg) consisted usually of a design, which was adhered to in every succeeding bar as closely as the changes in the harmonic scheme would permit. The invention of these highly figured forms demanded powers which are rarely exhibited now; it is even openly asserted that it is almost impossible to invent a new and effective piano figure which shall be reasonably easy of execution, that is to say, is not awkward or difficult to apply with ordinary harmonies. But it seems more credible that composers of the present day have nobler aims, their studies being higher and deeper, as indicated above. Certainly in Foerster's work there are no such arabesques or highly elaborated pattern-like designs, carried out with skill and refinement, yet in the ordinary routine of composition. On the contrary they present real musical thoughts, betraying a most earnest intention. They do not resemble waters deliberately poured into canals so much as mighty rivers or mountain torrents carving out their own channels; and as such living streams determine the contour of the shores that shall contain them, so in all highly psychologic art formal molds are compelled

to give place to less symmetrical outlines, according to the necessities of the case. As in moments of extreme anger or rapturous joy the ordinary tenor (*i. e.*, "tune") of a man's conduct, by which he is specially characterized, is temporarily set aside, his behavior being directly referred to the strength of the emotion which dominates him; so in these studies, which similarly transcend ordinary ingratiating musical themes, one must find in the titles "Exultation" and "Lamentation" the justification of whatever may appear at first sight unaccountable or over intense. The boundaries of our art have been as greatly enlarged by the consistent portrayal of the exceptionally high passions that move them as dramatic art was enlarged when Shakespeare wrote "King Lear."

It is no longer deemed high eloquence to utter commonplace elegantly, but sublime thoughts, which from their originality and strength cannot be expressed without a certain ruggedness or crudity due to the effort required to state them intelligibly the first time.

Modern music, and especially piano music, offers a parallel case, which these two studies fitly illustrate.

## A Devine Musicale.

LENA DORIA DEVINE, though but a short time settled in New York as a teacher, has made a shining mark on the musical portion of the metropolis. At several former musicales it was evidenced that her pupils were growing numerous and capable. The last of these entertainments was given in Miss Devine's parlors, 35 West Sixteenth street, Tuesday evening, November 27, when a large audience listened to the following program:

Overture, "William Tell".....	Rossini
Mr. Maurice Arnold.	
Quartet, "O who will o'er the downs so free".....	De Pearsal
Miss Alice Neander, Mr. Edward Gray, Miss Beatrice Williams, Mr. Mayer.	
Ballad, "Ritournelle".....	Chaminade
Miss Alice Neander.	
Cavatina, "Una Voce Poco Fa".....	Rossini
Miss Blanche Duffield.	
"Prize Song" ("Die Meistersinger").....	Wagner
Mr. Edward W. Gray.	
Arietta, "Jè veux vivre" ("Romeo and Juliet").....	Gounod
Miss Lena Devine.	
Chorus, "Spinning Song".....	Wagner
Class.	
Ballad, "Avowal of Love".....	Thomé
Miss Charlotte Haemmerer.	
"Parla".....	Arditi
Miss Blanche Duffield.	
"Les Filles de Cadix" (by request).....	Délibes
Miss Lena Devine.	
Ballad, "Only Once More".....	Moir
Mr. Edward W. Gray.	
Chorus, "Estudiantina".....	Lacome
Class.	

While there is much to praise in all of those who took part, especial mention should be made of the ensemble numbers, which were given by the class in faultless style.

Alice Neander gave the charming song by Chaminade in a manner to satisfy her teacher and her audience. She has a strong, sympathetic voice of good quality and shows marked talent.

Mr. Edward W. Gray is a tenor who is not unknown to musical people, but in his rendition of Wagner's "Prize Song" he has given proof of decided improvement in style and delivery since adopting Miss Devine's method. He sang this and the other number allotted to him with a warmth and feeling which earned him much applause.

Charlotte Haemmerer has good material, which shows careful training, and her singing of "Avowal of Love" gave her hearers an opportunity to show their appreciation of her talent.

Blanche Duffield, of whom we have had occasion to speak before, is making rapid strides for a position among metropolitan artists. Her voice is a high soprano, of velvety quality and extraordinary purity. Under Miss Devine's instruction this young lady's progress is little short of marvelous and with her application and innate talent her successful début on the New York concert stage is only a question of time.

Lena Doria Devine sang her number with method and showed the effects of her training and her association with Lamperti the elder.

Maurice Arnold and Laura Penny were efficient in their parts.

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OF the contemporaneous achievements of the period Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" must be accounted one of the most obsolete. Not a few of the older operas, quite as antique in form and as shallow in respect of workmanship, have survived through a few numbers that were not merely melodious, but that spoke to the heart of the listener even as they first addressed themselves to the composer. In "Lucia di Lammermoor," however, the sestet and "Edgar's" tuneful lament over the death of the heroine are the only parts of the score that are at all convincing. The "mad scene" is simply a canvas for virtuosity to embroider upon, as is, too, the prima donna's opening air, with its florid allegro; and the choruses are simply distressing in their conventionality, made tenfold more aggressive by the traditional "pianos" and "fortes," once, no doubt, very impressive, but now formal to absurdity. Yet "Lucia" will never down as long as there is a soprano within call to give voice to its measures; and as Mme. Melba is both willing and able to do this, Donizetti's best known opera was removed from the vault wherein it is quietly inured quite ten months of the year, and on Wednesday evening galvanized for a brief spell into life. The success of "Lucia"—for the applause and recalls denoted its favorable impression—was wholly attributable to Mme. Melba's performance of "Lucia." She sang "Regnava nel silenzio" with fine breadth and a superb quality of tone, but the succeeding division of the air, "Quando rapita," would have been more striking if the vocalist's delivery had been somewhat bolder. The duet with "Enrico" was also rather wanting in real spirit, but one can have nothing but praise for the mad scene, a superb specimen of bravura singing, as impeccable in decision and clearness of tone as César Thomson's violin harmonics, and never once, in its freedom and audacity, recalling its kinship to pure mechanism. The present generation has listened to no equally brilliant, facile and correct vocalization. Without mooting anew the oft discussed and never answered question as to the utility of tours de force of this sort, it is proper to say that no one desirous of acquainting himself or herself with a school of song that made Bellini, Rossini and other composers of the same type possible, and none of the actual admirers of vocal pyrotechnics, can hope to hear a more thorough mistress of ornate execution than is Mme. Melba.

"Edgar" can scarcely be regarded as one of Signor Tamagno's best characters. Signor Tamagno's melting moods are few and far between; his heroic voice is seldom attuned to the soft strains of love, and there is nothing of poetry and pallor in his stage appearance. As in "Guglielmo Tell," however, he produced a vivid effect both as actor and singer in the principal number of the score, that is to say, in the sestet. In this the tenor's magnificent tones rang out with fire and energy; in the final episode of the act, too, in his scene with "Lucia," Signor Tamagno gave the onlookers a taste of that quality that commended him to Verdi as a representative of "Otello," and offered a picture of jealous fury that it would be hard to surpass. There were touching measures in "Edgar's" last air in the act following, but, unlike the spectacle of his jealousy, wrath and martial ardor, a disclosure of Signor Tamagno's gentler emotions never makes one forget the footlights, calcium and canvas drop.

With Signor Tamagno and Mme. Melba appeared Signori Bensaude, Vanni, Abramoff and Rinaldini, all of whom were in good form. Signor Bensaude, whose "Amonasro," if unoriginal and pitched rather low, was a correct and intelligent portrayal, was heard to greater advantage as "Enrico." He has abundant voice, sings in tune and phrases well. His work would be more impressive, however, if by skillful management his range of tone-color were somewhat augmented. The orchestra was under Signor Mancinelli's baton, and it had an easy task of it.

An extra performance Thursday attracted a much more numerous audience than we opined there was reason to expect. The fashionables habitually dine their friends on Thanksgiving Day and pass the evening in social pleasures. As for the people that are not fashionable, many find operatic prices rather too high and turn elsewhere for their evening's entertainment. Hence it was surprising to see the Metropolitan almost filled on the occasion under notice, and pleasant, too, to be made aware, by the absence of any

monitory house bills, that "Carmen" would be given as announced, a certainty that could not have been looked forward to at noon, when it was feared that Mlle. Zélie de Lussan had taken cold and would probably not be able to sing.

Bizet's opera was carried forward by the same performers and on the same lines as on Monday, and made its mark through the same trio of accomplished artists and at the same familiar points. M. Jean de Reszké presented a very poetic and sentimental "José" in Acts I. and II. and was sparing neither of voice, facial expression nor gesture in the parting scene with "Carmen" and in the final catastrophe. We commend to singers in *spe* a careful study of this tenor, not merely in respect of his tone production, phrasing and enunciation, but in regard to his resort to niceties that make up a realistic and elaborate as well as an eloquent portrayal. In the fray with the officer in Act II. let them observe his management of his cavalry sword, heeding, just before, his attitude when his superior appears; and later on his handling of the "navaja." What Italian artist, we should like to know, would think of these details, all of which, nevertheless, contribute to the worth of the picture as a whole?

M. Edouard de Reszké was once more "Escamillo," and as the nervousness from which he suffered Monday had disappeared, his performance was steadily picturesque and authoritative. Withal, the Polish basso is physically, vocally and mentally too large for the part. Mme. Melba was again listened to as "Micaëla," and again sang delightfully in the two duets and in the air in Act III. As for Mlle. Zélie de Lussan's "Carmen," it had the same characteristics as on Monday, the complete lack of genuine feeling easily discernible all through the delineation being emphasized by its outward flourish. We have no doubt that even in a company as well supplied as the Metropolitan with artists di primo cartello, Mlle. de Lussan's personal comeliness and sprightliness, and her command of the somewhat meagre vocal resources that nature has endowed her with, could with discretion be turned to good account. It was a grievous mistake, though, for the lady to essay the perilous if not impossible task of effacing a particularly fresh and vivid memory without the requisites to cope successfully with more remote traditions, and we fear that the cost of the error will be in direct proportion to its magnitude.

That Italy long since lost her supremacy as the motherland of composition and song is an ancient story, although it appeared probable that for a while, at least, the spontaneous products of its final period of fruition would be kept alive by adequate interpretation. But it seems as though Italian opera, in the literal sense of the term, were doomed in the near future to extinction. The Rossinian repertoire, of which "Semiramide" ever and anon emerges as the single representative, practically disappeared years ago, and now it looks as if everything except the actual Verdi stock were destined to follow the older works into the darkness of oblivion. We are strengthened in this belief by the performance of "Il Trovatore" beheld on Friday evening, which, carried forward by singers from the sunlit soil *dove suona 'l sì*, was at best disappointing. We record the fact with regret, for, musical fin de siècle purists to the contrary notwithstanding, "Il Trovatore" is not an opera to which one would gladly bid an eternal farewell. Granting that its plot is tangled, that its situations are unreal, and that men and women do not, as a rule, express their grief in measures adorned with trills and emphasized by chromatic runs—conventional symbols that are as absurd to us nowadays as, possibly, many a "music drama" will be to the music lover of 1950—there are not a few of its numbers that charm the ear and rouse the blood, as but few things in the latter day opera, despite its logic, its freedom from the fetters of old-time form and its harmonic complexity, succeed in doing.

One does not trouble oneself greatly about the why and wherefore of "Mal reggendo," or about the convexity of the superb finale of Act II., or about the truth of nature inherent in "Di quella pira"; one simply listens with calm enjoyment, and now and then feels the pulses stirred as with generous wine. Nor does one stop to marvel over the singular tower scene, in which captives sing to their weeping mistresses and the women exhale their woes in florid arias. The sinister chant of the friars alternates with the broken plaints of the innamorata, and over all rises the song of the prisoner, sadder in words than in tone, but melody itself. What would Verdi, the "reformed" and "improved" composer of "Otello" and "Falstaff," not give to enrich the world with another such exemplar of youthful crudeness?

In speaking thus of "Il Trovatore" we are impelled rather by memories and a consciousness of possibilities than by the impression wrought by Friday's representation. This was the least creditable of the performances that have taken place at the Metropolitan since the opening of the season. Its inferiority was mainly the outcome of Mlle. Libia Drog's painful incompetence. Her disregard of tempo, her frequent inability to "come in" at the right moment, her still more distressing helplessness when she "got out," and her deplorable execution, the latter revealed chiefly in the florid measures of the tower scene, indicating, as they did, her incapacity as a musician in addition to a lack of ear and rhythm, far outweighed the influence of a fine

voice and an agreeable presence, and offered the spectacle of a "Leonora" that, at her best, kept the conductor and everyone on the stage on tenterhooks, and the connoisseurs in the audience in a continuous state of nervous trepidation. However efficient the remaining artists might have been, a soprano of the Drog type would have reduced the effect of their work to a minimum.

In "Il Trovatore" the most satisfactory personation was "Azucena," sung and acted by Signora Mantelli, with the even and vibrant voice disclosed on her first hearing, and with considerable fervor and energy. Signor Tamagno was superb in a series of vigorous outbreaks; his bits of melodramatic declamation are usually over emphatic and as strikingly explosive as the proverbial thunderbolt out of a clear sky; but they always strike one as the natural utterances of an overwrought and stormy nature, and they are proportionately effective. "Di quella pira" was, of course, a fine exhibition of voluminous and vibrant tone, but phrased more spasmodically than could have been wished. In the few delicate passages of his rôle Signor Tamagno was, as usual, less happy than in its stronger measures; he has no *mezza voce* in the exact sense of the term, a piano with him meaning a reduction of the bulk of tone and the total suppression of its resonance. Signor Campanari was "Di Luna," and he did not quite meet our expectations. He took the tempo of "Il balen" altogether too slowly, and there was nothing of richness in the voice that poured forth the honeyed melody, sung with a suavity and classic simplicity that once heard none could ever forget, by Charles Santley—*negl' anni felici*. The representation was conducted by Signor Bevnigani, who, thanks to Mlle. Drog, richly earned his honorarium.

That Gounod's "Faust" is still a strong drawing card was proven once more by the overflowing audience at the Saturday matinée, when the opera had its first performance this season. The representation enlisted the exertions of MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Signor Ancona, Mme. Melba and Mlle. de Vigne, and progressed with unbroken smoothness—save for a slight lapse of memory of Mme. Melba in Act IV., which resulted, we fancy, from a confusion of the French and Italian text that she has of late been used to alternate—from the earliest exposition of "Faust" senility until the rejuvenated sinner's disappearance with the "Tempter." There was at the outset of the proceedings a faint indication of hoarseness in M. Jean de Reszké's tones, but it became less perceptible as the voice warmed up, and never once impaired the charm and dignity of the perfect portrayal, lyric and dramatic, with which New York music lovers have acquired close familiarity without a tinge of the proverbial contempt. The last impression of efforts of this sort are, perhaps, as potent evidence of their worth as can be adduced; and while we know how brief is the spell of renown enjoyed by singers and actors of merit, and how short man's memory, we venture to affirm that for many years M. Jean de Reszké's "Faust" will be recalled as the typical hero of the French setting of the poem.

With the remaining personages of the opera, as it has been given of late at the Metropolitan, the public is almost as familiar as with the tenor's portrayal. It would be flattery to say that the dramatic side of Mme. Melba's "Marguerite" bears comparison with many a delineation beheld in the not distant past, but her advance over last season's work is obvious and quite distinct in the crucial scenes of "Faust"—the church scene and in "Valentine's" death scene, and in the final trio. As for the soprano's voice, it is of the most lovely quality, and her execution is as good as her voice. We could wish more buoyancy in the "Jewel Song"—more naïveté and youthful delight—but no more facile and finished vocalization. It is half to be regretted that the purely lyric repertoire of the ancient type should have fallen into disfavor, for it is undeniable that in rôles that make great demands upon a singer's emotional powers something of dramatic eloquence or of vocal perfection must be lost. There were moments, Saturday, when it was clear that Mme. Melba was "saving herself" for afterwork. "Faust" is not "La Sonnambula" or "Lucia."

M. Edouard de Reszké's massive physique makes the "Mephistopheles" an impressive entity; his powerful organ wins for the "Veau d'or" the usual enthusiastic encore; his "business" with "Dame Marthe" is excellently managed, and his invocation to Night an excellent specimen of broad and sustained declamation. His church scene, too, is effective; in the serenade we miss the hollow demonic laugh that imparts to the incident an atmosphere which it actually lacks. After a lapse of twenty years the cold, mocking tones of Bianchi, an Italian basso that once played the part at the old Academy, still ring in our ears, forecasting the tragic episode that is to follow.

"Valentine" was represented Saturday by Signor Ancona, who, barring occasional redundancy of gesture—he may have caught the malady from Signor Tamagno—interpreted "Dio Possente" with proper expression, and was quite forceful in the death scene. Mlle. de Vigne, called upon at the eleventh hour to take Mme. Scalchi's place, was an efficient "Siebel." Mlle. Bauermeister, of course, was "Dame Marthe." Signor Mancinelli conducted.

Verdi's "Otello" had its first hearing in the United



## THIS ISSUE CONSISTS OF 56 PAGES.

States under the managerial auspices of Signor Campanini, with Signor Marconi as "Otello," Signor Galassi as "Iago," Signora Tetrzini as "Desdemona," and Mme. Scalchi as "Emilia." On the occasion of this performance of the work, Signor Marconi's place was filled by Signor Campanini, who retained the rôle until the close of the season. It was afterward the medium of Signor Tamagno's New York debut at the Metropolitan. Monday evening it was represented once more with Signor Tamagno in his original character, Mme. Emma Eames as "Desdemona," Signora Mantelli as "Emilia" and M. Victor Maurel as "Iago," of which personage he was the creator, to use a felicitous French term, when, with Signor Tamagno, the opera was placed upon the boards at Milan. The opportunity of hearing a great lyric work interpreted by the singers that first imparted to it vitality is seldom afforded an American audience, and this fact alone made the occasion a noteworthy one. The event, too, was associated with the reappearance in New York after twenty years' absence of M. Victor Maurel, and the return to active service of Mme. Emma Eames was an added element of interest. The house, of course, was crowded to the doors.

Of "Otello" it is unnecessary to write at length. If it has never before been rendered with the eloquence lent to it by the two leading artists concerned in its production Monday, its earlier expositions have been sufficiently clear and faithful enough to the composer's intentions to suggest analyses, comments and decisions that it would now be superfluous to rehearse. On first acquaintance there was a disposition to attribute Verdi's avoidance of ancient commonplaces, his departure from the rigid forms of Italian operatic music, and his carefully elaborated instrumentation to the direct influence of Wagner, but the passages in which the great reformer's methods are suggested are not numerous, and the opera, as a whole, savors simply of modernity—and, it must be conceded, of the composer's age. That Verdi, at his time of life, should have written a score of which dramatic vigor is the strongest characteristic, is little short of marvelous; that his talent should still be supple enough to shape its products to the taste of a period that clamors for realism, even in the most abstract expression of poetry and song, is equally surprising; but through all these sources of wonderment one discerns that the musician's source of inspiration has run dry, and that will and skill are united in an endeavor to replace the vanished creative power.

There is much to admire in "Otello"; the force of the current of passion that permeates its measures, the muscularity of the orchestration and many lovely fragments of melody, often enriched by happy instrumental support; and yet there is nothing—for the "Ave Maria" will scarcely survive on its own merits—by which the score will be remembered, as are "Ernani," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and kindred achievements. The "Credo" is a striking number, but dissociate it from M. Maurel's song and pantomime, and what is it worth? So is the story of "Cassio's" dream, but will this be known when many of Verdi's youthful compositions still hold a secure place in music? The composer's era of reform set in, we fear, somewhat late in the day.

As long, however, as representations of "Otello" can be given after the fashion of Monday's, there will be audiences for the opera. It is easy to imagine an "Otello" with more calmness and dignity than Signor Tamagno—easy, too, to conceive of singing in which mezza voce and sfumato effects that this performer never dreamed of would endow many a page of the score with a delicate charm now seldom perceptible except by intuition, and that would be all the more grateful because of the contrast it would present to the gloom and storm of the larger part of the picture. One cannot, though, aspire to everything, and in Signor Tamagno we behold the interpreter of Verdi's choice—the man that by organ and temperament was, in the master's judgment, best suited to body forth his ideal.

The keynote of Signor Tamagno's personation is the exclamation "Sangue!" and it is chiefly in the reiteration, in sentiment, if not always in word and deed, of this furious cry that the eloquence of the original "Otello" dwells. Signor Tamagno's presence is impressive, but neither majestic nor remarkably dignified; his voice, a strange combination of magnificent high tones and an oboe-like register, never subdues itself to a genuine mezza voce, and the declamatory art of the man rarely ventures upon the delivery of a passage requiring sustained pathos or strength. These shortcomings are more than offset in "Otello" by moments of intense fierceness and by terrific outbursts of passion, the latter sometimes censured by thoughtless spectators who do not bear in mind that Signor Tamagno's expression of fury is that of an Italian temperament to which Anglo-Saxon symbols are quite foreign.

There were many moments and outbursts of this sort Monday, and some subtly acted scenes, in which the tenor's ability to graduate his effects—at what outlay of time and trouble this was acquired need not concern us at present—was observable. The growing influence of "Iago's"

hints was finely depicted; the alternations of tranquility and brutal wrath in the scenes with "Desdemona" were strongly dramatic; the murder scene was vividly tragic, but in the final episode there was relatively little pathos. Of Signor Tamagno's numbers, his "Farewell" was particularly striking, and of course the imprecatory passages were given with unsparing energy and volume of tone. In the lovely but quite unoriginal duet with which act I. closes Signor Tamagno revealed something of tenderness and curbed his tendency to declaim and stir the masses as with a trumpet call. He does not, however, make this music as suave and poetic as could be wished.

M. Maurel's "Iago" no doubt awakened livelier interest Monday than did Signor Tamagno's "Otello." There was curiosity to discover how the baritone had fared in the flight of time, and keen expectation of an extraordinary performance, for it has long been known that M. Maurel was not merely the special protégé of Verdi, but, by general consent, the leading baritone of Europe, at least in respect of dramatic characterization as applied to the lyric stage. It required but a few minutes to enlighten the audience on these and other points. As to voice, M. Maurel has not been particularly fortunate. His tones are devoid of timbre, and somewhat thick; we should judge, too, from Monday's experience, that his command of breath is to some extent limited. He is, nevertheless, an admirable artist in the management of his vocal resources, and, as a thoughtful actor, gifted with a clear insight into the significance and possibilities of a rôle; as a master of stagecraft, and as a living embodiment of graceful freedom of action, he stands on the highest plane.

His "Iago" is a beautifully consistent portrayal of as much of the familiar personage as Verdi's librettist, Arrigo Boito, presents. A performance of this type is not to be gauged by points; it must be beheld in its symmetrical entirety. We are tempted to cite the "Credo," and the still more finished story of "Cassio's" dream, as the most forceful parts of M. Maurel's delineation of "Iago," but this is in truth a reflection upon the quality of the effort as a whole. Every phase of the character was shown in turn, the demoniac vein pervading it throughout, and disclosing itself as events permitted, and everything was done with a lightness of touch and a feline elegance and quickness of movement that delighted the eye, just as the right accent, never exaggerated but always in readiness for the right word, charmed the ear. Musically, the rôle is a thankless one; the voice of a Cotogni of old, without the actor's art, could not make it grateful.

Mme. Emma Eames, who on Monday made her first appearance this season as "Desdemona," had a very cordial greeting. She did not withhold add to a long list of victories, won over a susceptible public by a fascinating combination of voice, talent as a songstress, and personal loveliness, by her portrayal of "Otello's" hapless spouse. Her "Desdemona" was most attractive to behold, but it did not, for some reason or other, appeal to one's sympathy. Nor did Mme. Eames impart to her music its full dramatic significance and color. During the larger part of the evening, indeed, she was injudiciously sparing of her voice, a thing unwarrantable, even where there is a great climax to be attained, but a fortiori quite unjustifiable where nothing of the kind is required. Signora Mantelli was a competent "Emilia," and M. Mauguère a capital "Cassio." The chorus was passable; the orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli, efficient; the scenic attire fresh and gaudy—perhaps a trifle too gaudy.

The arrangements for the immediate future are as follows: To-night, "Lohengrin," with MM. J. and E. de Reszké and Mme. Nordica; Friday, "Rigoletto," with M. Maurel and Mme. Melba; Saturday afternoon, "Carmen," Saturday evening, at popular prices, "Aida." "Falstaff" has been put into rehearsal, and Bemberg's "Elaine" will follow.

**Lake Erie Seminary Concerts.**—The first two in a series of artists' recitals were given recently at the Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville, Ohio. Carl Dufft was the artist of the first, and Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago, of the second recital.

**Sullivan's New Opera.**—The score of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, "Contrabandista," just finished, has been received in America, and will shortly be published. The first proofs of the book have been submitted by the printer and are in process of correction.

**Brunswick's New Society.**—Mr. Orton Bradley has undertaken the direction of a new musical organization in New Brunswick, N. J., which has for its object the rehearsal and performance of the standard oratorios and other choral works. The first concert will probably be given next January.

**Detroit Pupils in Concerts.**—Boris Ganopol, a graduate of the Imperial Russian Conservatory, who has taken his abode in Detroit, Mich., gave his first pupils' recital at Schwankowsky's Music Hall, Detroit, December 8. He had the assistance of Max Marymout, pianist; Charles Gridley, Joseph Krolik and Malcolm Henry.

**WANTED—Used Choral Society Music.**—Bruch's "Fair Ellen" and others. Send list. Chas. A. Bukey, Parkersburg, W. Va.

## In the Concert World.

**T**HE concerts last week came in a bunch, Tuesday bringing no less than four. Tuesday afternoon there was the first of a series of monthly invitation musicales at Chickering Hall, and there was the Perry Averill song recital at Chamber Music Hall. Tuesday evening brought forth the first concert of the Kneisel Quartet at Mendelssohn Club Hall, and at Carnegie Hall the first public concert of the Musurgia Society. From out this group of four the Kneisel concert should receive first attention.

The audience which gathered in Mendelssohn Hall was comparatively small, and there can be little doubt that the fact of the Musurgia concert influenced this largely. The big rank of musicianly concert goers and dilettanti affiliated with a club like the Musurgia would ordinarily form the weightiest contingent at a concert like the Kneisel. Naturally they were pledged to attend the first club concert, and so the Kneisel suffered. But for the sake of a self respecting art community let us hope it won't have to suffer again in the same way.

The program was composed of Beethoven's B flat major quartet, op. 18; a quartet of Sgambati in D flat major, op. 17, and the dear old happy quartet, op. 77, in G major, of Haydn. The Sgambati was played for the first time in New York, and was thereby the subject of some curiosity. Truth to tell, the curiosity was very shortly changed into disappointment. There is a great deal of straining about the composition, and Sgambati is evidently possessed of ambitious imaginings, but they remain imaginings to the end, and pretty indefinite ones at that.

The first movement opens with an adagio in which there is a fragment of thematic hope, but after his manner to the end Sgambati forsakes it and wanders into a restless "Vivace," which leaves a thoroughly dissatisfied impression. The second movement, a "Prestissimo," is the saving grace of the quartet—a delightful and complete bit of invention, unique, brilliant and full of vivacity and charm. It is certainly one of the most fascinating bits of chamber music put forth by a modern, and is most lucidly expressed.

But, following, comes the andante sostenuto of the third movement, in which Sgambati again writhes and strives and labors to express something obviously aspiring, but which never gets told. The last movement, "Allegro," of three vague ones is perhaps the vaguest and most unsatisfactory of all. The respector of form or the groper after melody is left practically in midair.

The whole quartet reminds one of a large lump of dough, skillfully enough kneaded and of quite a rich flavor throughout, but which has not been pressed into any definite shape. There are not many melodic plums in the dough, and where they do turn up it is in the most unlikely places. The close of the third movement has a bit of broad singing theme rather like Verdi in his "Aida" stage, and which, had the movement been turned round tail first and this theme, developed, might have made a very beautiful andante. However, like other fragments of melody, it is not in the best place, and goes for little beyond the accentuation of the fact that Sgambati gets an inspiration at the wrong time, and when he does get it is bound to let it go again for one reason if not another. The charming "Prestissimo," notwithstanding the quartet, leaves only the impression of a worked up melange with a constantly uneasy turn.

Its difficulties, however, served well as a means of display in performance. And surely the virtues of the quartet were never more strongly in evidence than on Tuesday evening. It is harder to find words of praise than of blame, and the vocabulary of superlatives has been exhausted in praise of the Kneisel. To say that they played as well as usual is to say everything.

There seems this season an increase in the body of their tone, the one change in the nature of a possible improvement. There is here the same perfection in tone color, the same ethereal and penetrating pianissimo, and of technical disabilities there is none. Mr. Kneisel played with his sterling authority, and in the Sgambati quartet Mr. Schroeder made fine use of the opportunities given the cello. The ensemble was flawless, and in the "Malinconia" of the Beethoven quartet the art feeling and finish were beyond cavil; the sombre tone color, the sobbing descrescendos, the absolute unity of the players, the fine sonority and again the breathless delicacy of the performance made a lasting impression in the matter of chamber music. A great quartet indeed!

The Musurgia concert drew, as usual, an immense house, dressed en fête and looking most cheerful and brilliant. The soloists were Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, and Juanito Manen, the Cuban boy violinist. Herman Wetzler was the accompanist on organ and piano.

Mr. Frank Damrosch conducted with spirit and discretion, and the club sang with vigor, freshness, and in excellent time and tune. Indeed the Musurgia has made big strides ahead, and the quality and balance of their tone, together with their good phrasing, are in obvious advance over last season. No fault can be found on the score of precision, and indeed it would be hypercritical to find very much fault



anyway. Their singing is musical and their taste intelligent and refined. Mendelssohn's "Festgesang," which was admirably sung, with Mr. Wetzler at the organ, served to emphasize their sonority, and the "Villanella alla Napolitana" of Baldassare Donati, with its dainty "Tan-ta-ra-la" refrain, showed to advantage the power of the chorus over light and shade. Their pianissimo is excellent, and altogether this first concert of the season reflects much credit upon the singers, and upon their leader, Mr. Damrosch. An incidental solo was sung by Mr. F. G. Potter.

Lillian Blauvelt sang deliciously one of her proprietary boleros—Van der Stucken's "Fallih Fallah," which she is bound to bring into favor—and a charming song by Bouhy, "Ave Printemps." She has the throat of the lark. Her voice has grown bigger, but she retains the same luscious freshness and has the same spontaneous ring in her utterance which first made her here a marked soprano. She is indeed our little concert Patti, and not unlike the diva in her pretty, piquant personnel. Encores and again encores and storms of applause were her portion. She has gained surprisingly in verve and freedom of style, and may possibly blossom out some day into something only a little short of a "Brunhilde." Voice and confidence, with dramatic strength, are growing apace together. All the same, a pity 'twould be to see this charming specimen of a not too common genre go over to the ranks of the passion tearers.

The little boy Juanito Manen proved himself a young artist of superior intelligence and much true feeling, who handles his violin with an astonishing skill for his years and with much more of grave purpose and future promise than a present theatric or exotic effect. It is evident that the boy's dexterity is simply the outcome of an inborn love of music which had to find its expression through his instrument, and will likely continue to do so in artistic proportion to his manhood—à la Josef Hofmann. Although said to be only ten years old, he looks more and has a hand as large as most boys of fourteen which can grasp all the technicalities. His tone is of medium strength, round and unexceptionably pure, and his technique is already most brilliant, although, like a true little artist, his primary idea is not to astound by virtuosity. He replaced Miss Currie Duke at short notice, and included in his program Sarasate's "Gypsy Dances" and the E flat nocturne of Chopin. The "Dances" he played with a really true fire and spirit, and of course the technical dash brought the house to his feet. But it was in the Chopin nocturne that the boy made the most lasting impression. It has been so torn from piano to cello, from cello to violin that people are now weary of it before it begins and did not expect to feel otherwise in the case of the Cuban boy. However, he made a conversion. He played it so smoothly, with so pure a taste and such an unaffected feeling, with so much of the spirit of the nocturne and the absence of tawdry embellishments, morbid rubato or the rest, that it became a grateful revelation. He got salvos of applause and he deserved them; and when for encore he played a Spanish mazurka and then returned for the third time to kiss the tips of his fingers in return for the enthusiasm, he left the recollection of a sturdy child of genius on whom it might seem safe to lay a good musical wager.

By the way, at the last the little chap took to his heels and scampered off with such gusto that it really did seem as if he might be returning to the legendary tops and balls of the child prodigy in the dressing room.

Chickering Hall was very full on Tuesday afternoon to listen to the New York Philharmonic Club, assisted by Miss Clara C. Henley, soprano, and Miss Hortense Hibbard, pianist. These hospitalities on the part of Messrs. Chickering are appreciated, and if to be continued monthly as proposed the old haunt will assume some of its wonted bustle and throng atmosphere as in the days before the "quartet" and "recital" ilk moved up-townward. The club played Hofmann's "Serenade" sextet delightfully, particularly the "Slumber Song" number. They were not quite so happy in the "Variations" quartet of Beethoven, but it was a quartet which makes the difference, as Mr. Eugene Weiner's flute is not the only thing which tends to make an equal performance. He is a governing factor, and the strings do not get along so well without him. He played himself a solo dedicated to him by Arnold Krug, a dry and dull adagio which was only graced by the performance.

Miss Clara C. Henley sang an aria from "The Magic Flute" in a large, round, true soprano. She has a voice of good range. The piano playing of Miss Hortense Hibbard was clean and conscientious, neatly phrased, but without magnetism. She is evidently a careful student and plays after the manner. In the scherzo of Jadassohn she was most at home, and in company with Miss Henley received encore and applause after her performance. Both young artists were particularly well received and each retired behind an umbrella sized nosegay. A group of numbers by Godard, including the popular "Canzonetta," were the last on the program and were among the best of the performances of the sextet, which really makes an excellent chamber organization. Mr. Helm does capital duty at the double bass, and the volume of tone produced by this miniature orchestra is at times very telling. In lighter vein they

play with much finesse, and the singer with their accompaniment should consider him or her self fortunate.

Mr. Perry Averill's recital, assisted by Mr. Orton Bradley, pianist, filled Chamber Music Hall to overflowing. The program of songs contained many that were new and well chosen, and Mr. Orton Bradley appeared thereon as the maker of a neat English version in the case of two French lyrics by Soulay and Paul Rougnon. Miss Helen Tretbar was also the maker of a version from the German. The character of the program was out of the beaten path and in itself worthy of commendation. It is pleasant to be able to say that it was also extremely well sung.

Perry Averill has a baritone of good range, decidedly musical in quality, and of excellent resonance and volume. In volume indeed it far exceeded the demands of Chamber Music Hall, and would be heard to better advantage in a large auditorium. He also sings with feeling and refinement, and at times rises to true dramatic force and impressiveness with an ease which has clung to him from his stage experience. The sonnet "Dans la Grotte," by Goring Thomas—he sings the original French and German, not the English versions, by the way—was perhaps his best effort, and was sung with breadth, dignity and an artistic appreciation of climax which were entirely admirable. As said before, the voice is a big one, and in its growth has become somewhat unmanageable. The singer does not diminish to a pianissimo, which is his prominent fault. He gets at it abruptly, with the result that the close of a phrase is often swallowed up in the echo of the last loud tone or two directly before. As he does this pretty often the fault becomes obtrusive and seriously mars otherwise musical and effective singing. It is a fault, however, which a very simple correction from art can cure, and nature has really dealt very liberally with Perry Averill. Brahms, Gounod, Hatton, Whinfield, Van der Stucken and Buonocini were among the composers sung.

Mr. Orton Bradley was heard in three numbers from Bach's French suite in G major, the D flat nocturne No. 2, with the A flat impromptu of Chopin and the A minor sonata of Schubert. The Chopin numbers were played with grace and sentiment, and with a sufficiently smooth and facile technique. The Schubert sonata, however, was a handicap, as Mr. Bradley's resources are not equal to demands of such virility. Withal, his efforts were conscientious, and he at no time offends good taste, while often succeeding in giving intelligent pleasure. He is an excellent accompanist.

One of the most agreeable concerts during the week was a domestic hymn of thanksgiving, which went up in the house of Mme. Eugenia Mantelli, the mezzo-soprano from the Opera, on reading the very just critique of her "Amneris" in THE MUSICAL COURIER's last issue. Mme. Mantelli lives with her husband, di Mantovanni, in a small apartment in West Fortieth street. Both are Italians who speak French, but not a word of English. The singer had heard that THE MUSICAL COURIER had spoken well of her work, but even with the aid of two dictionaries, an Italian-English and French-English, neither she nor the Signor were able to decipher any meaning from the page. Therefrom were the good offices of the concert goer enlisted, who sat down and turned the English into French, while Sig. di Mantovanni pencilled it down on a writing pad and Mme. Mantelli, aided by Mme. Russitano, joined in her husband's exclamations of satisfaction as the meaning was unfolded. The translation went merrily until it came to "pathos." What was "pathos" in French? The translator didn't know and had always thought of "pathétique" as an adjective. But the Mantellis were waiting open-mouthed and an equivalent had to be sought to appease them. "Vrai sentiment" was said and written down, but later di Mantovanni was sent scurrying for the English-French dictionary, and when the translator found that it was "pathétique" the substitute was erased and the proper word put down, with much approval from the Mantellis, who saw in it a better expression. It was a good thing to watch Mme. Mantelli's satisfaction and listen to the chorus in unison, "Comme c'est bon! Mais c'est juste, mais c'est bon!" Not unlike the Herodiade.

She is a graceful and gracious woman off the stage, with a manner modest and winning. By and by Bemberg came in, young and jaunty, the score of "Elaine" tucked under his arm. He sat down and did some uncommonly good piano playing of his own work and then Mantelli took up the measures of Guinevere to his accompaniment and the private répétition was in full swing.

There was another bit of solo work done impromptu on Tuesday morning in the apartment of Sig. Tamagno at the Hotel Normandie. The world well knows that the habit of the Signor is not as costly as his purse can buy, which is as much as to say that he does not look quite as comely off the stage as on, since trappings do go a long way in helping out personnel. The Signor had also just shaved off the beard of "Arnoldo" and "Rhadames" for "Edgardo" and looked more comical and genial than picturesque or imposing. He was conscious of it too, but thought "Edgardo" worth it. "Where, where," said the Signor, "can you find melody like 'Fra Poco'?" and he gave a taste of the opening measures. And the "Chi mi frena," ah—and he piled on a few enthusiastic comments which, translated, meant that

Tamagno thinks Donizetti can grind the moderns to powder. He is sorry all the same for his beard, which can't reappear this season and which added a hundredfold to the impressiveness of his bearing.

Poor Mme. Libia Drog looked lonely and cheerless all the week at the Hotel Vendome. She speaks no English, knows not a soul, has been called on by no one but Melba and has for companion only her sister-in-law, an Italian, who doesn't even speak the French, which is the ordinary outsider's medium. The shadow of her first misadventure hangs round poor Drog still further. "Figurez vous," she said, "my sleeves were to my elbows, my skirts above my ankles for 'Mathilde,' and all so tight! Could I sing? They pinned the clothes on. I thought I should burst the clothes and my heart at the same time." Poor Drog! She is a fine, bold, good-natured-looking type of woman, and she is utterly passed over, it would seem, in New York, outside the theatre.

The first of four piano recitals was given on Tuesday last from 3 to 4 o'clock—a good length—at the house of Mrs. Butler, 34 East Thirty-seventh street, by Mr. Wm. H. Barber. The second will take place on December 11 at Mrs. Hudson's, 36 West Fifty-second street. Mr. Barber made quite a good reputation for himself as pianist and instructor while with the New York Conservatory of Music, which he left this season. He has as much technique as the body of our local elect, and considerably more sentiment and finish than most.

### Where They Are.

MANAGERS will please furnish us with advance dates of their routes to reach this office before Friday noon of each week to insure proper revision.

LOUIS C. ELSON.—December 7, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; 8, 10 and 11, Montreal; 12, Miss Lougee's School, Boston; 13, Peabody, Mass.; 18, Brown University, Providence, R. I.; 28, Harvard, Mass.

DORA VALESKA BECKER.—December 13, Brooklyn, N. Y., Cecelia Society; April 10, 1896, Brooklyn, N. Y., Art Concerts.

SOUSA'S BAND.—December 5, Jersey City, N. J.; 6, Orange, N. J.; 7, New Brunswick, N. J.; 8 and 9, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 10, Pottstown, Pa.; 10, Reading, Pa.; 11, Lancaster, Pa.; 11, York, Pa.; 12, Washington, D. C.; 13, Baltimore, Md.; 14, matinee, Wilmington, Del.; 14 and 15, Philadelphia, Pa.; 16, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 17, Taylor Opera House, Trenton, N. J.; 18, Able Opera House, Easton, Pa.

MAUD POWELL STRING QUARTET.—December 5, matinee and evening, Brooklyn Art Institute; 11, Elmira, N. Y.; 13, Rochester, N. Y.; 18, New York city, Madison Square Concert Hall.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CLUB. Eugene Weiner, Director.—December 11, Naugatuck, Conn.; 14, Passaic, N. J.; 18, Plainfield, N. J.

**Barend Van Gerbig.**—Barend Van Gerbig, pianist, announces a Schumann recital on the morning of Friday, December 7, at the Hotel Waldorf, with the assistance of Julie L. Wyman, mezzo soprano, and Francis Fischer Powers, baritone.

**Way Down in Mobile.**—In honor of the many visitors to Mobile, Ala., occasioned by the entry into port of the United States steamship Montgomery, the Musicales Circle of the Fidelia Club Tuesday evening of last week gave a highly interesting program before a large audience.

**Rudolf King.**—Rudolf King, pianist, and François Boucher, violinist, both of the Kronberg Conservatory of Music, Kansas City, Mo., gave a concert November 27 at Ottawa, Kan., meeting with great success. Among the numbers played was the G major piano-violin sonata by Rubinstein, in memory of the dead composer.

**A Thanksgiving Concert.**—A Thanksgiving morning concert was given at 900 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, Thursday, November 29, at which Albertini played the violin; Chas. S. Phillips, tenor, sang a ballad, and the Misses A. G. and J. Hodgson, Bella Maze and F. N. Thallon played the piano. Robert Thallon gave several numbers on the organ.

**The Percy Organ Recitals.**—Beginning next Thursday afternoon Mr. Richard T. Percy will give a series of free organ recitals at the Marble Collegiate Church, corner Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, New York, to take place every first and third Thursday each month until April. The recitals will commence at 4 o'clock and last one hour.

At the recital next Thursday Mr. Percy will be assisted by Mrs. Anna M. Burch and Mr. Clemente Bologna.

**The Louisville Oratorio Choir.**—At the first special service of praise at Calvary Church, Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, November 27, the oratorio choir sang "Lord, how long wilt thou forget me" (Psalm XLII.), by Mendelssohn, and "The Heavens declare" (Psalm XIX.), by Camille Saint-Saëns, both of which were new to Louisville and created a deep impression. "Benedictus," by A. C. Mackenzie, for organ and violin, was well rendered by George B. Selby, the organist and director, and Alinde Wunderlich, violinist. To Mr. Selby belongs the credit of training and keeping together from year to year so large a body of fine singers.

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## Miss Louise Nikita.

PARIS, November 9, 1894.

ALL the world knows that les messieurs et mesdames de la République Française are always unanimous in admiring a beautiful woman, whatever her nationality may be. There are, however, very few among the many millions of this earth's inhabitants who are able to form any adequate notion of the extraordinary talents a stranger must possess to secure a word of approbation from the Parisian critics and public. The French are extremely exigent in regard to the employment of their language by a foreign artist. They will forgive sometimes a shortcoming in music. A pronunciation that fails to be tout à fait française is an unpardonable offense, and renders the victim a fit subject for universal condemnation. The stranger débutants in the fantastic capital are never permitted to remain in total ignorance of this fact. Should the friends and acquaintances not happen to impart the prefatory notice, the timid candidate will not suffer, for the precious information will reach the unsuspecting seeker for fame on the eve and very day of the début through the medium of a generous sprinkling of unsigned documents, and a deluge of communications, sealed and unsealed, from unknown well-wishers who "wouldn't be happy if you felt nervous."

Therefore when our undaunted countrywoman, Miss Louise Nikita, arrived in Paris to prepare for the grand triumph awaiting her she, being fully cognizant of the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" of the parties aforesaid, paid no attention to the awful maledictions contained in the cumbersome influx of curiosities in handwriting brought to her door regularly three times per diem by the expectant concierge. Your correspondent waded through a pile of those epistles and was shocked only when making the discovery that some of them produced the impression of having been written by Anglo-Saxons whom the green-eyed monster and the other miscellaneous gods of detestable passions had made howling mad.

I have followed the career of the American—and she is thoroughly American—prima donna ever since she first appeared here as a girl in short frocks in a concert at the Salle Erard, surrounded by such eminent artists as Tamberlik, Ciampi, Ernest de Munck, &c. This was after her return from making her début in Nice (1887) in a concert with Mme. Nilsson. After the Salle Erard concert I talked with Charles Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, Geraudet and other musical celebrities who had honored Miss Nikita by their presence. They one and all then said that la petite Américaine was destined to realize the sentiment of being famous. They did not err in their opinions.

After an absence of six years Miss Nikita returned to Paris, and in spite of the threatening letters she received, and with a full confidence in her ability as a polyglot, coupled with her splendid lyric accomplishments and dramatic instincts, after passing the opera of "Mignon" with the venerable composer Ambroise Thomas, she summoned up the blood of her celebrated ancestor, Daniel Boone, and with Davy Crockett's motto ringing in her ears she announced her determination to equal Galli-Marié in the rôle she had chosen for her Paris début.

Accordingly the Opéra Comique, on the evening of September 26, contained a crowd curious to see and hear an artist for whom the often fatal stage of France appeared to possess no terrors. Every newspaper published in Paris found its representative or musical critic among that vast assemblage, and those who thought it not worth while to provide note books for the occasion felt very uncomfortable at being forced to call their cuffs into active requisition. That Miss Nikita knew what she declared has been incontestably demonstrated. She was engaged by Director Carvalho to appear six weeks. Owing to the grand success she achieved during the period of her probation, her contract has been renewed.

The death of the Czar obliged Miss Nikita to postpone her sixth tour in Russia. Mr. Carvalho says that the ill wind has blown him good, inasmuch as he thus secures Mlle. Nikita for a longer time. Consequently she will continue to enchant the Parisians until the coronation of Nicholas II. shall have taken place and the reopening of the opera in the glacial empire.

The readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER are already familiar with the portrait of Miss Nikita in costume de ville and in evening dress. The subjoined picture is a faithful tableau of the charming cantatrice as she appears in the first act of "Mignon" in the duo "Les hirondelles" with "Lothario."

In the "Portrait Album" of the "Gil Blas" Miss Nikita is thus described: "Elle est une fort jolie personne. Deux grands yeux bleus et vifs qui dénotent une réelle intelligence. Des magnifiques cheveux châtain foncé qui lui couvrent les épaules comme d'une mante soyeuse et parfumée. Le visage allongé avec une bouche voluptueuse, empourprée comme une fraise du printemps."

The opinion of the press? Let us first read the declaration made by the composer who has thus far been present at nearly all of Miss Nikita's appearances. He has written: "Mademoiselle est ma plus charmante 'Mignon.' I declare that Mlle. Nikita's interpretation of the first act of 'Mignon' is equal to any artiste I have heard. In the first

tableau of the second act she is truly remarkable, and in the garden scene (second tableau) she is intensely thrilling. As to the third act—the most difficult part of my opera—I say emphatically that Mlle. Nikita is the only artiste who has ever sung and acted it to please me entirely."

Now for the Paris press opinions of the new "Mignon." The "Figaro": "Miss Nikita, the charming star of the Opéra Comique, who appeared yesterday in the rôle of 'Mignon,' is the happy possessor of a beautiful voice of exquisite timbre. She is also a fine actress, and in the garden scene of the second act she was notably superb."

The "Gaulois": "Miss Nikita, whom Ambroise Thomas invited to Paris, and over whom he is so enthusiastic, made her début last night in the rôle of 'Mignon.'"

"It is sufficient to say that the public of the Opéra Comique indorsed the judgment of the composer and that the pretty American, with her charming voice and keen dramatic intelligence, passed through the trying ordeal and emerged with new and well merited laurels."

Victorien Joncieres, the eminent composer and critic, says in "La Liberté": "I have again heard Miss Nikita in 'Mignon,' and I consider it my duty to declare that she



MISS NIKITA AS "MIGNON."

(From a photograph by VAN BOSCH, Paris.)

possesses a magnificent soprano voice, absolutely true, sonorous and bien timbrée, and of such a power as to render her particularly fitted to interpret great dramatic rôles. Her diction and acting are of the highest intelligence and denote a real artistic nature. She was truly superb in the aria of the second act, which she interpreted with a grandeur of voice, style and expression positively thrilling."

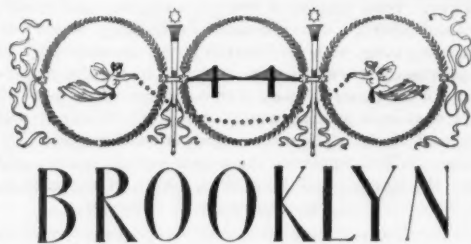
Mlle. Nikita is a star also in the social high life of Paris. Last night the Baroness de Wendelstadt gave a brilliant reception in the palatial salon of the Grand Hotel for Miss Louise Nikita to meet her Royal Highness the Princess Eulalia, whose recent visit to America caused the Chicagoans to stop talking about the World's Fair while she honored the big city with her august presence.

Among the distinguished lights of the social, literary and musical sphere who were present, besides the Infanta Eulalia, were: Mr. Ambroise Thomas, Duchess de la Torre, Count von Münster, the German Ambassador; Princess Kotschubey, Marquis and Marquise de Grasse, Countess de Kessler, Mrs. Benjamin Constant, H. Humphrey Moore, Mrs. Sara Mackin, Mme. Nicholson-Nikita, Count de Constantin, Baron de Massy, Mme. Deculafoy, Mlle Abbéma, General and Mme. Odinet, the Princess Della Rocca and the Marquis and Marquise d'Oyley.

SACHA.

**Cleveland Organ Concerts.**—Clarence Eddy inaugurated a new organ at Pilgrim Institutional Church, Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday, November 24. Professor and Mrs. Willard S. Bracken were the vocalists.

**A New Brooklyn Club.**—The Brooklyn Cantata Club has issued a circular announcing its first season. It is to be limited to an active membership of fifty ladies engaged in the study and rendition of concerted music. The club is to be congratulated on its selection of Albert G. Thies, of New York, the well-known musician, as conductor. Mr. Thies will personally receive applications for membership Thursday, December 6, at 9.30 A. M., at the chapel of St. George's parish, corner Gates and Marcy avenues. Mrs. Emma Richardson-Küster will be the accompanist.



BROOKLYN, December 3, 1894.

WHEN I said that the little German bands were not to be allowed to play in Brooklyn any more, I forgot for the moment that the Aldermen were not the only people who regulated things over here. As a matter of fact, we have a Mayor, and a pretty good one. He is not afraid of the Musical Union, and he has vetoed the resolution of the Aldermen, thus restoring to the little German bands the right to toot and bleat in front of our doors. The union is not so strong over here as it thought it was. After all, it is right that the majority should rule, and the majority of people in the City of Churches do not belong to the Musical Union. Perhaps, by the same token, they do not belong to the class of admirers of the gutter bands. Indeed, there was talk of a perfectly independent movement on the part of the populace looking to the purchase of the bands and their transportation to Samoa. They can be had cheap in these hard times. When a member of one is satisfied if he touches a V on Saturday night it can be guessed how cheap they are. The Mayor has been kept busy with reading of protests and receiving of deputations, and on Saturday he declared Brooklyn a free port for musicians of all ranks and talents.

It is odd that many of the complaints against the tyranny of the union came from people of refinement and wealth, who could hardly be expected to show a wild interest in street music. There was Mr. Augustus A. Low, for example, a man of great riches, with intellect and tastes to match, and he wanted to keep the bands. Of course the people in the poorer quarters of the city arose as a man and protested that the deprivation of the back streets was worthy of medieval Europe. They could not afford Paur and Seidl down there, they added, sardonically. Yet who knows but they will get them one of these days? I recall the fact that concerts were given on the great organ in Boston at the expense of the city, and that they were attended by tumultuous, fragrant and enthusiastic audiences. We likewise know that within a few years the attempt has been made to civilize the tenements by opening free picture shows among them. Now, isn't it likely that the overture to "Tannhäuser" or a Chopin nocturne would do as much civilizing as a Corot landscape or a Millet peasant? It is whispered that a certain rich man of the town has recently become interested in music to so great a degree that he will "put up" liberally for concerts. There is a chance for him to try the effect of Mr. Seidl on the Fourteenth Ward.

It is mighty hard to be an Admirable Crichton in these days. Human knowledge is specialized to such an extent that if Crichton were alive now he would not have time or energy to get up in more than three or four of his many talents. But he comes near to having a counterpart in the gentleman who called on me a few days ago and offered his card. He was not 150 years old, either, as you would think a man would have to be to know so much, but he was so intelligent that he wore glasses. This is what his card said he was: "Instructor and pedagogue in piano, organ, violin, viola, violoncello, contra-basso, mandolin, citra, gitaro, banjo, flute, harpha, clarinet, oboe, fagott, saxophon, cornet, trombon, Francehorn [corn], trompetto, alta, tenor, bariton, tuba, ocarino and harmonica accordion, solo singing, chorus and theoretical. Special director of grand symphony orchestras and concert military band. Club lessons, free instruments." Wow!

We have a Musicians' Club that we are beginning to put on a few airs about. On Tuesday night there was a reception at its rooms—the Pierrepont Assembly Rooms—and it was attended not only by a large number of people but by quite swell ones. There are fifty members of the organization now, and it is increasing. Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley is president, and he expects in time to rope in every pianist and singer and musician in the town. There are musicians and musicians, however, and I wonder where and how he expects to draw the line. The club has got so far along that it has billiards, and a man on the stairs told me there was a place where they had beer. He said if I would come around some time when the women were not there I could see the beer with my own eyes. The club has a "smoker" now and then, and people are not afraid of beer on those nights. At the reception Mr. David G. Henderson sang a bit from "Carmen" and a couple of little songs by Gounod in a high, clear tenor, and there was a new kind of piano playing by Mrs. Lucie Palicot. It was new to Brooklyn, I should have said, for Chicago had it all summer. Chicago gets everything. The lady plays on a pedal piano. I believe her performance, as well as the mechanism of the instrument itself, have been considered in THE MUSICAL



COURIER, so it will suffice for me to say that the artist plays with as much skill and as much strength as she showed in Chicago, where the instrument used to come up through a hole in the Auditorium floor for her to play on. Her pedaling was wonderfully brisk in the Bach toccata and Gounod's "Scherzo Waltz."

We have likewise an Amateur Musical Club that gave its first concert of the season on Monday last in the Pierrepont Assembly Rooms. The affair had quite a society flavor and was largely attended. The club will give four musicales in every season hereafter, and as usual in select affairs the demand for tickets will be greater than it would be for concerts of more—er—professional character. There was singing by a glee club, and piano solos by Mrs. Lewis Sayre Burchard, while Miss Gertrude Sherman gave a tasteful performance of songs by Chaminade and Bemberg. A paper was read by Mrs. Brewster—it was written by Miss Mildred Packard—giving a review of the principal matters of note in the musical world since the last meeting of the club. The institution has educational significance, you notice.

The Pouch mansion on Clinton avenue and the Knapp mansion on Bedford avenue have been what you might call elephants on the hands of their owners for some time, but they will be so no longer, for their big halls and their expensively decorated music rooms will hereafter ring to the peals of innocent merriment and to the strains of singers. The Amphion Musical Society, which is to be under the direction of Mr. Arthur Claassen this season, celebrated the fifteenth year of its existence last Monday night by a good time at the Knapp mansion. There was dancing and there was feasting and there were congratulations, and between whiles the society sang. It is too early in the season to state just how it is going to do under its new leader, but if the singing the other night was a sample it is reasonably safe to assume that it will do at least as good work as it had been doing under Mr. Wiske. Mr. Claassen gets broader and more spirited effects. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Alexander Rihm, and there were solos by Miss Sarah R. Kirk, who has a small, pretty soprano voice.

At the Pouch gallery the Æolia Mandolin Club gave concerts on Friday and Saturday nights. The performers included Miss Florence Dean, violinist; Mr. W. Sanders, guitarist; Miss Annie Dean, piano accompanist; Misses Ida Spinning, Tillie Lawson, Edna F. Palmer, Clara A. Vredenburg, Lillian Spinning, Mrs. May Alzamora and Mr. J. H. Gould, mandolinists.

A musicale was given on Saturday night at the house of Mrs. H. Phipard, on Franklin avenue, to aid in raising funds for the Brooklyn Christmas Tree Society. The participants were Miss Jennie Hall, soprano; Mr. W. A. Heath, tenor; Mr. Charles H. Marcy, baritone and pianist; Miss Eva McKeon, elocutionist; Mr. Charles White, banjoist, and Mr. Frank Osborn, baritone.

A kind of a concert was given by Gilbert Council at its lodge rooms on Tuesday night, in which Mr. F. M. Davidson played an organ solo or two; Mr. A. C. Plant sang "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and "Longshoreman Clancy's Ride" in a hearty baritone voice; Mr. Silvo played on the piccolo, the tumbleronicon and the straw and wood piano—real opera selections, too—and Mr. C. Maynard Evans whistled Faure's "Les Rameaux!"

Mr. Dudley Buck, of whom one does not see and hear as much as could be wished, though he is always busy, and is always composing something, has resumed his monthly musical services at Holy Trinity Church, where he has a fine organ and a fine choir.

A sort of show that used to be popular in Brooklyn and other villages before the war was successfully revived in the parish hall of the Church of the Good Shepherd on Tuesday evening. It was an old folks' concert. It was old-fashioned in make-up and patriotic in musical incident, but it lacked the character of the original shows because the old folks were merely children. Time has been when you could have filled the Academy of Music with that kind of thing, and on the night after a Strakosch or Mapleson opera. It was wicked to go to the opera then.

Mr. Charles M. Skinner gave a lecture on "Picturesque Music" at the new music hall of the Johnston Building on Thanksgiving night. There was a large audience and the illustrations were played and sung by Mr. J. C. Demsey, basso; Miss Annie L. Walker, soprano; Mrs. Emma Richardson-Küster and Miss Sadie A. Cross, ensemble pianists; Mr. Louis Matzdorf, accompanist, and a quartet composed of Messrs. J. H. Stubbs and William Robitsek, tenors; William F. Boate and William F. Cameron, basses.

Mrs. Helene Maigille is about to inaugurate a series of concerts and recitals at her studio, 321 Washington avenue. She will give a miscellaneous bill on Wednesday evening next, and will follow with a soprano night, a contralto night, a tenor night and a bass night. There is a novelty, now!

The opera plans are just perfected. We are to have the Abbey & Grau singers on the nights of the 13th and 20th instant, January 10, 19 and 26, February 7 and 14. If they take, we are to have more. Nordica, Tamagno, Maurel, Mantelli, Mariani and some others are to sing "Otello" on

the first night, and "Carmen" and "Aida" are among early possibilities. It is promised that more attention will be paid to scenery and accessories than heretofore, and that not so many expensive singers will have sore throats at 7 P. M. on the day of the performance, as in the old times. And we are to have all this cheaper than you get it. Three dollars is the highest price for seats and \$40 for boxes. Mr. Oscar J. Murray, our local impresario, is managing the Brooklyn part of the affair.

Miss Maud Powell and her string quartet are to be with us on Wednesday, and Sousa will play a few marches at the Columbia Theatre next Sunday. And that's all for the present.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

NEW YORK, November 30, 1894.—Send article "Personal Experiences With Rubinstein," quick!  
BLUMENBERG.



RUBINSTEIN is dead only a few hours; the sad intelligence has just reached me, and now the above cablegram is put into my hands. Although grieved beyond words, I take up my pen to comply with the editor's commands and to give to readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER a sketch of Anton Rubinstein as I knew him.

I was nearly twelve years old in 1881, when the Dublin papers heralded the coming of Rubinstein, and spoke of him as the greatest pianist of the day. I remember now with trepidation how the getting of tickets to hear the great Russian player was casually discussed at my father's breakfast table, and how a society engagement of my mother's came near preventing what proved later to be the greatest event in my life.

It was May 16, a Monday evening, when I found myself in the concert hall of the Exhibition Palace eagerly awaiting the coming of the great pianist. There was the usual buzz of conversation, up went the lights, and my heart almost jumped to my mouth as the door on the platform opened and a man in evening dress walked toward the piano. It was a false alarm—only someone to open the piano; but at last Rubinstein's lionlike head appeared, and the next moment a wild burst of applause welcomed him.

He sat down to the Erard grand, and while he ran his hands over the keys that strong personal magnetism, so marked a characteristic of the great Russian, began to exercise its influence on me. As I noted the broad, square brow, the great mane of dark hair, the concentrated drawing in of the lips, and the firm, splendid chin, I felt I was looking at a great man. But when he commenced the opening bars of the fantasia chromatique and fugue of Bach I knew it. I was but a child, but for two hours and a half Rubinstein held me spellbound. After Bach came Mozart's C minor fantasia, Beethoven's op. 53, Schumann's fantasia in C major, a Chopin impromptu, barcarolle, mazurka, valse and three études, and for finale a suite, Romance, caprice, melody and étude of Rubinstein's own.

I remember that evening as yesterday, and no words can express what I lived through, what I suffered and what I enjoyed in those few hours. All the undefined longings, the vague and fleeting ideas of things transcendental, the pathos, glory and misery of life were depicted through the music, and under the marvelous guidance of Rubinstein's extraordinary genius I jumped all at once from puzzled, perplexed and groping childhood into the dreamland and happy optimism of youth. The fearsome outside world, the misty, unknown future, no longer had terrors. Life was great, beautiful, noble, and to go into one's teens, grow up and become a unit of the big, responsible acting mass of mankind was no longer a thing to be dreaded and feared, as my childish ideas had till then presented it, but something to be sought and gloried in. So I felt and so I argued.

My father had a villa then at the foot of the Dublin Mountains, and when we reached the country that night I found that with so much music in my head and so many new and entrancing ideas sleep was out of the question. When the house was still I stole on tiptoe into the darkness of the gardens, my blood afire with excitement. All at once my surroundings became full of new meaning. There was music and poetry hitherto unnoticed in the soft winds, in the cry of the night owls, in the delicate perfume of the spring flowers, in the bright star studded sky above, in the dark, mysterious outline of the hills beyond and the calm, balmy atmosphere of that soft spring night. Hitherto my heroes had been men of history—Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, Shelly—but here was a hero live and real, only a few minutes' journey away from me in the low smoke covered city lying to the left.

Everything passes in this life, and at last that long night was ended. The light through the pine trees grew brighter. The sweet, tender notes of a thrush, answered

by the soft piping of a blackbird, broke the long night silence. The light of the stars grew fainter and fainter, the sky bluer and bluer, and away in the East the first rosy hues of the dawn began to appear, deepening and ever deepening till the whole heavens were suffused in the rich crimson glory of the sunrise. No human being ever felt happiness greater than mine that bright morning, nor no human being ever had greater cause for it, for had not the very gate itself to the golden realm of thought and fancy just then been opened to me through the genius of Anton Rubinstein?

I hardly know how my impatience permitted me to live through the Tuesday following, but long before the concert commenced, the ensuing Wednesday afternoon, I was in my seat waiting for Rubinstein. When he came, to say that I eagerly devoured the music he gave would be nothing. I simply revelled in it. A suite of Bach, a Beethoven sonata op. 90, Mendelssohn's variations sérieuses, Schumann's études symphoniques, Chopin's F and A flat ballades—how that first ballade was played!—one of Rubinstein's own barcarolles and valse, Schubert-Liszt "Erl King," the "Marche des Ruines d'Athene," of Beethoven; a Field nocturne, Henselt's "Si Oiseau j'étais," a Thalberg étude, Liszt's "Au Bord d'une Source," and an étude and Rhapsodie Hongroise.

As the evening wore on and Rubinstein sprang from height to height, now in this humor, now in that, passing from grave to gay, from the sublime to the sentimental, now thundering along in martial glory, now whispering the tenderest love poem poet ever dreamed, I grew afraid. He seemed to me a wizard and uncanny. Away in the distance his face had something of the demoniacal in it; his attitude Titanic power, and that terrible magnetic force of his seemed to crush out of me all my own identity. I no longer felt as my own thought prompted me, but as Rubinstein made me think and feel.

To speak of Rubinstein's playing here would be absurd. All know by experience or hearsay of his virtuosity, of his incomparable touch, of that all pervading poetic grandeur in his interpretation that gave his performance a charm apart. Few knew him intimately, and of Rubinstein himself I shall now begin to write.

As Rubinstein disappeared from the platform, and the thundering hurrahs from the last remnants of his excited audience failed to draw him again on the platform, I suddenly realized that he was going, that to-morrow, the day after, would come and I should not see him; that it might be even for weeks, or months, or years, perhaps for an eternity, that I should not see him. I become almost crazy. I rushed from the hall, and outside on the glass covered terrace of the building, I found Rubinstein with Sir Robert Stewart, Professor of Music in Dublin University, and with whom I studied piano and counterpoint. To my confused request for an introduction he laughingly acquiesced, and a second later Rubinstein's big hand was clasping mine, and the world suddenly became too small to hold me and my pride.

"A would-be pianist, eh!" said Rubinstein, as he pinched my cheek, and then I don't know how I got it out, but I begged to be allowed to go to England with him.

"Come along! come along!" laughed Rubinstein as he lit his cigarette, and without waiting for a word more I tore along to my father's office.

To this day I do not know how I overcame obstacles and got away, but get away I did. I followed Rubinstein from town to town, taking the big English provincial centres in turn till we came to London and finally Paris, where Rubinstein's tour ended. He went on to Peterhof and I returned to Dublin, and maybe I did not get a warm reception on my return! One thing sure, I felt it for days after.

But I bore with everything, for on parting Rubinstein had said to me: "Come to me in Russia and I will give you piano lessons."

These words were a talisman to me, and some years later I found myself over the Russian frontier traveling as fast as steam could take me to St. Petersburg.

In the mean time six years had gone by, and my anxiety as to whether Rubinstein would remember me or not can be imagined. St. Petersburg was wrapped in its winter mantle of snow and ice and stillness the night I arrived, and the next morning at 9 o'clock I went to the rehearsal of the Symphony concert, in the Salle de Noblesse. It was the then head of the Becker firm, Mr. Paul Petersen—always a charming host to strangers—who piloted me there, and when we arrived Rubinstein had not yet come. We took our seats among the audience, and shortly after Mr. Auer had commenced to conduct Rubinstein walked up the centre aisle, looking like a giant in his furs. He passed us and sat some seats higher up, and then at the entrance, as everyone rose, Mr. Petersen said, in the most natural tone possible: "Come, now; we will go to the artists' room and see Rubinstein."

My heart was in my mouth, and all at once it seemed to me terrible audacity to come to a great artist like Rubinstein, but outwardly I went along bravely and reached the large, dark, windowless room, lighted by two wax candles only, these standing on the green baize colored table. Rubinstein was surrounded by a crowd and the smoke



from the numerous cigarettes—men and women were alike smoking—seemed to envelop his big head as in a mist.

Mr. Petersen pushed his way through, saying in Russian "Good day, Anton Gregorowitch. Here is someone who has come all the way from America to see you."

Rubinstein peered up at me and my heart sank, as I thought he did not recognize me.

"America, America?" he said, puzzled. (He did not of course then know my change of home from the Emerald Isle to the States.)

"Why, it is you!" he said, as he stood up with a smile of welcome on his face. Then, Russian fashion, he put his two arms about me and kissed me three times on the cheek, saying as he gave me a push from the shoulders—a favorite trick of his—"I knew you would come some day."

He handed me a cigarette and made me sit down beside him, and then began to get the latest news from me. I had just come from Germany, having spent a year there in order to attend Hans von Bülow's class at the Raff Conservatorium. So Rubinstein commenced a series of questions as to this person and that, and at last we got on the unavoidable subject of Hans von Bülow.

"You know what he has done to me, the fool! do you not?" asked Rubinstein.

I knew well to what he alluded, but felt too embarrassed to reply, so Rubinstein rattled on.

"Well, he was conducting the Symphony Concerts in Hamburg and one of the pieces to be performed was my 'Ocean.' What does he do? He sniffs at the score, turns it upside down on the desk, and then throwing it aside says: 'To conduct music like this one must have long hair. I have not got it.'"

Everyone was listening intently to Rubinstein and many disgusted murmurs greeted him as he finished.

"And I," he continued proudly. "Do you know my answer? I wrote him that his opinions were never the same two days running, and inasmuch as that which he abused to-day he praised to-morrow, there was still hope for my poor, hopeless music. Also, if he had taken the trouble to measure my hair I regretted not having had leisure to measure his ears."

The roar of laughter that greeted this still rings in my ears, and high above it all the deep Homeric tones of Rubinstein's merriment; for no man loved to say a witty thing more than he, and none ever enjoyed his own sayings more.

I went back to the concert hall with Rubinstein and sat beside him. Shall I ever forget my pride? And then, climax of climaxes for me! just as we left the artist's room Rubinstein turned to me and said:

"Come and dine with me to-night; 6 sharp; mind, be punctual!"

I was punctual. In fact, I was one of the first to arrive, and then one after another the guests, some invited, others uninvited, began to drop in, for such was Rubinstein's way, he loved to keep open house.

After dinner we had a game of whist and I was Rubinstein's partner. We lost, of course, for Rubinstein never won at cards, and then at 9 o'clock we adjourned to the dining room for tea. Afterward the ladies present put me up to ask Rubinstein to play, and after a long series of coaxing I got him to the piano and he played for over an hour to us, one thing after another, for as it happened he was in a good humor.

When in a good humor Rubinstein was the most genial, good-natured, big-hearted fellow to be imagined, but when in a bad humor—thank heaven that was seldom!—he was a fiend. On the whole, however, his nature was morose, brooding, pessimistic, and when in a bad fit of this latter mood he sat smoking his cigarette, replying in monosyllables and with his eyes half closed.

Immediately on my arrival in St. Petersburg I began to attend his piano class in the Conservatoire twice a week, and it began to be a general thing for me to dine sometimes three and four times a week with him. Altogether his kindness to me was something extraordinary. No words of mine could ever thank him enough.

As director of the Conservatoire and of the Russian Imperial Musical Society he allowed me entrée to all the concerts and rehearsals. He presented me to all the prominent musicians and gave me the free run of the Conservatoire library for my literary and musical studies, and in all those many ways in which a man of his great position and genius could be helpful and useful to one of my calling he never failed to be so.

With the young Rubinstein had always the greatest sympathy, and even pity, especially those struggling to do anything in the arts. He knew the thorny path before such, and having fully realized its difficulty did not forget his own experience with age, as so many great men are apt to do. The early years of Rubinstein's own life were somewhat stormy. Deprived at an early age of his father, and having passed the limited period of his "wunderkind" stage, he found himself alone and thrown on his own resources in the strange cities of Vienna and Berlin. There were times then, as Rubinstein himself told me, when he actually wanted bread, and was plunged in the greatest misery for want of a few sous. It was surrounded by the luxury and magnificence of his villa at Peterhof that Rubinstein spoke

of this, and although it was then nearly fifty years back the great pianist seemed to remember it as if of yesterday. The expression of his face changed to one of sadness, his head drooped, and shaking his finger he said gloomily:

"I cannot tell you what I went through, but such is the fate of an artist. He must suffer to be anything."

During the four years I spent in Russia Rubinstein led a regular life, going into the city for the autumn, winter and spring months, and spending the summer season at Peterhof. In St. Petersburg he lived in Troitsky Verelok, in an apartment, generally alone, or at most with his eldest son, his family residing the year out at the Peterhof villa. There his habits were as regular as clockwork. He was up and dressed by 7 o'clock, his man Matvé, a big, devoted, Polish servant, punctually serving him coffee, and then till just a few minutes before 9 o'clock Rubinstein would sit at his writing table composing or reading, or else before his piano playing. At 9 he was in his place at the Conservatoire, which was only a few minutes' walk away, but inasmuch as Rubinstein never walked a step he invariably drove there.

During the morning hours he read his letters, gave directions, oversaw the work of the various classes, and sometimes held an orchestral class.

At 12 punctually luncheon was served and after that Rubinstein saw callers, and had his piano class, commencing about 2 o'clock and ending about 5 o'clock. All day long he smoked cigarette after cigarette, never ceasing and apparently never tiring, but at 5 o'clock he would jump up like a schoolboy and cry:

"At last! Let us go to dinner!"

Sometimes at Troitsky Verelok he would return and find guests already awaiting him, and someone was nearly certain to come in for dinner. Although I have frequently dined with Rubinstein alone, yet on the whole five out of every six times people were sure to be there—sometimes only one or two, sometimes as many as a dozen, all unexpected. On such occasions there would be much merriment in awaiting the resources of the cook and finding out if there would be enough dinner for everyone. If it happened that a dish would not go round, no one seemed to enjoy it more than Rubinstein—even now I can hear his bright, hearty laughter. If, however, which was seldom, the viands gave out, the conversation was brilliant enough to cover all culinary shortcomings. Rubinstein was nearly always in good humor at dinner and subject after subject would be discussed—music, politics, the doings and sayings of everyone who was anyone and the latest turn of affairs in the West, which seemed so far away to us who were closed in by the snow and ice surrounding the North-city.

Nearly everything interested Rubinstein, and it was better than a school to sit at his dinner table and hear him dilate on subjects and discuss them. He first heard everyone's—no matter whom they might be—views most patiently, and then he would commence and argue, always after a most original fashion. In art he was a pessimist, in religion a cynic, philosophy he scorned and in politics he was liberal. One subject—woman—was always sure to bring a smile to his face and a wicked light to his eye. It was a subject he never tired of discussing, for Rubinstein was a devoted admirer of the fair sex. The society of men he avoided, rather than otherwise, but women he loved to have about him. They seemed to amuse and soothe him, yet beyond a certain limit he did not trust them. His opinion of their mental power was slight.

"Women go a certain length defined and definable, and beyond this they never get—but they are adorable, and if deprived of their society I would hang myself." He has said this to me more than once.

In a word, Rubinstein's opinion of women was Eastern; but if so, his gallantry was Western. There was a legend in St. Petersburg when I was there that in early youth Rubinstein had had a love disappointment. The lady was even pointed out to me. Needless to add, I made friends with her immediately. But I never could ascertain the exact truth as to Rubinstein's feelings, for, with true gentlemanly honor, Rubinstein never allowed a woman's name to pass his lips in gossip. I essayed in every possible way to find out certain things. I laid traps of all kinds. I asked this question and that, but with all the ingenuity I could bring to bear on the subject I failed just as all others. On this subject Rubinstein baffled us all at every point. It was for this reason—his absolute honorableness to women in all his love affairs—that, full as his life was of amorous adventure, the scandal-mongers seldom had anything to tattle about him. Of course from time to time there were scandals. However, of these I shall not speak. I mention the subject only to prove how great a respect he had for the sex. This I have always considered a wonderful trait in his character, for no man had in one respect greater reason than he to have contempt for them. Under the influence of his genius they literally threw themselves in hundreds in his path. But while he had a welcome for them all, he went to every possible pains to screen them from the world's censure and the effects of their own folly.

I shall never forget a laughing assertion he made to me once about his loves.

"It is quite strange," he said, naively, "I love them

all, but they do not believe it. Yet truly I do, even tenderly," he added reflectively.

"Then why, Maitre," I asked, "are you jealous?"

"Because I am a true man," he replied quickly. "All men are made so. It is absolutely torture to me to know that a woman who has once loved me could forsake me for another. Not because I care about the woman, but because I am an egotist. At least more for the latter reason than the former."

Rubinstein held the theory that till an artist has loved he or she cannot develop the full measure of their powers; and I remember his giving as a reason once for the present poverty in art production the fact that—

"To-day there are no Juliettes and no Marguerites; every married woman is a counterpoint, and every young girl a fugue." By which figurative sentence he meant that the women of our day are too reasoning. They count the cost and consider, even in love.

Rubinstein disapproved of marriage for artists, at least for young artists. Every duty or feeling that was likely to interfere with art he abhorred. On the last occasion I saw him here in Paris he spoke sadly of his Russian pupils—those who had studied with me—especially the ladies.

"What have I wasted all my time for on them?" he asked irritably. "Every one married! It's too provoking! Here they are spoiled forever for art life! What did they study for? What has been the use of all my teaching, of all their work and tears and trouble?"

In his villa at Peterhof during the summer months Rubinstein lived an ideal life. On the shores of the Gulf of Finland Peterhof lies embowered in pine forests. Near Rubinstein's villa the imperial summer palace, with its glittering fountains laid out à la Versailles, is situated, and farther north, at Ranienbaum, was and is the palace of Rubinstein's great friend and patron, the late Grand Duchess Hélène, sister of Czar Nicholas I.

It was after his American tour that Rubinstein commenced to build his Villa and to make it a beautiful home. He spared no expense; in fact, the sums he sunk in its erection were ridiculous. Whatever he wanted he had—many salons, a big music room, a magnificent library and dining room all furnished after the most luxurious fashion. The gardens were beautifully laid out, the terraces spacious and well arranged, and for his own special use Rubinstein had a circular tower built where his private apartments and study were fitted up. To this tower only a favored few were ever admitted and no one ever dared enter it in the composer's working hours, for when composing Rubinstein insisted on having absolute freedom from intrusion and absolute quiet.

At Peterhof Rubinstein gave superb receptions and musicales to which the whole Russian court crowded; in fact, the royal princes were frequent partakers of his hospitality. Of late years, as he gave up playing, his large fortune began to disappear and he was forced to retrench in his expenditure, but till the last he kept open house at Peterhof for all his friends.

Shortly after I reached St. Petersburg, which was in the beginning of 1888, I conceived the idea of writing a biography in time for his jubilee, which took place in 1889, and this naturally brought me into closer connection with Rubinstein than ever. For as the materials to hand were scarce and untrustworthy, and the various biographical notices extant utter trash, it needed much grubbing among old Russian papers and manuscripts in the National Library and Conservatoire library at St. Petersburg, and the only one who could at all verify all doubtful accounts was Rubinstein himself. I saw Rubinstein daily, and little by little he began to unfold his ideas on musical subjects, especially on those of "Sacred Opera," "Editions of the Great Masters," "Wagnerian Opera," and of course at his classes in the Conservatoire I was gathering the entire gist of his wonderful ideas with regard to piano playing.

For two years I heard him go seriatim through the entire literature of the piano, and although in the strict sense of the word, Rubinstein was no pedagogue, yet the musical and aesthetic value of his teaching was beyond comparison. He never bothered himself with mechanical details, but in pedalling, tone production and general interpretation, he simply gave us golden advice. He always sat at a second piano in order to give practical illustration of that which he wanted, and it was for this reason specially his lessons were invaluable. No one could mistake his meaning, nor could any but the dullest fail to understand how he got his effects; to imitate was a different thing, for his patience in explanation and illustration was exhaustless.

I can see it all now as I write; the large, low room we were assembled in, the two Becker grands by the window, Rubinstein at one, a pupil at the other. In winter two reading lamps were placed on each of the pianos, and if there was a pause in the music, one could hear a "mouse stirring."

Sometimes Rubinstein would turn round in his chair and explain things. Sometimes he would walk up and down the room raving at pianists in general and particular. Then again he would be in one of his genial humors, and how he would play for us!

Rubinstein could draw sounds from the piano like no other, and his touch was the most caressingly beautiful







A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM C. CARL.



thing imaginable. As I think of it, it seems impossible to realize that the hands and brain which gave us such tone poems are now paralyzed in death.

A great many people have supposed that because I attended to Rubinstein's English and American letters and business that I was his secretary, but such was never the case. In common with other friends, some of whom looked after his French, Italian, Russian or German correspondence and business, I was happy to perform that little service for him with regard to all matter arriving from the States and England. Nothing more.

It is a curious fact that Rubinstein seldom wrote a letter. When away from home he wrote to his wife and mother regularly, but he detested correspondence. To receive and read letters was one of the greatest troubles of his life. I have seen him take long and important business epistles, glance at them, and if they went over a second page in length he was as likely as not to throw them aside, and no power on earth could get him to turn again to them. His hatred of letters and letter writing positively amounted to a mania. Only that in this part of his duty there was always someone to assist him and save him, all of his affairs outside of whatever town he chanced to be residing in would of necessity have gone to rack and ruin.

He had a great big drawer in his writing table, where he threw all correspondence as it happened to come, and at regular intervals, when I was in St. Petersburg, we would dive into this together and carefully destroy everything it contained. Sometimes when at this task I would be horrified to find letters weeks old that should have been answered by me, and which Rubinstein had carelessly thrown there, simply because I was not at his elbow when they arrived. But unreplyed-to letters never troubled him.

"Stupid people! they are terrible bores! Why do they write to me?" Then in what was meant to be an affectionate way he would bring down his hand like a sledge hammer on my shoulder, and say with a smile:

"Mind, Alexander, when you are away from me, never write to me. Whatever you have to say keep it till you see me."

As a composer Rubinstein did not receive from his contemporaries the recognition he deserved, and during the later years of his life he felt this keenly. There is no doubt in his composing he had some great faults. He wrote too hastily and too carelessly, and he was absolutely unable to set himself to the necessary task of taking pains. He wrote as he felt during the moment, and once the fit was off he seemed to tire instantly of what he had written, that is in so far as working at it was concerned. Even in correcting proofs he told me that he had no patience.

"I cannot," he said, "see the faults. I see the music as in my mind's eye, not as it is down on the printed page."

It was torture to Rubinstein to hear his own works. Yet no one ever tried harder to have them succeed. It was his one great, constant desire, but he was lacking in patience and his pride was terrible. He could not stoop to conquer, and he could not hide his feelings, hence his comparative failure. Blunt and square out came his wrath, and as things never go at a rush, with his impatience he always contrived to make all around him nervous.

I remember the first day I was at St. Petersburg there was a terrible row with a tenor of the Imperial Opera—one of the public idols, who was to sing an aria from one of Rubinstein's operas. The tenor was willing, but he could not get the interpretation Rubinstein desired, and I never saw such wrath as Rubinstein's. It was absolutely brutal. It was one of the few occasions on which I have seen him lose absolute control of his temper, and in such moments he was a maniac. One thing, however, was certain, after such outbursts no one was sorrier than he, although he never would allow he had said more than the occasion deserved.

Fascinating as a man, loving and faithful as a friend, great as a composer and unrivaled as an artist, Rubinstein was one of the most interesting personalities of our century. He possessed a certain magnetism for all, even his enemies. He revealed Beethoven; he charmed with Bach; his Mendelssohn and Schubert were full of an exquisite sweetness. Under his fingers every bar of Chopin was a poem, but I think it was in Schumann the full grandeur of his genius was revealed.

As I remember his playing of the "Carnival," the "Études Symphoniques," "Kreisleriana" and the immortal "C Major Fantasia," I feel I must stop. The absolute perfection, the sublime grandeur, the pathos and divine inspiration of his interpretation, all impossible to describe, come back to me on a float of bitter-sweet memory. Those who never heard him cannot realize what his playing was. Those who have know they possess "A joy forever."

He has gone from among us, and not unwillingly. Many times in hours of depression I have heard him express his impatience of death. In the memory and affection of his friends and pupils—who owe him so much, to whom he has been so much—he will live while we live.

ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

**Vienna.**—The "Song to Aegir" has created a furore in Vienna, where it was produced lately by the local singing society.



**Mme. Burmeister.**—Mme. Richard Burmeister appeared last week at the Seventh Peabody Recital in Baltimore, playing the following program:

Pastorale in E minor.....D. Scarlatti  
Carnival scenes, op. 9.....R. Schumann  
Andante con Variazioni in B flat major, Op. 142, No. 3.....Fr. Schubert  
Three Songs, Transcribed for piano by F. Liszt.....  
"Whither."  
"Serenade."  
"Withered Flowers."  
Valse in B flat major.....G. Zichy  
Valse caprice in D flat major, op. 54, No. 1.....J. Raff  
Piano étude in C major, op. 23, No. 2.....A. Rubinstein  
The Baltimore "Morning Herald" among other flattering words says:

Any attempt to detract from the brilliancy of Madame Richard Burmeister's recital yesterday afternoon at the Peabody would be but a gross hypercriticism. She played with that masterly hand and truthful interpretation which only impresses one the more with her ability as the artist that she is.

**Church Choral Society.**—The Church Choral Society announces the dates of the concerts to be given this season. The first afternoon and evening service, December 19 and 20, will take place at the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, and will have for soloists Mrs. Mina Schilling, soprano; Miss Alice Mandelick, contralto; Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, tenor, and Dr. Carl Martin, basso. The following is the program:

Fugue in A minor.....Bach  
Orchestra and organ.  
"Judgment Hymn".....Martin Luther  
Congregation, chorus, orchestra and organ.  
Requiem Mass.....Mozart  
Quartet, chorus, orchestra and organ.  
"The Cradle of Christ".....J. F. Bridge  
(First time in New York.)  
Solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ  
The Thirteenth Psalm.....Liszt  
Tenor solo, chorus and orchestra.

**Mr. Carl's Recitals.**—The fifth of Mr. Carl's recitals at the First Presbyterian Church will be given next Monday, December 10, at 4 o'clock, with the following program:

Fantasia, Variationen und Fugue (new).....Fritz Kauffmann  
"L'adieu des Bergers" ("L'enfance du Christ").....Hector Berlioz  
"In the Garden" ("Wedding Symphony").....Carl Goldmark  
Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....J. S. Bach  
Aria, "Let the Bright Seraphims" ("Samson").....G. F. Handel  
Mme. Ogden Crane.  
"Marche des Rois Mages" (the sustained high note suggests the guiding star).....Th. Dubois  
Minuetto, in F major (new).....Aloys Clausmann  
Christmas Musette (new).....Alphonse Maillay  
"Noël Espagnole".....Alexandre Guilmant  
Aria, "Pensée d'Automne".....Jules Massenet  
Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer.  
Fantasia on an ancient Noël.....Baron F. de la Tombelle

The twenty-fifth recital by Mr. Carl in this church will be given December 17, and will be the last of the present series.

**New York Trio Club.**—The New York Trio Club—Paolo Gallico, piano; Jan Koert, violin; H. Kronold, cello, assisted by Mr. Albert G. Thies—will give a concert at the Hall of the New York College of Music Friday, December 7, at 8:30 P. M. J. Danielson will be the accompanist. The program follows:

Trio, F major, op. 6.....Waldemar Bargiel  
Violoncello solos—  
Sarabande.....D. Popper  
Gavotte et Pastorale.....  
Mr. Kronold.  
Songs—  
"Du bist wie eine Blume".....  
"Wenn ich in deine Augen seh".....R. Schumann  
"Ich grolle nicht."  
Mr. Albert G. Thies.

Sonata, for piano and violin, op. 47.....L. v. Beethoven  
(Dedicated to Kreutzer.)  
Messrs. Gallico and Koert.

**W. Elliott Haslam.**—The latest addition to the faculty of the National Conservatory of Music is Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, who has been engaged as professor of singing and under whose direction the oratorio class and the class for unaccompanied choral singing have been placed. It is the intention of the directory of the conservatory to present Gounod's "Filiae Jerusalem" by the students in this latter department at a public performance during the spring.

**Mrs. Paur's Recital.**—Mme. Paur, the wife of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's conductor, will give a piano recital in Historical Hall, Brooklyn, on Friday evening. The program will be made up of compositions by Beet-

hoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Rubinstein, Liszt and Paur.

**The Boston Symphony Orchestra.**—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, accompanied by Mr. César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, will give its second concert at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening. The program is as follows:

Symphony in A, No. 7.....Beethoven  
Adagio from concerto for violin in G minor.....Bruch  
Concerto for violin.....Paganini  
Overture, "Die verkaufte Braut".....Smetana  
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bisetti  
Symphonic poem, "Les Préludes".....Liszt

**Opera in Jacksonville, Ill.**—There was given recently at Jacksonville, Ill., an amateur performance of "Gany-mede," an opera by Mrs. Stello Prince-Stocker, which, under her direction and with nearly 150 auxiliaries, was, according to the local accounts, very successful.

**"The Creation."**—Haydn's "Creation," almost as fresh as it was nearly 100 years ago, was sung by the Oratorio Society last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Carnegie Music Hall.

The society was in the best of form and sang with power and precision. Lillian Blauvelt sang charmingly, while C. H. Clarke and Emil Fischer were both effective. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted, as he always does choral work, in a masterly manner.

**A Perabo Arrangement.**—Miles & Thompson, Boston, have just published the andante and the scherzo from Volkmann's D minor symphony, arranged by Ernest Perabo.

**Beresford Engaged.**—Mr. Arthur Beresford has been engaged by Mr. Damrosch to sing in two of the concerts of the New York Oratorio Society in April, when the "Passion" music will be given. Mr. Beresford will sing the principal part. He has also been engaged by George Henschel to sing the same parts in London.

**Ethelbert Nevin.**—A piano recital will be given by Ethelbert Nevin at Chamber Music Hall this afternoon. Mrs. Julie L. Wyman will assist and will sing songs by Tchaikowsky and Lenepveu and also three by Mr. Nevin. He will be heard in a long program, in which a number of his own compositions are interspersed among numbers by Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein.

**Theodor Salmon.**—Theodor Salmon, the Pittsburg pianist, gave his second concert of a series announced for the winter last Thursday evening, to a large and fashionable audience. Following is the interesting program:

Ballade, op. 47.....Chopin  
Fantaisie Impromptu, op. 66.....  
Étude, op. 25, No. 2.....  
Tarantella, op. 43.....  
Mr. Theodor Salmon.  
Arie, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod  
Mrs. Elisabeth Mathews.  
Souvenir de Haydn.....Leonard  
Miss Sybil Gow.  
"Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel".....Waller  
Miss Mary B. Kier.  
"At the Spring".....Joseffy  
Musical Moment.....Schubert  
Polonaise, op. 17.....Moszkowski  
Valse, Lente.....Delibes  
Mr. Salmon.  
Capriccio Brillante, op. 38.....Mendelssohn  
Miss Lilian Smith.  
Orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Mr. Salmon.  
"Doris".....Nevin  
Mrs. Mathews.  
Violin obligato, Miss Gow.  
Mazurka Caprice.....Allen  
Miss Gow.  
Millaire "Huguenots".....Anon.  
"Her Name".....Miss Kier.  
Invitation à la Valse (two pianos).....Weber  
Miss Grace Medbury, Mr. Salmon.

**Anna Spanuth at Steinway Hall.**—Mrs. Anna Spanuth, mezzo-soprano, will give a concert at Steinway Hall Friday, December 7, when she will have the aid of Xaver Scharwenka and Anton Hegner. Mr. H. Wetzler will be accompanist. This is to be the program:

Sonata for piano and 'cello, D major.....Rubinstein  
Mr. Xaver Scharwenka and Mr. Anton Hegner.  
"Er ist gekommen".....Franz  
"Since We Met".....Rubinstein  
Mrs. Anna Spanuth.  
Carnaval, op. 9, scènes mignonnes.....Schumann  
Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.  
"Ich thörich' Kind".....Scharwenka  
"Träume".....Wagner  
Mrs. Anna Spanuth.  
"Longing".....  
"Gavotte" (first time).....Anton Hegner  
À la Tarantella.....  
Mr. Anton Hegner.  
"Du bist die Ruh'".....Schubert  
"Zwischen uns ist nichts geschehen".....Zaroczycki  
Miss Anna Spanuth.  
"Le rossignol".....Liszt  
Spanisches Ständchen.....Scharwenka  
Valse.....  
Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.

**Beaver, Pa.**—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at College Hall, Beaver, Pa., last Wednesday, at which Eugene C. Heffley, F. J. Bussman and the Misses

Edith Winn and Marie Burt were the principals. This was the program:

Theme and Variations, op. 34.....	Beethoven
Song, "Look in Mine Eyes".....	Mr. Eugene C. Heffley.
Violin solo, "Sixth Air and Var".....	Ivan Caryll
Reading, "Annie Laurie".....	Mr. F. J. Bussman.
Sonnet, op. 13.....	Miss Edith Winn.
"Homage to Rubinstein," op. 38.....	Elizabeth S. Phelps
Cavatina from suite, op. 91.....	Miss Marie Burt.
Song, "Queen of Earth".....	Ad. M. Foerster
Lyrical Pieces, op. 54.....	Mr. Heffley.
Song, "The Flower Girl".....	Mr. Bussman.
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 14.....	Civo Pinsuth
	Mr. Heffley.
	Mr. Bussman.
	Grieg
	Bevignani
	Liszt
	Mr. Heffley.

**De Pauw University.**—The DePauw School of Music in Greencastle, Ind., enjoyed an interesting Chopin evening given by Walter Howe Jones, Tuesday, November 20. He opened with a sketch of the composer's life and works and the following program followed:

Fantaisie, F minor.....	Op. 49
Etude, G flat major.....	Op. 25, No. 9
Etude, C minor.....	Op. 10, No. 12
Nocturne, G minor.....	Op. 37, No. 2
Nocturne, B major.....	Op. 37, No. 2
Scherzo, B flat minor.....	Op. 31
Berceuse, D flat major.....	Op. 57
Fantaisie Impromptu, C sharp minor.....	Op. 66
Grande Valse, A flat major.....	Op. 42
Mazurka, F minor.....	Op. 7, No. 3
Andante Spianato and Polonaise.....	Op. 22

**Three Organ Recitals.**—Will C. Macfarlane, the organist, gave an organ recital at All Souls' Church yesterday and will give others December 11 and 18. The seats are free. The program of the first concert was:

Prelude and Fugue in B minor.....	J. S. Bach
Andante, clock movement.....	Haydn
Sonata, in E minor, op. 23.....	F. de la Tombelle
Melody.....	
Offertoire.....	King Hall
Canzone.....	
Allegro Scherzando.....	Otto Dienel
Prière.....	S. Rousseau
Melodie.....	
Toccata, in A flat, op. 85.....	A. Hesse

**The Musical Art Society.**—At the first concert of the Musical Art Society, of New York, December 22, Ysaye will play compositions of the old Italian masters and the "Chaconne" by Bach.

**A Wilson G. Smith Concert.**—A piano and song recital was given November 24 by Wilson G. Smith assisted by his pupils at Association Hall, Cleveland, Ohio. The program was as follows:

Introduction and valse.....	Von Wilm
	(Two pianos.)
	Miss Humphrey and Miss Hart.
Duets—	
"How Sweet to Love".....	Gregh
"Tuscan Song".....	Carracido
	Mrs. Rouse and Miss Cohen.
Ballade, op. 47.....	Chopin
Staccato étude, op. 23.....	Rubinstein
Valse caprice.....	Slunicko
	Miss Fannie Humphrey.
Song.....	
"Magic Flute" fantasia.....	Lysberg
	(Two pianos.)
	Mr. Smith and Miss Hart.
"Love Sonnet".....	Wilson G. Smith
"Fragment du Ballet".....	
Liebestraum.....	Liszt
"Faust" Valse.....	
	Miss Louise Hart.
Song, "For the Sake of the Past".....	Mattai
	Miss Sarah Cohen.
"Invitation to Dance".....	Von Weber
	(Two pianos.)
	Miss Hart and Miss Humphrey.
Songs—	
"Could I—"	Tosti
"Polish Song".....	Hollaender
"Russian Song".....	
"If I but knew—"	Wilson G. Smith
	Mrs. B. L. Rouse.
Variations for two pianos.....	Sinding
	Mr. Smith and Miss Hart.

**Paris.**—Materna sang recently at the Cirque d'Été "Adriana's" aria from "Rienzi" and "Isolde's Liebestod" in the German language. The program contained only German compositions—"Jupiter Symphony," Mozart; prelude to "Hänsel und Gretel," "Overture Sappho," Goldmark, and Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch."

**Haydn's 'Cello Concerto.**—The new violoncello concerto attributed to Haydn, which Herr Popper will play for the first time in public at the London Crystal Palace on December 1, was scored by himself last summer. The solo part was presented to him by a rich amateur while he was 'cellist in the Vienna opera orchestra twenty-five years ago, but neither the score nor parts could be discovered. Haydn is known to have written six 'cello concertos between 1790-90, but this is altogether a new one.



## UTICA.

UTICA, N. Y., November 18, 1894.

**LAST Sunday evening St. John's Roman Catholic Church** was crowded with people to hear the musical portion of the Vesper service, which was the composition of the clever young organist, Mr. George E. Fischer. It was arranged for stringed orchestral accompaniment as well as organ, and was sung by a mixed choir with good solo voices.

The Y. M. C. A. gave a creditable entertainment—the second of their regular course—last Friday evening. The Cecelian Quartet and Charles T. Grille, humorist, appeared.

The artistic event of the week was the professional début of Miss Rockwood as a recitationist last Friday evening in Recital Hall at the Utica School of Music. The following was the program:

"The Ladies of St. James".....	Dobson
"J'wonnny, git out".....	Anon
	Miss Rockwood.
Impromptu, op. 36.....	Chopin
	Mr. N. Irving Hyatt.
"Infélice" ("Ernani").....	Verdi
	Mr. James P. Larkin.
"Morceau de Salon".....	Vieuxtemps
	Miss Bertha Bucklin.
"Pro Patria et Gloria".....	Baker
"A Newport Idyl".....	Perry
	Miss Rockwood.
"My heart at thy sweet voice".....	Saint-Saëns
	Mrs. A. D. Chase.
Sonata for violin and piano.....	Hyatt
	Miss Bucklin and Mr. Hyatt.
Scene from "Ingomar".....	Lovell
	Miss Rockwood and Mr. Larkin.

Miss Rockwood's efforts won many compliments. Mrs. Chase, an amateur soprano, phrased the Saint-Saëns selection like an artist. Mr. Larkin won instant recognition as the possessor of an unusually even, well placed and smoothly managed natural voice of heavy baritone quality. Miss Bucklin and Mr. N. Irving Hyatt's contributions were greatly enjoyed. The former's violin playing was simply irresistible. She aroused her audience to great enthusiasm. In Mr. Hyatt's sonata both artists were heard at their best. Miss Merwin and Mr. George E. Fischer artistically accompanied the vocalists.

CAROLINE WASHBURN ROCKWOOD.

## TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, Ohio, November 17, 1894.

**THERE** has been during the past four weeks a revival musical in Toledo. Many clubs of the highest order have reorganized, and it will be a brilliant season.

The New York Philharmonic Club at the National Union Auditorium, November 2, was a treat. Miss Clara Henley was enthusiastically received and found a warm place in the hearts of her audience. Mr. Henri Haagman's 'cello solo, "Elfenfant," by Popper, was sufficient proof of his brilliancy. The violin playing of Mr. Sol Marcossos was excellent, and Mr. Eugene Weiner's flute playing won long applause.

John Philip Sousa's famous concert band at Memorial Hall, November 5, delighted a large audience. The work of every artist was of the highest order.

The success of the seventh concert of the Eurydice Club was remarkable. The club, directed by Mrs. Helen Beach-Jones, was assisted by William F. Dewey, tenor; Mr. W. A. Willette, baritone, and Mr. Theodore Ecker, accompanist. Miss Irene Fuller's pretty contralto voice was heard with much pleasure, and the trio by the Misses Wheeler, Pratt and Mrs. Colburn was a pronounced success. Miss Zorah Wheeler sang beautifully. Miss Eugenia Baldwin, who recently arrived home from Chicago, was enthusiastically greeted. She has a beautiful soprano voice, and her phrasing and method are very effective. The concert ended with Delibes' "Glide On Swiftly, My Light Sleigh," given by the Eurydice Club.

Miss Anna Bernn, who has been studying in Vienna, with Gruenfeld, has returned and has reopened her studio on Huron street. She will give many musicales this winter, and her plans for the season are anticipated with pleasure.

A delightful piano recital was given last Wednesday by Miss Nellie Cook and her pupils. An excellent program was artistically presented, showing the great progress of the class.

An artistic musical event was the meeting of the Chopin Society last Thursday at Mrs. Rose Clouse-Lewis' studio. The new members in the society are Mrs. Harry Breckenridge, Mrs. C. L. Hyde, Miss Nellie Peters, Miss Myrtle Smith and Miss Gertrude Bateman.

The second season of the Elvin Singer Operatic Club has opened, and the success of the organization is assured. The programs will be specially interesting, as much time will be devoted to solo work—selections from the operas of Wagner, Weber, Mozart, Gounod, Verdi, Beethoven, Rossini and others. Anton Seidl and his orchestra will be greeted with a crowded house November 23. The appearance of Julie L. Wyman, contralto, and Campanari, baritone, are musical attractions of unusual interest.

A Toledo pianist of great promise is Miss Carrie L. Whiting,

daughter of the vocal instructor, Mr. Amos Whiting. Her music is played with brilliancy and effect, and her graceful execution is always faithful to the idea and note of the composer. Miss Whiting excels as an accompanist, and has risen into high popularity.

The first Apollo Club concert of the season is announced for December 21, when an attractive program will be presented. The club will be assisted by Mrs. Genevra Johnston-Bishop, soprano, of Chicago, and Mrs. Leonore Sherwood Marble, contralto, of New York.

ANNA M. NELSON LADENE.

## MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Que., November 16, 1894.

**ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM** gave two recitals, one in Windsor Hall last Tuesday night and the other Wednesday afternoon in the Assembly Hall, to most appreciative and critical audiences. The programs were well selected. Mr. Friedheim met many admirers of his art when he was here last season with the Philharmonic Society. This time, too, his success was gratifying. He handled his selections with mathematical fidelity, and after each number received a hearty encore. As an interpreter of Liszt's music he is one of the best we have heard here yet. The concerts were under the management of Mrs. Page-Thrower. Mr. Friedheim by request will give another recital to-morrow night in the Academy of Music.

The management of the Theatre Français attempted to present Thomas' "Mignon" last Thursday evening, but the company is not capable of such work. The performance was by no means satisfactory. The business was far better than the singing. The orchestra, which did excellent work, was led by M. Dorel.

The Melba Concert Company was to appear on November 15, but Mrs. Thomas, manager of the Academy of Music, received a telegram informing her that Madame Melba had contracted a cold and was unable to appear.

The Montreal Amateur Operatic Club held a preliminary rehearsal of "Iolanthe" last Wednesday evening, and a rehearsal of the lady members of the chorus will be held next Wednesday. The club has succeeded in again securing the services of Mr. W. F. Rochester, of New York, as stage manager, and he will spend a month in Montreal supervising the production. Mr. Rochester is now superintending an amateur operatic operation in Minneapolis. The cast of "Iolanthe" is now nearly complete. Miss Dora Virtue has accepted the part of "Iolanthe," and the parts of "Lord Mount Ararat" and "Lord Toloer" will be taken by Messrs. Ricketts and H. H. Jackson.

It begins to look as though some of the members of the Mendelssohn Choir would organize another musical society. If the scheme under consideration succeeds an organization of a semi-private character for the study of choral music will be effected, but no concerts will be given. It is believed that Mr. Gould may be induced to accept the position of conductor.

It is expected that one of the results of the establishment of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra will be the addition to the city's musical talent of several reed instrumentalists, the absence of whom has a long time been felt. The existing professional engagements do not offer sufficient inducements to such musicians to come here, but with a flourishing professional orchestra it is believed that they would come.

H. B. COHN.

## TROY.

TROY, November 22, 1894.

**THE** musical events of importance last week included a fine organ recital and a very good concert. The recital was given Monday night at the Seminary Conservatory of Music and was the first event of note held in that beautiful building. The event was for the purpose of exhibiting the new organ recently put in by the Hutchings people, and it was very successful.

Admirable taste has been used in selecting a teacher for the pupils of the conservatory, the choice having fallen to Miss Clara Stearns, organist of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Troy. She is doubtless one of the best performers in Northern New York. Her numbers were artistically interpreted.

Miss Stearns was assisted by Mrs. M. Delaney, soprano, of Schenectady, and by Messrs. W. S. Kennedy, organist; W. J. Holding, violinist, and E. S. Thornton, cellist. Mrs. Delaney has a pure voice of good quality, and is under excellent instruction. More will be heard of her later.

The three gentlemen named above gave a trio for organ, violin and 'cello from a suite by Josef Rheinberger, giving the andante and sarabande finely. More of these musicales will be held during the winter. The following was the program for Monday evening:

Organ solo, "Toccata".....	Dubois
	Miss Clara Stearns.
Aria from "Mignon," "Non conosci il bel suol".....	A. Thomas
	Mrs. M. Delaney.
Trio for organ, violin and 'cello.....	Josef Rheinberger
	Andante, with variations.
Sarabande.....	
	Messrs. Kennedy, Holding and Thornton.
Organ solo, "Cantilena".....	Grisson
	Miss Clara Stearns.
"At the Fountain".....	A. Adams
"O Fair, O Sweet and Holy".....	E. Cantor
	Mrs. M. Delaney.
Organ solos—	
Capriccio.....	Lemaigre
Grand chorus.....	Salomé
	Miss Clara Stearns.

Last night the annual concert of the Troy City Band, an excellent local organization was given. The regular organization numbers about twenty-eight men, but it was augmented by assistants to the number of forty musicians. The concert was given at Rand's Opera House, and was very entertaining. The



organization, although a brass band, gave an orchestral concert the numbers of which were given with care and precision, and would have reflected credit on a more famous organization. Mr. Nelson D. Ross was the leader and to him much credit for the success of the affair is due. The assisting soloists were Miss Myrta French, soprano; Miss May Lisle Smith, flutist, both of New York, and Mr. Frank A. Raia, harpist, of Boston.

Miss French has a superb execution, is gifted with a true ear and renders her selections very artistically. Miss Smith's work last night fully sustained her high reputation.

The work of Mr. Raia on the harp furnished a great deal of enjoyment. His fingering was on a par with that of the most noted harpists ever heard here. The program follows:

Overture, "Ruy Blas".....	Mendelssohn
Orchestra.	
"Shadow Song," from "Dinorah".....	Meyerbeer
Miss French.	
"La Cascada".....	Oberthur
Mr. Raia.	
Concertstücke, op. 198.....	Popp
Miss Smith.	
Symphony in B minor (unfinished).....	Schubert
Allegro moderato.	
Andante con moto.	
Orchestra.	
"Waltz Song," from "Romeo and Juliette".....	Gounod
Miss French.	
Barcarolle, "A Night in Lisbon".....	Saint-Saëns
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin".....	Wagner
Orchestra and harp.	
Flute solo, "Favorite de Vienne" (by request).....	Terschak
Miss Smith.	
Madrigal.....	Chaminade
"Bonjour Luzon".....	Faure
"Happy Days".....	Strelezki
(Violin obligato by Mr. Emile Possett.)	
Miss French.	
"A Hunt in the Black Forest" (descriptive).....	Voelker

C. A. Stein, as usual, played the accompaniments artistically. The concert was probably the last important musical event Troy will be favored with until January, as the Seidl concert date has been cancelled.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

TROY, N. Y., November 15, 1894.

The concert of the Troy Choral Club last night at Music Hall was the first of this popular organization's fourth season, and like its predecessors was a very enjoyable treat. A charming program had been arranged by Conductor C. A. White, and the club sang as one individual. The numbers did not appeal to the popular taste, but the most uninitiated could readily see that the work was excellent and applauded accordingly. Among the selections was "Thine Eyes so Bright," by Leslie, a madrigal for six parts, that gained first prize at the Bristol Madrigal Society in 1893, and it is doubtful if it was sung better at that event than at last night's concert. The club also gave with good effect "Now in the Month of Maying," a madrigal for five parts, by Thos. Morley, and "When Spring Begins," by Mackenzie. The female chorus gave "St. John's Eve," by Chaminade, remarkably well, the effect being greatly enhanced by the singing of Mrs. W. B. Wilson, who gave the incidental solo. The male chorus was also heard in "My Valentine," by H. W. Parker.

A fortunate choice was made in selecting assisting artists for the event; they included Miss Bertha Bucklin, violinist, of Little Falls; Miss Clara Stearns, organist, of Troy, and Herr Max Heinrich, baritone, of New York.

Miss Stearns was the first of the artists introduced and gave the "Grand Solemn March," by Smart, with fine effect. She also played later a scherzo by Le Maigre.

Miss Bucklin has appeared in Troy at three different concerts, and her success is always pronounced. She is a violinist of ability, and her work that of a true artist. Last night she gave the first movement of a sonata for violin and piano, by N. Irving Hyatt, and also "Morceau de Salon," by Vieuxtemps.

A vocalist, who was also a novelty to Trojans, is Herr Heinrich. His beautiful baritone voice brought him at once into popular favor. He appeared on the program three times, giving eleven songs, and that not being sufficient the audience recalled him twice. The accompaniments were as usual played by Mr. C. A. Stein.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

## PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Ore., November 20, 1894.

THE first of the Klingenberg-Coursen recitals was given October 31 at Arion Hall. The artists were Mr. Alf. Klingenberg, piano; Mr. Edgar E. Coursen, violin; Mrs. Walter Reed, contralto, and Mr. Francisco Bracamonte, cello.

The program:

Sonata for piano and violin, op. 24, in F.....	Beethoven
Vocal soli—	
"Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me".....	Rubinstein
"Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower".....	
Mrs. Walter Reed.	
Piano soli—	
"Spring Song".....	Grieg
Polonaise in E.....	Liszt
Vocal soli—	
"Sleep, Little Tulip".....	Nevin
"Dites Moi".....	
Trio for piano, violin and cello, op. 100, in E flat.....	Schubert
November 1 the Arion Verein gave its opening concert, at which Mr. Paul Egry, solo violinist, made his first appearance in concert in this city before a delighted audience. The musical director was H. Saro. The soloists were Mrs. Walter Reed, alto; Paul Egry, violin, and Alf. Klingenberg, piano.	
The following works were sung by the society: "Studenten Nachtgesang," by Fischer; "Waldeinsamkeit," by Pache; "Der Kamerad," by Claasen, and "Das deutsche Lied," by Schneider.	
Paul Egry played a violin solo of his own composition, entitled	

"Hungarian Fantasie," and "Romanza Andalusia," by Sarasate. Mrs. Reed sang "My Native Land," by Mattei, and "Cuban Hammock Song," by Paladilhe. Alf. Klingenberg gave for piano numbers "Norwegian Bridal Procession," by Grieg, and "Valse," by Raff.

November 2 Miss May Cook gave a piano recital. This was her first appearance since her return from abroad. Her many friends present were not disappointed in her performance, and felt satisfied that Miss Cook had made the best of her time under the instruction of the noted Klindworth.

We have the promise of a fine rendition of "The Messiah." The soloists are to be Miss Rose Block, late of Vienna; Mrs. Walter Reed, Mr. E. C. Masten and Mr. Paul Wessinger. The chorus will number about 100, and is composed of the best voices in the city. It will be under the able direction of W. H. Boyer.

EMILE FRANCIS BAUER.

## NORTH ADAMS.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., November 16, 1894.

THE first concert of the Music Festival Association, of which Geo. A. Mietzke is director, was given this evening in the Columbia Opera House before a large audience. W. H. Rieger, of New York, was the star attraction; he was heard in the aria from "Herodiade," new songs by Schnecker and Bissell, in a trio from "Ernani" and in Barnby's "King all glorious." His success was most emphatic.

Mrs. Eulie G. Rushmore, elocutionist, of Troy, made her initial bow in Berkshire County on this occasion and scored a triumph.

The chorus of 150 voices sang splendidly, shaded well, rang out with volume where passages demanded, and their attack was excellent.

Director Mietzke deserves great credit for his work in this vicinity. A grand music festival, under his direction, will be given herein April.

X. Y. Z.

## ANN ARBOR.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., November 24, 1894.

THE University School of Music, under A. A. Stanley, and including in its corps of instructors Alberto Jonas, the pianist; Mr. Gardner S. Lamson and Mr. Herman Zeitz, many years the pupil of the greatest violinists in Berlin, and the University Musical Society, give two fine series of concerts each season. The first, the faculty concerts of the School of Music, are chamber concerts of the highest grade; the second, the Choral Union series, presents great attractions like Theodore Thomas' Orchestra and organizations of the best quality. Several concerts have been given in the first series.

The initial concert of the second series was given November 19 by the Chicago Orchestra, under the lead of Theodore Thomas. The program follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....	Weber
Symphony No. 5, E minor, op. 95 (new).....	Dvorák
(From the New World.)	
Elegie.....	
Theme and variations.....	Op. 55.....Tschaiowsky
Finale (Polacca).....	
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
"Waldweben".....	Wagner
"Ride of the Walkyries".....	Wagner
Mr. Lamson's recital was a great artistic success. The Columbian organ has been placed in University Hall, and will be dedicated December 17.	

## CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, November 23, 1894.

IN assuming the duties of a correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER I beg leave to assure its many readers, as well as the musical profession of Cleveland, that I purpose making my weekly communications a true and faithful mirror of the extensive and varied musical life of this great city on Lake Erie. My communications will be signed "Von Eschenbach," for the following reasons: First, because of an aversion to seeing my name so frequently in print; second, because I used this "nom de plume" while transatlantic correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER in 1892 and 1893, and third, because to a musician my identity is obvious. I hope to make my correspondence a lever to promote the highest musical culture in Cleveland, to stimulate fraternal regard between the members of the profession, and to make THE MUSICAL COURIER extend its beneficent influence to the entire profession of Cleveland. The work of the different music schools, choirs, vocal societies and clubs, as well as the work of individual artists and teachers, will receive due attention.

About 300 music teachers exist in Cleveland, and I trust the work of at least fifty will not need to be considered as beneath notice. Those who desire to aid me in this task are kindly solicited to address invitations, programs, &c., to "Von Eschenbach," care of Cleveland School and College of Music, 701 the Arcade.

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The following recital was given the evening of November 15, by Miss Gertrude Hunt, assisted by the vocalist W. C. Howell: Concerto, G minor.....Saint-Saëns

Andante sostenuto.	
Scherzo.	
Presto.	
"Creole Lover's Song".....	Dudley Buck
Legende.....	Paderewski
Valse Expressive.....	Bernberg
"Hexentanz".....	MacDowell
Nocturne.....	Chopin
Impromptu.....	Chopin
Staccato Etude.....	Rubinstein
"Fleeting Vision" ("Herodiade").....	Massenet
Polonaise in E.....	Liszt
It requires more than ordinary musicianship to play such a program. Miss Hunt evinced a technical mastery and a truly virile	

conception worthy of the highest praise. Her work reflects much credit upon her tutor, Meister I. H. Rogers. Mr. W. C. Howell, a basso profundo, and one of the most successful instructors in Cleveland, interpreted the selections of Buck and Massenet to the delight of the large audience.

A most interesting concert took place at the Cleveland School and College of Music the evening of November 15. Here is the program:

"Une fleur Animée".....	Mayer
Miss Lillian Koch.	
"Sunset".....	Dudley Buck
Miss Rose Wiedman.	
Impromptu in A.....	Chopin
Fantasia, Impromptu in C sharp minor.....	
Miss Helen Blackmer.	
Barcarolle in F.....	Rubinstein
Miss Edith Lehman.	
"Exaltation".....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Miss Jennie French.	
"Bella Si come un Angelo" ("Don Pasquale").....	Donizetti
Mr. Alfred Franklin Arthur.	
"Polacca Brillante".....	Von Weber
Miss Jessica Phelps.	
Recitative, "For behold darkness" ("Messiah").....	Händel
Aria, "The people that walked in darkness".....	
Mr. Gay C. Donaldson.	
Trio, Serenade, op. 60 (violin, viola, piano).....	Kuffner
Mr. Walter G. Logan, Mr. Henry Miller, Miss Glenna Ward.	
"Ask What Thou Wilt".....	Lohr
Miss Louise Stubbs.	
Nocturne.....	Brassin
Miss Bell Fauss.	
"A Love Song".....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Mrs. W. W. Hazzard.	
"Invitation to the Dance" (two pianos).....	Von Weber
Miss Louise Hart and Miss Fannie Humphrey.	
"Nymphs and Fauns".....	Bernberg
Miss Josephine Dorland.	
"Siegmond's Love Song" ("Die Walküre").....	Wagner
Mr. G. W. Jenkins.	
"Norwegian Bridal Procession".....	Grieg
Miss Florence Braukman.	

The Cleveland Gesangverein November 13 celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its existence by a grand concert, under the direction of that sterling musician, Emil Ring, and with the assistance of the soloists Mrs. S. C. Ford, Herr Paul Sylla, Herr G. Bernicke and the orchestra. Here is the program:

"Der Brunnen Wunderbar".....	Franz Abt
Männerchor, bariton solo.....	
Herr Chas. Zurlinden und orchester.	
MANASSE.	
Dramatisches Gedicht von Joseph Victor Wildman	
In Musik gesetzt von	
FRIEDRICH HEGAR.	
(geb. 11 October 1841 in Basel; lebt in Zürich.)	

Your correspondent was not present at this concert, but according to the enthusiastic criticisms of our daily papers it was a grand success.

November 6 the Sousa Band concert was given. One of the numbers of the program was the "Cleveland Gesangverein March," by Wm. S. Votteler, of our city. Sousa, with his well-known tact, invited the young composer to wield the baton. Votteler acquitted himself splendidly. The march in question is well written and rhythmically stirring, and bids fair to make a Radetzky tour around the world.

Woe to the Chinese if the Japanese get hold of the march! Max Droge, the illustrious cellist, and Henry Kroesen, one of Cleveland's best pianists, have announced pupils' recitals.

The Singers' Club concert, under the direction of Mr. Ellinwood, was given November 22. The society was assisted by Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago. The daily press speaks laudably of it. I append the program:

"The Rhine and the Moselle".....	Ethelbert Nevin
"Clouds".....	Frederick Schilling
"Sunshine".....	The Club.
"Ah! Perfido".....	Beethoven
Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.	
"Gypsy Love".....	Arnold Krug
The Club.	
"In Picardie".....	Geo. L. Osgood
The Club.	
"He Loves Me, Loves Me Not".....	Mascagni
"Sehnsucht".....	Carl Bohm
"Loreley".....	Franz Liszt
Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop.	
"Becalmed at Sea".....	Anton Rubinstein
"Prosperous Voyage".....	The Club.
Aria ("Samson et Delilah").....	Saint-Saëns
Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop.	
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind".....	W. H. Parker
The Club.	

Mr. Frank Bassett, one of the directors of the Cleveland Conservatory of Music, has returned from Europe.

Mme. von Freilich, a prominent vocal instructor, of Cleveland, recently left for Europe, where she will remain six months. Johann H. Beck, the distinguished composer and violinist, has appeared repeatedly and successfully as soloist during the past month.

A new church organ will be dedicated by Clarence Eddy Saturday evening, November 24, at the Pilgrim Church, on Jennings avenue. The Sunday service will be conducted by Mr. Alfred Arthur, with Miss Hunt as organist. A grand musical treat will be the result. I shall give particulars next week.

The Fortnightly Club, composed of 400 ladies of Cleveland, has announced for the coming week a recital of music of French composers.

The article entitled "Colleges and Conservatories" in THE

MUSICAL COURIER of the 14th inst. has been a subject of considerable discussion in the musical circles of our city. The plea of THE MUSICAL COURIER that every college or conservatory ought to be an institution with a defined status has been in a great measure anticipated by Mr. Alfred Arthur, director of the Cleveland School and College of Music, as the following clipping from the school prospectus will illustrate:

The review of the past inspires us with courage to undertake the solution of higher art problems and of adding an academic department to the present music school, under the name of the Cleveland College of Music. In the general music school theselection of the studies is optional, in the academic department the studies are prescribed and obligatory. This course proposes to bestow upon students a superior education—to equip them as artists, teachers or ideal amateurs.

Certificates.—Certificates are conferred on vocal and instrumental students who have studied at least one year in the school and have reached the third grade of study; fee, \$1. Diplomas will be conferred on students in the academic department who have pursued the prescribed course. It is required that an entire program of standard music shall be interpreted during the last term of the senior year. Fee, \$5.

In addition to the study of the voice or some special instrument the prescribed studies are as follows: Theory, harmony, counterpoint and free composition, history and aesthetics of music, academic choir.

All graduates in singing and violin must have mastered the piano course as far as the third grade, to enable them to play accompaniments and to pursue higher theoretical studies. Theory when mastered is dropped for harmony, and the latter in turn for counterpoint and composition.

To this I may add that leading teachers from other large cities will be present during the annual examinations.

VON ESCHENBACH.

### "America."

S. G. PRATT'S new allegory "America," or four centuries in music, picture and song, was given under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution before a brilliant audience at Chickering Hall, Saturday, November 24. The music was so arranged as to represent eight epochs in American history, commencing with Columbus and his discovery, and including the Colonial period (the Puritans, the Dutch in Manhattan and the Virginians), "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Struggle for Independence," "Martha Washington's Court Minuet," the war of 1812, and birth of the National Song at the siege of Baltimore, "Some American Folk Songs," the "Civil War" and "Triumphs of Peace." All these were pictorially illustrated with views thrown on a canvas by means of the stereopticon, while the Seidl Orchestra and a military band performed the music under Mr. Pratt's direction. The Euterpe Choral Society and the baritone Mr. W. H. Lee assisted.

It was an uncommon and interesting production, appealing to the eye and ear in a powerful manner. This was evidenced even in the first number, "The Introduction to the Triumph of Columbus," which consists of an invocation, when among other pictures the figure of Columbus kneeling in prayer was shown, the effect upon the audience being most powerful and appropriate. Many views were shown of the sea and caravels. The music of the Colonial time was made interesting by some old Dutch tunes rendered with the quaint instrumentation of that period. But "Paul Revere's Ride" awakened the keenest interest and frequent outbursts of applause greeted the music and pictures in that, as also the following number, "The Struggle for Independence." The sanguinary scenes of the Revolution are given a musical setting of "Yankee Doodle," with a fragment of Beethoven's ninth symphony, a portion of "The Marseillaise" and "Hail Columbia," sometimes so interwoven as to constitute a canon, and then again forming a climax of all the themes simultaneously.

A pleasant contrast was the "Martha Washington Court Minuet" with its stately step and swinging melody. One of the most successful episodes was that introducing the old popular songs of two generations ago. Mr. W. H. Lee, who sang the solos with much taste and feeling, was compelled to respond to an encore. The pathos and patriotism in these selections alone met with a keen appreciation that bodes well for the future of Mr. Pratt's efforts.

Then came the "Battle Fantasia," with orchestra and band representing in music the great civil war: "The Battle Cry of Freedom," mingled with and opposed by "Dixie"; the soldier's dream bringing "Home, Sweet Home," and finally "Maryland, my Maryland," vying with the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Pratt has given this work, as in fact all the numbers, serious thought, and the score commands the respect of all musicians who hear it.

The final number was given with much spirit, and during its performance many very beautiful pictures of the buildings and grounds of the Columbian Exposition were shown, the climax being reached with the celebrated group, "The Triumph of Columbus" and an emblematic picture of the "Arts of Peace." This unique production stirred the large audience at times to tumultuous applause. The combination is rare and Mr. Pratt's long research and fidelity to the subject, no less than the spirit of devotion and patriotism that permeates the work, will, we believe, meet with public favor.

### Some of Mme. d'Arona's Artist Pupils.

MISS COLEVILLE, singing under the name of Mme. Marélli, has just signed a contract in London with Manager Phelps, of Melbourne, Australia, for a tour of the world in grand opera, after having sung continuously all over Europe several years.

She studied with Mme. d'Arona when a chorus girl in the same company where Mme. d'Arona was the prima donna contralto, and Mme. d'Arona procured her engagements in the chorus, and afterward for com-prima aria parts in subsequent engagements through France and Italy. One night in Malta, the prima donna soprano being ill and having notified too late for another opera to be put on, Mme. d'Arona arranged for Miss Coleville to take her place, as she had studied the part and knew it well. Her success was immediate, and she was soon engaged for the Carcano Theatre, in Milan, Italy. Mme. d'Arona had not heard from her in years until last spring, when she gave Mme. d'Arona an account of her continued triumphs, and sent her as a souvenir of her gratitude a dinner and tea set of 200 pieces, hand painted on Limoges china, valued at \$300.

Another artist pupil is August Libermann, leading baritone of the Grand Opera in Berlin, Germany.

Another of Mme. d'Arona's pupils is Miss Minnie Howell (Mme. Hovello), under contract for five years at present at Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

Miss Silvie Riette has just returned from a concert tour through Germany, where she is to return to sing Wagnerian operas after further study with Mme. d'Arona.

Another pupil is Mme. Marie Harison, whose letter dated Toronto, November 22, 1894, encloses a list of fifteen concert engagements, with seven more yet to add, through Canada and the West. The notices of different journals recounting her wonderful success have been copied from time to time in THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Twenty-seven churches in New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey are supplied with soloists from Mme. d'Arona's advanced pupils, and there are five graduated teachers who have passed through the teachers' special course, theoretically and practically, having received diplomas bearing Mme. d'Arona's signature and picture to prevent fraud and imposition.

### Musical Items.

**Amy Fay.**—Amy Fay will give a piano conversation in Providence, R. I., on December 12 by invitation of the Rhode Island Musical Association. The program is as follows:

Grand Sonata, C major, op. 53.....Beethoven  
Allegro con brio—Adagio molto—Rondo.  
Nocturne, G minor, op. 15, No. 3.....Chopin  
Allegro vivace, op. 51.....  
Nocturne.....Paderewski  
Maerchen (Fairy Story).....Raff  
Gnomonreigen (Elfin Dance).....Liszt  
Fantasie, op. 17.....Schumann  
(Last two movements.)

Rigoletto, transcription.....Verdi-Liszt

**Mme. Nordica's Trouble.**—The Seidl Society, Brooklyn, engaged Mme. Nordica to sing at their concert on Monday night. Now it appears that Mr. Grau, of the Metropolitan Opera House, notified the society that owing to the delay in Mme. Nordica's arrival in New York he had found it necessary to cast her for "Mignon" that night.

"It was always understood," Mr. Seidl said, "that opera engagements had the first demand on a singer in all contracts."

The executive committee of the Seidl Society met Monday and decided to hold its concert on the date announced, with a Wagner program.

The committee decided further to retain ex-Corporation Counsel W. C. De Witt to act for the society in relation to Mme. Nordica's alleged violation of her contract to sing at the concert.

**First Stavenhagen Concert.**—Bernhard Stavenhagen, the pianist, and Gerardy, the boy 'cellist, will appear together in concert at Carnegie Music Hall December 12.

**Prague.**—The Bohemian Diet has prolonged the concession of the German Opera House in Prague for another ten years.

**Hamburg.**—Friedrich Smetana's "Two Widows," comic opera, in three acts, has met with decided success in Hamburg.

**Amelia von Ende.**—Mrs. Amelia von Ende's lectures on Musical History, at the Winchell Academy, in Evanston, Ill., followed by musicals, illustrating the music of the respective period, are meeting with great success. Tuesday, November 20, the subject treated was "The Development of Polyphonic Music" and the composers represented on the program were Joh. Seb. Bach, Ph. Em. Bach, Joh. Christian Bach, Graun, Tartini, Arcadelt and Allegri. Tuesday, November 27, the subject was "The Growth of the Opera" and the program consisted of piano, violin and vocal compositions by Gluck, Händel, D. Scarlatti, Padre Martini, Stradella and Pergolesi.

**Chicago's New Concert Company.**—The Chicago Recital Club is a new concert company consisting of W. W. Millener, elocutionist; Mary Weaver, soprano; H. von

Ende, violinist, and Maud Jennings, pianist. At the first concert in Highland Park, Ill., Mr. von Ende played the second mazurka by Wieniawski and Miss Jennings Liszt's "Campanella."

**Reinhold L. Herman.**—Prof. Reinhold L. Herman, the well-known composer and conductor, arrived on the steamship Lahn, Thanksgiving Day, and intends to remain a few months in New York. He has been very successful while abroad. His operas "Vineta," "Lancelot," "Spielmanns Gluck," and "Der Geiger von Gmund," have been performed at the Royal opera houses at Brunswick, Cassel and other cities, and his concerts together with Lili Lehmann, who sang many of Mr. Herman's compositions at Berlin, Breslau and Dresden, have been important events in the musical world of Germany.

It will be remembered that Professor Herman was five years conductor of the German Liederkrantz, where he is immensely popular. He resigned in 1890, when he went to Germany, but has since several times visited New York, where he has a large number of friends and pupils.

**In Memory of Palestrina.**—The various musical organizations of New York, such as the National Conservatory of Music, the Philharmonic Society and the managers of the opera, are now making preparations to be fitly represented at the 300th anniversary of the death of Palestrina, the composer, which is to be commemorated at Rome on December 15. A call for wreaths or other tributes has been sent out by the Duke of Sermoneta and the composer, Giovanni Sgambati, in behalf of the Royal Philharmonical Academy of Rome, in whose Palestrina Hall the ceremony is to be held.

The first to respond to this invitation in America were Antonin Dvorák and Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber, the directors of the National Conservatory in this city. They cabled instructions and funds to their representatives in Rome to provide a wreath decorated with the national colors as a suitable tribute to the memory of Palestrina from his latter day students in America. Through Mrs. Thurber, to whom the proper distribution of the invitation from Rome has been intrusted, similar appeals have been sent to the various directors of musical organizations in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, San Francisco and other cities.

**Frau Materna.**—Frau Materna has announced her retirement next month from the Vienna Opera. A grand farewell performance is to be arranged for her. She has amassed great wealth since 1876, when Bayreuth made her world-famed as a Wagner singer.

**Rothmühl in Stockholm.**—Nicolaus Rothmühl, formerly of the Berlin Royal Opera House, is singing at the Opera House, Stockholm. As "Roul," in the "Huguenots," he was the recipient of many marks of distinction.

**Rosina Penco Is Dead.**—The celebrated prima donna, Rosina Penco, for whom Verdi wrote his "Trovatore," died recently, at the age of seventy-one years, at the seaside resort Porretta, near Bologna. She was born in Genoa.

**From St. Petersburg.**—Anton Rubinstein finished a few days before his death a cantata for the inaugural ceremonies of the new Conservatory; a trilogy, "Cain and Abel," remains unfinished. The studio in which the master worked has been locked and will remain in the same condition in which he left it. Plaster casts have been made of his face and hands.

**Fannie Hirsch.**—Fannie Hirsch has been re-engaged for the Sunday services at the Temple Emanu-El, where she was formerly the first soloist for many years.

**Nice Things About the Powell Quartet.**—The following press criticisms indicate that the Maud Powell Quartet is meeting with gratifying success.

"The quartet is superb. It's the only word that will cover the whole ground."—Scranton "Republican."

"The program was a beautiful one, and was interpreted throughout with a refinement, a smoothness and a depth of feeling that stamp the quartet as one of the most capable in the country."—Wilkesbarre "Record."

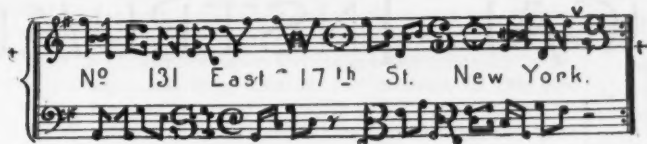
"In the opening number the quartet won favor by its clear, crisp playing as individuals and its excellent ensemble work. Later they contrasted Liszt's "Angelus," with its solemn chimes and organ imitation, with the sprightly canzonetta by Herbert, which latter won an encore. The final number, the Grieg quartet, completed the triumph."—Washington "Post."

**Rubinstein's Children.**—The two children of Anton Rubinstein, a married daughter and a son (another son was buried last year), passed November 22 through Berlin on their way to St. Petersburg from Bologna, where they had intended to spend the winter, and where the news of their father's sudden death reached them November 21.

**Cairo.**—November 26 the opera season was to open in Cairo, Egypt, with the "Huguenots." The repertoire which has been announced includes the operas "Hérodiade," "Cid," "l'Attaque du Moulon," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Aida," "L'Africain," "Jewess," "Hamlet," "Prophet." Besides these there will be given many operettas. The company is composed of a good selection of solo artists, twenty-eight dancers, forty musicians and a chorus of forty.



# WOLFSOHN'S MUSICAL BUREAU ITEMS.



**B**Y special arrangement made with THE MUSICAL COURIER, HENRY WOLFSOHN will have each week a page devoted to matters of interest in the musical world appertaining principally to the artists under his direct management, not however excluding others. This is an important move, as by an agreement with a syndicate of the leading papers in the United States, these notices will be copied simultaneously in the Sunday editions of the large newspapers in all parts of the country, as their musical editors will have THE MUSICAL COURIER sent to them every week, calling special attention to the musical items. They will also be mailed weekly to all the Conductors, Musical Societies and Music Festival Committees. This will afford an opportunity to our best artists to gain publicity in the right direction, these notices being circulated through a news medium having a weekly circulation of over 15,000 copies.

**Melba**, who has created a sensation all over the country while appearing in concerts, appears to be the mainstay of the opera season at the Metropolitan this year. Her success is even greater than last season. Her marvelous voice and her remarkably artistic finish are more admired than ever. It seems as if Mme. Melba is destined to be the bright particular star of this year's opera season. She will be seen later on in new rôles which she will create in this country.

**Wm. H. Rieger**, whose December time is almost filled, will make a short recital tour through the West in January and part of February. He is particularly happy as an interpreter of German songs, and has few equals in oratorio work. He will sing the Passion Music for the Boston Handel and Haydn Society on Good Friday.

**Currie Duke**, the charming young violinist, has returned to the city to fill her numerous engagements. She will play for the Brooklyn Apollo, December 11; the Bankers' Glee Club, December 13; the Mt. Vernon Musical Society, December 14; in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, December 20, and then appear in Boston in a number of important concerts. It seems Miss Duke will take the place of Leonora Von Stosch on the concert stage.

**Victor Herbert**, whose success with his comic opera has been amply chronicled by the numerous dailies, is, nevertheless, actively engaged to fill a large number of engagements as solo 'cellist. He is as popular as ever and this month has booked a large number of concerts. He will be heard in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and in January will be the soloist of the Buffalo Symphony Society.

**Lillian Blauvelt** is overwhelmed with offers for concerts. She appears in twenty-four concerts and song recitals in December, including the New York Philharmonic Society, a number of recitals in St. Paul and Milwaukee, and a number of "Messiah" performances. The Washington "Post" writes about her recent appearance in that city with Anton Seidl's orchestra:

Miss Blauvelt, who is an extremely pretty brunette, gave the mad scene from "Hamlet," by A. Thomas. She possesses a voice of great purity and sweetness, beautifully cultivated, and sings with charming taste and in the most finished manner. She may justly be ranked among the great sopranos of the day. Her triumphs in Paris have been followed by a series of brilliant successes in America. If she

should elect to appear in opera, her success would be phenomenal and assured. It is a long time since a voice of so much purity, compass, and sweetness has been heard in Washington. She was called out four times and received a marked ovation.

**Josef Hollman** will not arrive until the middle of January and will remain here until April. He will only play in twenty concerts, which are mostly booked. He will appear in this city with a number of musical societies and in private musicales.

**Effie Stewart** has received an offer to travel with a large orchestral organization in the spring, which she will very likely accept. She will sing in "The Messiah" performance in Brooklyn Academy of Music under the direction of Arthur Claassen, who is now the musical director of the Brooklyn Choral Society.

**Campanari** made his début last Friday in the Metropolitan Opera House as "Conte di Luna" in Verdi's "Trovatore" and made an immediate hit. Both press and public were alike enthusiastic about his beautiful voice and artistic rendering of the part. It is to be hoped that this fine artist will be heard during the season in more important parts. He will appear with Maurel in the production of "Falstaff."

**Augusta Cottlow's** concert in Chicago will take place this week, and the young pianist will play Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata and the Schumann Quintet, together with the Kunitz String Quartet. The young artist is preparing to leave for Europe early in the spring.

**Ericsen Bushnell** sings to-day in Cleveland the "Damnation of Faust," for which he has been specially engaged. He will sing "The Messiah" in Washington the last week of this month. Mr. Bushnell has also booked a number of concerts through the New England States.

**Charlotte Maconda** had a flattering offer to travel with Herbert's Gilmore Band in the spring, and will very likely accept. She will sing this evening for the Brooklyn Art Society, and the latter part of the month in Albany. In January she will make a short tour, when she will sing in Toronto, Buffalo and other cities.

**Conrad Behrens** is devoting most of his time to teaching, and will give a pupil's concert the latter part of this month. He refused a number of concerts next spring on account of his engagement with the Damrosch German Opera Company.

**The Maud Powell String Quartet** has returned from a successful trip in New England. Miss Powell will again visit a number of cities in that part of the country in the middle of this month, and during February will make a Western tour. She can accept a few dates at the beginning of March on her way East.

**Sofia Scalchi** will appear only a few times in opera this year, and will devote most of her attention to concert work in which she is as successful as ever. By special arrangements with Messrs. Abbey & Grau she can accept out of town engagements.

**Ethelbert Nevin's** piano recital takes place this afternoon, at three o'clock, in the Chamber Music Hall, when the young composer will play the following selections:

TWO ETUDES:	1. In form of a Romance,	{ E. Nevin
	2. In form of a Scherzo,	
MAZURKA,		
ECOSSAISES,		Chopin
FANTASIE, OP. 49,		
EN VALSANT,		Godard
LIEBESTRAUM,		Liszt
LYSONJERA,		Chaminade
BARCAROLLE,		Rubinstein
HARLEQUIN:	Love Song,	E. Nevin
	La Guiterra,	

"IN ARCADY"—  
A Shepherd's Tale.  
Shepherds all and Maidens fair.  
Lullaby.  
Tournament (à la Polonoise.)

**Marcella Lindh** sang last week with great success in the Progress Club concert, and this week will go to Columbus, Ohio, where she will be the soloist for the Euterpean Society. She has been re-engaged for a series of concerts with the Cincinnati Orchestra in January, and in February begins her engagement with the German Opera, being one of the leading prima donnas of that organization.

**Julie L. Wyman** sang last Saturday in Francis Fischer Powers' musicale. In the Tchaikowsky group, as well as in a new song of Victor Harris', she was singularly successful. She will sing in Newark on the 12th of this month, and in January goes to Buffalo with the Symphony Orchestra.

**Eleanor Meridith** arrived in the city to-day and was again heard by a number of our conductors, with a view of appearing in concert here as well as taking a church position next spring. She will very likely be heard in opera in the near future.

# MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

## THIS ISSUE CONSISTS OF 56 PAGES.

WE regret to learn just as we go to press that Mr. George Nembach, of Geo. Steck & Co., is confined to his house by illness.

NO one can go across the East River and miss seeing that Mme. Emil Paur will play the Wissner concert grand piano in Historical Hall next Friday evening. Mr. Wissner never undertakes anything without letting the public know it and know it thoroughly.

ONE would marvel at the sales made at the Hazelton warerooms did he not know of the clientèle in New York of the Hazelton piano. In these days of gorgeous warerooms it is novel to find a piano concern which sells pianos at splendid prices in the old style warerooms. But the Hazelton will sell anywhere.

AT this time of year, when even the best of piano actions are apt to "go bad," because of the extreme dry heat to which they are subjected in the average city house, one of the strong points of the "Herrburger" is brought out. The excellent accuracy with which its parts are made, joined and bushed make it as free from the "rattles" of winter as it is from the "swellings" of summer.

A STEINWAY agent, one of the class of dealers whose names and reputations are sufficient guarantees of truthfulness, recently said to us: "Steinway pianos were sold into my territory by the Steinerts, who sold them to friends of my customers residing in Boston. The instruments were sent on ostensibly as gifts, and there was no reason to worry the Steinway house about it; I suppose a gift is a gift, but I fail to see how people can continue to purchase Steinway pianos right along for the purpose of giving them away. What I do object to is the price at which these instruments were sold, but even this I do not care to prove, although I happen to know all about it. But there is no use for me to criticize the Steinerts and their prices. All I know is that the method is thoroughly antagonistic to the whole Steinway system as I have been educated in it, as I practice it, and as it should be followed up."

WE are now in the last month of the year. It has not been difficult to discern who the really busy concerns have been and who will wind up the year with a rush. Those who followed our suggestion by making goods for stock supply during the summer are the only ones who are now doing a large trade. The others have no goods ready for delivery. Same old story. You will find it alluded to each year in these files. And furthermore, those who never made any stock ahead in past summers made none this last summer, and vice versa. Same old chestnut. There are some piano manufacturers who make less pianos annually now than they did in 1880, the first year of this paper's existence, and there are some who did a large business in our small years of 1881 to 1886, and whose transactions now are not as large as those of this paper.

In fact THE MUSICAL COURIER does a larger business than most of the piano manufacturers, leaving aside the few great houses. The chasm will increase annually unless some of the piano manufacturers will begin to realize the true condition of affairs in this trade. Some of them are bound to dry up, particularly here in New York. Their shrinking process is observed by everyone except the owners.

NOW that Colorado has expressed itself in favor of good government and has rid itself of "crank" rule, the H. D. Smith Music Company, of Denver, is showing substantial evidence of its confidence in returning prosperity, having just leased the handsome double corner store in the Masonic Temple, Sixteenth and Welton streets, four doors from their old location, which will be beautifully decorated, fitted with steam heat, electric lighting, &c., making one of the largest and handsomest warerooms west of Chicago.

This enterprising concern has only been in business about four years, but in that time has built a splendid trade and reputation. They handle the "Big Four," Weber, Wheelock, Lindeman and Stuyvesant, three carloads of which were shipped to them last week and more are to follow.

A FEW months ago we called attention to the fact that Mr. Thomas Chambers, aged 88 years, a member of the once celebrated firm of Dubois, Bacon & Chambers, which existed up to the year 1840, was still alive, and having been, through the kindness of his old friend, William Steinway, placed in the German Hospital, recovered from his severe illness and was discharged cured a few weeks ago.

We learn that Saturday, November 24, Mr. John F. Luther, another old piano maker, celebrated his 88th birthday at his home, No. 344 East Eighty-fifth street, among a large circle of friends and relatives, he himself enjoying the best of health. Mr. Luther is said to be a direct descendant of the great Reformer, Martin Luther. Born in 1806 in Hasler, near the city of Wetzlar, Germany, he came to New York in 1837. Many of the older piano manufacturers will remember Luther's piano store in Broome street 30 years ago. He is the only surviving founder of the German Freemason Pythagoras Lodge No. 1. Mr. Thomas Chambers and Mr. John F. Luther are not only the oldest living piano manufacturers in the United States, but in the world.

THE copyright case of Novello against the Ditson Company, which was decided in the Circuit Court, District of Massachusetts, last August in favor of the Novello Company, has been taken to the Court of Appeals.

The suit was brought to decide whether under the present copyright law the manufacturing clause applied to musical works or not. The wording of the present law is ambiguous. It is very clear as to books and lithographs; and since it has formerly been decided by the courts that a sheet of music is a book, and since it is a well known fact that most all of the music is also lithographed, the Ditson Company, representing the American publishers, claim that sheet music is both a book and a lithograph, but Judge Colt in his decision held to the contrary.

The decision which will be reached in the Court of Appeals will be looked forward to with interest, as it decides a very important matter connected with music publishers' interests.

There seem to be no good reason why a printer when working on a music book which is printed from type should not be protected, and a printer who is working on a printed book from type when the type is not music should be. Nor is there good reason why a music compositor when setting the lines of words beneath his music should have protection which is denied to him when he sets the next line of music.

Neither is there any good reason why a lithographer or a lithographic press should have protection when printing a lithograph on a sheet music title which is denied to him or it when he or it prints the music pages on the other side of the sheet.

THE fire that occurred yesterday afternoon at the warerooms of the B. Shoninger Company on Fifth avenue, and which at one time threatened the warerooms of the New England Piano Company and the Emerson Piano Company, should cause every piano concern in this city to look into its insurance policies and to see that the first of the year finds them fully covered.

JUST as we go to press we are pained to learn that Mr. Henry Saltonstall, vice-president of Chickering & Sons, died in Boston last Monday. His funeral will be held to-day at 1 o'clock. Mr. Saltonstall was one of the heaviest stockholders of Chickering & Sons. The hour is too late for us to give details of his death.

THOSE new Fischer cases—Grand and Upright—in the Fischer warerooms on Fifth avenue, on sale for holiday purchasers, are worthy of inspection, and will be imitated by others who have money and grit to go to the expense, for they are certainly expensive. There is also a great deal of style and taste to them, as the phrase goes.

ATTENTION should again be called to the act of the Legislature of the State of New York, which discontinues the old practice of giving three days' grace in the payment of notes. All notes falling due in the State of New York after January 1, 1895, will become payable at the time of their actual maturity. Manufacturers who hold dealers' notes payable at banks in this city or at their respective offices, and who have discounted or hypothecated such paper, should pay particular heed to this new law, in order to avoid the petty annoyance to which they might be subjected.

WE know of an opening for a first-class, very high grade manager of the retail department of a Western house in a large city. We have taken a glance over the field and believe that there are about four men in the trade any one of whom could fill that bill. We cannot mention the name of the house, but if one of these four men is not satisfied with his present position and desires an advance of salary, we believe we can arrange the place for him. We shall pay no attention to the application of any general piano salesman who answers this who is not one of this "big four." We know just what we mean, and who it is we mean.

WE maintain that artistic pianos, such, for instance, as the Steinway, can be sold, and should be sold, only under the most dignified auspices. No one appreciates this more than Steinway & Sons, who have reached their greatness by reducing these rules to a principle, and there is no reason why Steinway agents should contravene them. If artistic pianos are sold below prices generally established what will prevent the whole piano trade from slumping and going to pieces? If there is bickering, trading, see-sawing, lowering of standard of argument and dozens of other methods, disagreeable but associated with the commoner forms of the piano business, that is no reason why they should be applied to the handling of the Steinway piano, and Steinway & Sons do not want that kind of trade anyhow. Neither do other first-class houses. Certain agents, however, cannot emancipate themselves from such methods, and if Steinway & Sons and other firms desire to learn who these agents are we recommend a careful study of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which does not hesitate to explain it all in any and every case.



## CHANGING REPRESENTATION.

WHAT is going to be done about this, anyway? Is it possible that the piano and organ trades are willing to abide by the lax and loose ways of the present representative system? Can manufacturers, can jobbers and large dealers endure its excesses and its commercial inconsistencies much longer? The piano trade and the organ trade are constitutionally so unlike any other, from the very fact—nearly isolated—that the individual product bears the name and trade mark of its maker prominently on its very face, that rules applying to the representation of merchandise generally do not apply to our trades.

Now, what is to be done to regulate this matter and to bring order into its present chaotic condition? It has reached such a state now that even the indirect allusion of a prospective change of agents or representatives creates consternation and disarranges a whole line of prospects and operations. The piano and organ trades have no more sensitive phenomenon than the one relating to the change of agency. But what is to be done?

To avoid a full effect of any combination of possible changes a great firm like D. H. Baldwin & Co. several years ago made themselves independent of both piano and organ manufacturer by becoming both. They are now prepared to meet any emergency, and their business does not run the risk of disorganization, as it came near running years ago because of sudden and important changes.

Smith & Nixon, another great distributing house, have also become full fledged piano manufacturers. Before them the W. W. Kimball Co., one of the greatest of the old-line distributors, first made organs and soon followed with pianos. They were the biggest customer the Hale house had, and Hale is now out of existence, and when they ceased purchasing Shoninger organs the Shoningers quickly grasped the situation and began to manufacture pianos.

But is this the kind of result which piano and organ manufacturers care to invite in the solution of the representative or agency system? And do dealers really propose to avoid the apparently inevitable change of representation by becoming manufacturers?

In recent cases piano manufacturers accounted for their imperative changes of agents by pointing to the fact that the dealers became manufacturers, and that as such they could not do justice to any instrument except their own (the dealers'). The change of the Sohmer and the Vose agencies from Steger were thus accounted for; so was the change of the Steck in Cincinnati attributed to a similar reason; also the change of the Vose at the Jesse French Company.

But all the dealers are by no means becoming manufacturers. These instances are either aggravated cases or special instances due to personal predilections, or to the chance to secure advantages. The great bulk of dealers will remain dealers, and hence something must be done to bring about a reasonable adjustment of the relations between manufacturers and dealers in the question of representation.

## As It Stands.

To-day, in most cases, any piano or organ manufacturer can readily find a reason or an excuse to withdraw his instrument from a dealer or so-called agent, with nothing more necessary than a courteous explanation, no matter how it may elude the main question; in some instances courtesy is not even applied and not expected.

To-day any dealer or agent can retire from a representation of a piano or organ without even the necessity of an explanation; he can issue orders not to bother about such or such instrument, and the salesmen let it "dry up;" that really ends the agency from a practical point of view.

Will this continue *ad libitum*? Are manufacturers content to have their business, their plants depending upon the mere notions of their dealers or the special and sudden inducements of competitors made to their agents? How can any great factory be conducted with such vicissitudes staring at it?

Oh, yes; when we come across a man like Thomas F. Scanlan we get at one form of solution. He foresaw long since what his plant would be subjected to, and he went to work and established his own retail business, which to-day consumes, if we may adopt that expression to pianos, at least one-half of his output in New England, New York and Chicago. With

the balance he can play as it suits him. But then, how many Scanlans are there in the piano trade? Eh?

The Ivers & Pond Piano Company fought shy of the whole agency system long ago, not by discouraging it, for to get good agents has been one of the aims of that wide-awake concern, but to attract them by creating a demand for the piano among the people themselves, and thereby showing to brainy dealers that such a piano had special value to them. All this time, however, the Ivers & Pond Piano Company was not dependent upon the dealers. An original scheme, sure, and very difficult of imitation at this late day.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co. have for many years past had a New York branch and have a Kansas City branch house. Their Chicago house is purely retail and all their wholesale trade is conducted from the Boston office, and it is their special desire to have that fact known.

The East shows no other firms who built plants on these theories and made them practically successful, except the Estey's, who developed a direct branch system years ago. They captured Chicago, St. Louis, Des Moines, Atlanta, Philadelphia and the whole of New England through their Boston branch and their Brattleboro office. It was a stupendous scheme and it made them practically independent of the agent and dealer.

The West, however, anticipated the method in its universal adaptation. The system and organization of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company is probably the most unique of all, not only because of the comparative youth of the institution as compared with the old line of firms, but also because of its enormous expansion. This company is entirely independent of the dealers' idiosyncrasies, because each of its dealers is virtually a part of its organization. It is a huge machine in perfect running order, without the least friction and guided by the highest form of intelligence.

We may say without hurting the susceptibilities of anyone that no other large concerns are organized on that pattern.

The John Church Company have a special design and system which also frees them from any interruptions of competition which may tempt their agents.

The W. W. Kimball Company are, of course, the Nestors of what may be termed the co-operative plan of conducting the piano and organ trade, and their business, which amounts to more than several millions per annum, is constructed and conducted on that plan. Under it no disturbance of the relations between manufacturer and dealer can occur unless the manufacturer consents or uses the initiative.

In the city of New York there is only one such combination, and that is what is known as the "Big Four." Mr. Wheelock and Mr. Lawson and their alliance with Albert Weber give to the firms handling those instruments a kind of assurance of stability which cannot be disturbed during normal conditions. Its development constitutes one of the progressive features of the trade, and will figure in its history as one of the truly enlightened and advanced steps made in the solution of the representative system.

Some individual members of the house of Steinway & Sons are stockholders in the establishments of Lyon, Potter & Co., Chicago, Bollmann Brothers, St. Louis, and N. Stetson & Co., Philadelphia; but the corporation of Steinway & Sons has no direct financial affiliations with these concerns outside of the mercantile transactions with them.

Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, of Brooklyn, has also made wonderful conquests in the same direction. He has also, to a great extent, emancipated himself from the exigencies of the agency system creates. He has a large number of branch stores, and to supply them alone a large output of pianos is necessary.

There are, of course, a number of piano manufacturers with branches and retail stores and associations with corporations, such for instance as the Hallet & Davis Company, of Boston; but the full play of the system as a system is exemplified under a variety of methods, as shown above.

The great jobbers, such as Smith & Nixon and D. H. Baldwin & Co. and the Jesse French Company, the Ludden & Bates Company and Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase and W. J. Dyer & Brother, come into the same category to some extent.

They, however, are also purchasers of Eastern or Western made instruments, and what would affect them would at once affect all their sub-agents. They must consequently be handled with the utmost dis-

cretion if they are not to be the causes of a huge havoc.

## The Straight Deal.

What is therefore left may be called the straight deal between the manufacturer and the agent direct, without the interference of a jobber, or the straight deal between the manufacturer and the jobber, and hence these are the parties chiefly interested in bringing about a readjustment of the present chaotic agency system.

Unless this is now done—unless the possibilities of discontinuing representation on the part of the dealer or the arbitrary and peremptory removal of representation by the manufacturer are obliterated by a general mercantile plan of procedure which will give protection to both sides—we say, unless some arrangement is made, perfunctory although it be for the present, *all the remaining self respecting dealers who will not stoop to cheap methods, and who will refuse to be sacrificed to the interference of the manufacturer, will join the great Western co-operative concerns, who not only offer them protection and credit, but also goods and cash.*

That will be the final outcome of the present loose methods prevailing in the relations between dealer and manufacturer regarding the representation of pianos and organs. Sure!

## AUTOHARP AGAIN.

IN last week's MUSICAL COURIER we published an opinion of the Autoharp from a combined scientific-artistic aspect; there are, however, several additional reflections necessary to complete the picture.

Like an endless chain, the whole line of musical instruments, each one representing a link, can be associated by the possibility of learning how to play each from the study of any. After studying a piano, a student can readily play the organ and then proceed in the study of stringed instruments and wind instruments, soon completing the whole gamut. Many students in Germany and Austria pursue this very course, and many orchestral players now in our great orchestras can play dozens of instruments.

But the preliminaries to all these studies are a musical education and an insight into the details of instrumentation. Only those who are young and who are pointed chiefly by others in that direction make those studies which usually round up in adopting music as a profession. An artisan, an artist, a merchant, a farmer, a poor person unable to pay for a musical education, a professional man who has had no time to devote to that particular study—all these classes are disbarred, and after reaching a certain age can no longer hope to attain any proficiency in the technical study of musical instruments or in the study of music in the abstract.

For such classes—and they represent the bulk of mankind—the existence of a musical instrument—not a mere mechanical instrument, or one in the toy family, but a genuine musical instrument, such as the Autoharp—is a perfect godsend. Its mechanism is not the end, but the means to an end which can be made a substitute for the years of technical study consumed in acquiring proficiency on other instruments.

Moreover, all the preliminaries of study can be dispensed with and any intelligent mind can grasp the rules and the laws governing the operations of this instrument, whose study is made an incentive because of the opportunity it affords for self culture and development.

This evolutionary aspect of the Autoharp really opens up its possibilities more completely than any other form of considering it. Through the Autoharp one can really demonstrate his musical gifts and temperament in a manner either to encourage or discourage any further study of music itself. It can be made to act as a deciding judge who indicates the direction the student should take. If he quickly grasps the Autoharp idea he is demonstrating his musical talent in the direction of technic; if he gets relief from it, if he is able through it to express a musical thought, he demonstrates that he has a musical temperament, which may lie in another direction, but which, nevertheless, exists.

The more we enter into a study of the possibilities of the Autoharp the more readily we discern that it is not only adapted for the popular purpose of musical enjoyment but also for the serious study of music itself.



# ORGAN REEDS

AND

# REED ORGANS

## Advance in Price.

PREVIOUSLY to the panic of 1893 the Chicago Brass Company, of Chicago and Kenosha, conceiving the notion that a brass mill could control the organ reed business of the country, had made preparations to monopolize that product by offering reeds to manufacturers of organs at prices below current rates. About the same period, what is known as the Connecticut Combination, which is also in the reed business, was offering reeds at low figures, and the absorption by it of the Newell plant of Chicago—now known as the Piano and Organ Supply Company—brought about a fierce trade conflict with its inevitable results.

A. H. Hammond, of Worcester, the best known of the original reed manufacturers, was naturally affected by the lowering of prices, and a general demoralization took place in the industry. A large number of organ manufacturers has been purchasing reeds and boards during the past 18 months at 25 per cent. less than any legitimate cost of stock and labor. So fierce did the conflict between the two Chicago concerns become that no limit of prices could be predicted, and in addition, the Connecticut-Chicago side instituted a lawsuit against the Chicago Brass Company for infringement of patent, which on its face seems to favor the plaintiffs. What will become of the suit now, in view of the events just transpired, may be conjectured.

It is learned that in order to improve its mechanism the Chicago Brass Company secured the services of the superintendent and a number of skilled men of the old Newell factory, and taking them to the mills at Kenosha, had the Newell machinery duplicated, as well as all the processes of reed manufacture, the involved patent being among the advantages supposed to have been gained.

It was at this period, or just thereafter, that the great cutting in prices began, which reduced the figures of 20 cents and 25 cents an octave to 10 cents an octave, a suicidal price and a price which could not avoid keeping organ manufacturers in a condition of uncertainty, because they knew that the figure could not be maintained for any definite period of time.

That time was precipitated by the general condition of trade itself, which, together with the losses sustained and in prospect, brought about a readjustment of conditions. A conference of reed manufacturers took place a few days ago, and, without effecting a combination, an agreement or a trust, they all decided that it was absolutely essential to the future of the organ reed as well as the reed organ business to return to the normal and standard prices.

While not criticising anyone in particular in this instance, we believe we are right in stating that the course pursued by Mr. A. H. Hammond, who persisted in remaining a negative participant, was the wise one. Mr. Hammond merely submitted to conditions over which he had no control, but refused to participate in the breaking of prices, foreseeing that the arbitrary reduction of prices below the cost of production was merely an incident in this instance of the general demoralization of the organ trade itself. For a line of business to be maintained healthily it is necessary, first of all, to keep up living and profitable prices. This we have maintained always in our views on the organ business, and this is now our view, once more emphatically expressed, on the subject of the ruinous piano prices. The cutting down under profit lines of prices is always and unalterably demoralizing.

Some discussion has taken place on the possibility of starting a new brass mill in Chicago in case the prices of reeds were advanced. We do not take any stock in this kind of talk. There is no concern that can now start and make its way in the reed business. There has been no money in the reed business

for some time, and there are no encouraging prospects to-day. No one can demonstrate practically that reeds can be made for 10 or 12 cents an octave; it may be a very neat pen and paper calculation that will show this, but in the actual fact it cannot be demonstrated. To make reeds and boards half decently and to furnish the articles evenly throughout the year, and in good condition and reliable and durable, costs all the way from 15 to 18 cents an octave. And this price will insure better organs and better organ prices. It must not be forgotten either that the pauper prices paid for labor in certain reed factories can not be maintained much longer. The moment a rise takes place in the general labor market none of these men could be depended upon any longer. They know, just as well as anyone, how cheap they labored.

The new prices will not, of course, go back to the old prices originally paid, but merely indicate the necessity of doing business profitably or at least without a loss. What the reed organ manufacturers should now do is to meet this increased price by putting the price of organs up to a level which will justify a renewed vigor and attention to this line of business, which in the past has been remarkably profitable and which now has its opportunity of regeneration.

The time has come when the reed organ can again take its proper place as the most popular keyed instrument, for, if well made, it can compete more than successfully with the clasp trap, rotten piano now made in quantities in this country. None of these pianos can last; the reed organ is durable. That class of pianos will never be in tune; the good reed organ with a good reed and board will always be in tune. That common piano is made of painted whitewood; the good reed organ is made of black walnut. That trashy piano has no tone; the good reed organ has tone and, besides all, tone combination.

We believe that lots of benefit can now be derived from a general advance in prices of organs and a hearty demonstration, which will show just what can be done in the reed organ line. Now is the time of regeneration; take hold of the organ, put a living profit on its wholesale price and push it for all it is worth.

### \$75 PIANOS.

SEVENTY-FIVE dollars apiece is about the average wholesale price of the great raft of stencil pianos now found on sale in the piano warerooms in this country. The instruments are absolutely worthless as musical instruments, and dealers are asking all the way from \$100 to \$200 apiece for them or offering them as second-hand bargains. We can on application at any time furnish the names of the manufacturers of these so-called pianos. They are sold as

Leland pianos.  
Steinberg "  
Blake "  
Lenox "  
Camp "  
Epworth "  
Brunswick "  
Twichell "  
Rintelman "  
Bryant "  
Keystone "  
Conservatory "  
Washburn "

All these names and many others and the names of dealers upon them are fictitious so far as they indicate a factory, for there are no such factories.

Such pianos are bogus stencil truck and emanate from two or three Chicago factories, one little factory in Boston and five or six New York factories. None of the manufacturers making such goods has a name of any consequence as a maker of musical instruments, but merely as a producer of the cheapest kind of truck.

Dealers who are finding that their competitors are selling such stuff should, in each case, furnish us with the name of the purchaser. We will attend to the balance. Of course in case of competition before a sale is closed, this paper can always be called into requisition.

It may be possible that this paper may not be able to stop the sale of such goods in quantities before a few failures have taken place, but it proposes to do its duty in the premises in warning everyone against dealing in that kind of trash.

### NO STEINWAY.

THERE are many evils in all walks of life that cannot be remedied by legal process; no one can sue; no combination of individuals can be gotten together to demand the righting of wrongs, and no power or force can be applied to engraft upon the common or statutory law books punishments for such evils. The printing press has, however, solved for mankind the problems involved in this condition by creating a public press, and it is through the press that those evils which cannot be remedied by law are eventually righted. Public opinion has as its mouthpiece the press, and the power of criticism delegated by the public to the press is as great as any other kind of public demonstration, for let it be said that no newspaper can exist except through public suffrage, and when it exists for any appreciable time its indorsement for the public weal is thereby virtually secured.

That is the fundamental principle which endows, among other papers, THE MUSICAL COURIER with the privilege—nay, with the duty—to criticise such questions as came under the observation of this paper in its last issue in reference to the business of the M. Steinert & Sons Company of various parts of New England. It is for the public good generally and for the special good of the music trade and music in particular that we pass upon such matters, and it is for such reasons that this paper has been permitted to grow and to live. This is not merely an advertising medium depending for the expression of its utterances upon the good will or behests of its advertisers; it is a newspaper by universal consent and that signifies that it is a public critic with public duties to perform, which it always has and always will perform independent of its advertising pages. But then this is known, and we merely repeat it to make it still better known.

Among other things that demand criticism are the methods of conducting business adopted and carried on by certain concerns. These methods are the unhealthy ones, and among them is the habit of defaming and injuring the credit of competitors. This paper insists that this thing must cease if the general piano trade is to prosper. We are prepared to show that the M. Steinert & Sons concern has been most reckless in this unjust and dangerous habit of defaming and injuring the credit of other firms. There is no way for these victims to get redress, for they cannot secure the evidence without exposing their inner business secrets, and it is therefore absolutely imperative for a paper like this to step into the breach and stop this kind of business. We cannot even now mention the names of the injured, particularly those hurt during the period of 1893, when every nerve was strained to protect credit, for a mention of their names would now be injudicious, and would constitute an assumption we are not prepared to shoulder. But how is this thing to be stopped if not by the press; and now let us assure the piano trade that nothing further in the shape of rumor will emanate from that source. Already the whole trade is under obligation to THE MUSICAL COURIER for this one act, for the agents of a great many manufacturers, including Steinway & Sons, were the sufferers.

The habit of condemning and "patronizing" every competitor and every manufacturer whose goods come into competition is general with many concerns outside of the Steinerts, and there is no way to stop that except by a candid exposé of the case in the columns of a newspaper. But, granting that it cannot be stopped, the evil can at least be mitigated by exposing it. The whole trade unanimously stands by us in this position; there is no single exception. Every house firmly backs up THE MUSICAL COURIER in the propagation of this theory, that the piano business can be conducted without defaming competitors either by condemning their goods or maligning their reputations. This evil must be mitigated and will certainly be mitigated, because the whole trade desires that this paper should step in and mitigate it.

If we have succeeded in remedying these few of the many evils it will be sufficient for the day. But in connection with this subject, which will be continued in the exhaustive manner usually adopted by this paper, we desire to make a few remarks, as the orator is usually supposed to say.

There is a certain element in the music trade and in the musical life of both Europe and America which still survives with the superannuated notion pervading it that this paper could not exercise its privilege and duties of criticism when these are to be applied to any interests of the house of Steinway &



Sons, because Steinway & Sons control this paper, they say.

This theory emanated with a few poor music trade editors who have always lived and now live through the personal generosity, munificence and charity of Mr. William Steinway, who has frequently stated to influential members of the music trade and profession what is absolutely true, and that is that neither he nor his house has ever had any other relations with this paper and its editors than advertisers should legitimately bear toward publishers. Curious—or rather not curious, to relate—the very men who most strenuously maintained the infamous falsehood that this paper was controlled by Steinway & Sons or Mr. William Steinway and who on the strength of these repeated statements made money out of piano men who were foolishly induced to believe them, are today professionally begging their periodical stipend from Mr. Steinway, who has probably forgotten all about their repeated false charges.

As we have stated before, there are still a limited number of people who are suffering from the delusion created by those poor devils some 8, 10, 12 or more years ago (and they are just as poor devils today, only so much older) and who believe that THE MUSICAL COURIER is controlled by the Steinways, and among these are the parties constituting the M. Steinert's & Sons Company. With an effrontery which has never been paralleled, the men of that company have banked on the theory that Steinway & Sons' protection would guarantee them any immunity, and that while this paper could exercise its rights and duties respecting criticism of any firm in the music trade it was compelled by force of its submission to Steinway & Sons to remain silent regarding evils in the trade with which Steinway agents were identified.

No steps have ever been taken by anyone associated with Steinway & Sons to disturb this paper in its purpose to exercise its duties. The very view taken by the M. Steinert & Sons Company on this one particular subject discloses the fact that they have all along misunderstood the whole situation, not only regarding our relations to the music trade of this country, but chiefly the relations of Steinway & Sons toward the music trade of this country. It was attributing to that house a power it never claimed to possess and an influence which no friend of that house would dare to attribute to it. But yet through all these years the personnel of the Steinert house have propagated the idea that this was "Steinway's" paper, and without appreciating the benefit which would thereby accrue to their competitors, or the indirect injury which would result from paralyzing the advantages which could be gained through this paper. And yet the Steinerts, possessed of a certain amount of Oriental cunning, may have persistently carried out this scheme to injure their parent house, if for no other reasons than those they can urge for other methods they have pursued regarding Steinway & Sons.

But of this we shall speak later in no uncertain tones, for it applies in principle not only to Steinway & Sons, but to all firms in the trade.

The chief object at present is to purify the New England atmosphere and get things into a healthy state in the trade. We are merely working out the inevitable destiny of things. Under the great law of survival of the fittest those who are conducting their affairs in a proper, just, honorable and dignified manner will prevail and never need expect the censorship of criticism. In the meanwhile we shall continue to be fair and fearless, and do what is expected of us by the music trade. And that is right, now and forever.

### ONE-PRICE DIFFICULTIES.

IF we can conscientiously carry through to final victory the principle of the One Price in the piano and organ retail trade a great point will have been gained. On the other hand, to abuse that system and merely to adopt it as a cloak to hide the abuse of it is worse than formally to oppose it.

This brings us right down to these crucial questions: "Can a One-Price system, honestly adopted and carried through, survive?" "Is there one concern today in the United States that unalterably, without the slightest deviation, without exception in any single instance, absolutely and conscientiously conducts a One-Price piano and organ business?"

In the first place, all One-Price firms have from the start two prices, one an instalment price, the other a

cash discount price, and this very fact gives an opening to a modification of the rule. While the discount rate for cash is fixed, as it were, the temptations of cash receipts cannot be resisted if they represent a fair profit, and the result is in many cases a special cash price. This, therefore, leads directly to the demoralization of the whole plan.

Is it possible to have a One-Price system in a line of trade in which time sales of varying time predominate? If most pianos or organs were sold for cash, and here or there a time sale were made, the one price cash price marked plainly on each instrument would be sufficient to give the salesman all the strength he needed to enforce the logic of his argument; but it is not a cash business.

Furthermore, any one addicted to figuring will at once observe that there is a material difference in the price paid for a so-called One-Price piano when paid in cash and when ultimately paid in instalments, and he will figure out that difference, and that will certainly disrupt the argument and spoil the sale.

As we have said, if the rule were Cash and the exception Time, the price could be marked on each instrument with greater safety. At present, in the various cases the price marked is the long term price with so much off for cash, and this very information always sounds harsh to the ear of a time purchaser, who cannot help feeling discontented at paying the extra premium. When he gets into the hands of a competitor of the One-Price house this fact is handled very neatly against the One-Price firm.

To advertise a One-Price principle and to deviate from it under the guise of the occasional apology now usually adopted, is of course an easy way to kill the One Price; to adhere to it conscientiously and unreservedly may be injurious to the business.

It is a ticklish and embarrassing predicament, as it faces us now, this One-Price principle.

### GRADE LISTS.

RESPONSIBLE piano and organ dealers will confer a favor upon the whole legitimate music trade by furnishing us with the names of such firms and salesmen as are in the habit of displaying or making use of arbitrary Piano Grade Lists to make sales. These Grade Lists are all fictitious and fraudulent and are gotten up by firms and salesmen to meet their own emergencies in trade, and they are naturally misleading. A salesman making use of one of these Grade Lists is as much of a fraud as the List itself is, and no purchaser can afford to trust such a man.

This in itself constitutes a warning against such methods of doing the piano and organ business. Place no trust in printed or published Grade Lists unless you see it officially printed as the Trade Grade List in this paper.

### "Outside" Pianos.

A GLANCE at the piano trade in the three largest cities of America shows that two of the cities are clannish regarding the sale of instruments manufactured within their borders, while the third is extremely liberal. Boston is the most clannish of all, as she sells only 13 makes of pianos manufactured outside of the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. Boston shows her preference for things of Gotham, as she sells 12 makes of instruments with "New York" on their fallboards.

The pianos that have made headway with Boston trade are those of Steinway & Sons, Gildemeester & Kroeger, Weber Piano Company (until it was withdrawn from the thralls of Steinertism), Hardman, Peck & Co. and Wm. Knabe & Co. It is too early to see the result of placing the Fischer piano there or the Pease, both of which went to their present Boston representatives within the year. The failure to do business with Shaw pianos may be attributed to the coolness Boston has for anything Western excepting real estate mortgages, and of the A. B. Chase for the same reason. The other pianos represented there are selling, but as a whole no New York piano is now doing or ever has done much business in Boston.

As Boston has a leaning (though a slight one) for goods from New York, so New York in a greater degree leans to Boston more than to any other piano manufacturing centre. Eighteen pianos of other than New York make are sold here, eight of which are Boston made, which, although not as many makes numerically, is still a plurality of the number of outside pianos sold in New York.

While the number of piano makes is less the volume of business Boston manufacturers secure in New York is

far in excess of the business New York manufacturers secure from Boston. In proof of this see in New York the large and prosperous Boston branch houses of Chickering & Sons; Tway Piano Company, selling the Hallet & Davis piano; Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company; New England Piano Company; Emerson Piano Company, and the agencies that handle the Briggs, the Merrill and the special man who handles the Ivers & Pond piano.

The situation shows that New York is averse to selling Western pianos, as no Western piano is sold here in any large quantity. This may be accounted for by the fact that as New York manufacturers have always run their own warerooms, and Boston manufacturers followed their example here, there never was nor is a large agent here as in other towns. Geo. W. Herbert, who handles the A. B. Chase and the Colby pianos, does a good business, but in such a quiet way that the pianos he represents are in no ways benefited commercially. The same can be said of Jack Haynes, who handles the Starr, while Winterroth, who holds the Steger agency, is so engrossed in selling stencil pianos that he can do nothing for the Steger piano, and consequently will not let the Steger piano do anything for him. Outside of these mentioned there is the Mathushek & Sons Piano Manufacturing Company's branch, which is or was selling pianos on Fifth avenue, near Fourteenth street.

The Chicago situation is entirely different, and the clannishness of the East is not apparent there. Chicago is fond of herself, but the situation shows that her pianos are chiefly sold outside of her limits, boundless though they are. New York pianos are mostly sold in Chicago, a summing up of the situation showing that 23 pianos of New York manufacture, 10 of Boston make, 7 made in the West outside of Chicago, 2 from the South and 5 from the East, exclusive of New York and Boston, are sold. The aggregate is 47, which added to the 11 manufactured in Chicago, show that 58 different kinds of pianos are sold in Chicago outside of the stencils, the numbers of which are legion.

Now, how can Chicago give great business to every piano manufacturer represented there? She cannot, as she has 58 different makes of legitimate pianos to dispose of, whereas New York has only about 36, many New York manufacturers doing no retail business. The outside representation in Chicago is too large for good plums for all, and that is why a great many Eastern manufacturers do so little business there. Chicago can't support them all.

### Horace Lehr & Co.

FROM the extensive preparations which are now going forward, it will be our pleasure to soon chronicle for the benefit of the trade an entirely new line of seven octave organs. The firm of Horace Lehr & Co., of Easton, Pa., is among the first to make a seven octave piano cased organ. It claims to be the first, and this we believe has never been controverted.

No firm in the country is any further advanced in the style of case and general workmanship entering into the construction of their organ than this same Easton concern.

Mr. Horace Lehr, who has personal supervision of the entire business, has a well conceived idea as to what the trade can sell in organs, and keeps well in advance in architecture of cases and general improvement.

No stops are used in the Lehr organs, or we should say no stop knobs. The reeds are controlled by tin knee swells. The arrangement is simple, and the operating of the stops does not in any manner interfere with continuous playing; in fact there are less breaks than when knobs are used, while the tonal effects produced are equally as delightful as under the old system.

The firm's business last year was well ahead of that of any year since its advent into organ building. The indications are very favorable for the future.

—Trade with the Weaver Organ and Piano Company, of York, Pa., has been very good the last three months. The factory has been running 11 hours a day, six days a week. Mr. M. B. Gibson, secretary of the company, made an extended trip to Western Pennsylvania and Ohio last week and met with success far beyond his expectations. He returned with orders for a large number of organs and found the trade outlook very encouraging. These orders, together with an order from the Pacific coast for a carload of instruments just received, will keep the company very busy a long time to come. Mr. W. S. Bond, treasurer of the company, left this week for Virginia and doubtless will return with a nice bunch of orders.

Musicians affirm that no piano is satisfactory unless the "feel" of the Action is in harmony with their technical requirements. The Roth & Engelhardt Actions made at St. Johnsville, N. Y., "feel" right and are thoroughly satisfactory to the artistic sense of a musician.



### Regarding the Copyright.

TAKING as a basis the language contained in the editorial that appears in this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, relative to the Novello-Ditson copyright case, a representative of this journal was assigned to the duty of gathering the opinions of men well versed on the subject, including the particular point as to whether musical works were embraced in the special provisions of the bill. While all declined to give an opinion as to what the possible decision of the Court of Appeals might be, deeming such a venture beyond them, the gentlemen with whom interviews were obtained have made statements that are certainly fraught with interest to every person who has followed the record of the labors of the American Copyright League, and particularly that clause of it which touches upon music.

Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer, after reading the editorial, willingly gave his opinion relative to the question of copyright.

"My view of it is," he volunteered, "that it was a remedial statute. When you interpret a remedial statute you look to two things. What was the defect of the original statute, and what was the proposed remedy? The defect that the committee of Congress attempted to correct was that the foreign author was not protected in his rights, and that was clearly sought to be remedied in this new statute. The other provisions of the bill showed that it was the intention of the legislators to remedy it with as little injury to the American workmen as possible and therefore the so-called manufacturing clause was introduced. In my mind there is no doubt that this was intended to include musical publications. Why it did not do so explicitly was that the bill was rushed through at end of the session when there was nobody on the spot to represent the interests of the music trade, and it was generally understood that these were identical with those of the other publishing trades."

"You do not wish to answer any other point?" Mr. Schirmer was asked.

"No, I think that I have fully expressed my opinion," he answered.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of the "Century" Company, whose efforts for a long time have been in the direction of securing a complete copyright law in co-operation with the other members of the American Copyright League, readily submitted to an interview.

"It has been stated by a publisher," ventured THE MUSICAL COURIER representative, "that the manufacturing clause was no doubt intended to include musical publications, and the reason that it did not do so explicitly was that the bill was rushed through at the end of the session, and that there was nobody on the spot to represent the interests of the music trade. Will you reply to the imputation?"

"This statement is ridiculously wide of the fact," asserted Mr. Johnson, promptly, "so far as it implies that the music publishers had no opportunity to be heard before the passage of the copyright bill. Now, to show you: For nearly eight years the agitation for a copyright bill had been going on in this country, and at least three bills had been proposed in Congress. The bill, substantially in the shape in which it became a law, was passed by the House within the early days of December, 1890, and the campaign for its passage by the Senate lasted from that time until the last days of the session, March 4, 1891. At no time in all these years did the Copyright League have any intimation, so far as I know, that the music publishers desired to be heard. Several public hearings were had before the committee of Congress, and these were widely reported."

"But there were, upon the musical side, definite opposers of the bill?" was asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnson. "It was understood that the late Mr. Schirmer was opposed. And I will modify my former statement by saying that during the campaign in the Senate Mr. Gilson, the music publisher, wrote to Senator O. H. Platt, who was in charge of the bill, asking to have musical works placed within the manufacturing clause. In answer to this request Senator Platt, according to THE MUSICAL COURIER of March 11, 1891, stated as follows: 'I told him (Mr. Gilson) I could not advocate any amendment without, in my judgment, seriously endangering the passage of the bill. Afterward he wrote me he did not wish to push the proposition. I had letters from other music publishing houses, which I answered in the same way, and, as I understood them, they were all willing to forego their claims.'"

"It is therefore absurd to say that the music publishers were taken by surprise," was Mr. Johnson's supplementary comment.

"To be fair with you, Mr. Johnson, I will say that it was Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer whose assertion relative to the rushing of the bill you have criticised. Do you wish to modify your statement?"

"Not in the least. I repeat that it is absurd to say that the music publishers were taken by surprise, and considering the publicity of the copyright campaign, I shall soon expect to hear of a citizen of Gettysburg complaining of having overslept himself during Pickett's charge."

"But coming directly down to the point, as to your

opinion whether under the present copyright law the manufacturing clause applied to musical works, will you reply?"

"I will answer that I have been asked how it came that music was not included in the manufacturing clause. My reply is that the object of the friends of the copyright was to extend the security of the law as far as possible, and to accept only such limitations as were necessary to pass the bill. As I have already stated at the request of the editor of THE MUSICAL COURIER, no one appeared for the music publishers, and there was no demand from any other source (barring the Gilson letter, &c., already referred to) for the inclusion of music in the manufacturing clause. The lithographers' representative, after a very vigorous fight, showed such strength as to make it necessary, in the opinion of the copyright committee, to concede something to them (the lithographers), in order to obtain their support for the measure thus amended. I will further add that the American Copyright League has recently passed a resolution against extending the manufacturing clause, to etchings and engravings, as proposed in the Hicks bill now pending in Congress, and the League will doubtless oppose any similar amendment to the law in its application to music."

"Do you consider that you have answered the question relative to the appeal direct?"

"There can be no doubt whatever that the intention of the framers of the law and the conference committee of Congress was to exclude music from the manufacturing clause. This I know to be the fact. In making this statement I am but reiterating the gist of my letter to THE MUSICAL COURIER under date of March 7, 1891."

The representative of a prominent music publishing house gave it as his opinion that the fact of the Ditson Company having taken an appeal from the decision in favor of the Novello Company brings up no fresh question.

"Of course the decision, antagonistic to the defendant, was good news to the plaintiff. That is quite natural. Take our house, for example. We, being the publishers of and dealers in foreign music, are perfectly satisfied with the first rendering. In a word, my opinion is engrossed in Judge Colt's decision, which, I think, embraces the whole intention of Congress. As a matter of fact, it's a delicate matter for a man in my position to give out a statement to be put into type. But I will say that I firmly believe that what ever zest the music publishers did put into the fight to have the manufacturing clause apply to musical works was originally planned for the purpose of inflicting a law that would have the effect of crushing out the publishers of cheap-priced music."

### Stewart's Catalogue.

S. S. STEWART, the banjo manufacturer, of Philadelphia, has issued a new catalogue and price list of banjos and accessories.

This catalogue is comprehensive, and goes more thoroughly into the details of the construction of the banjo than is usual in a price list.

—Mr. F. G. Smith, Jr., is in Chicago, and is expected home before Christmas.

—Jacobs & Conklin, dealers at Fort Wayne, Ind., have moved into new quarters at 34 East Berry street.

—The Wilcox & White Organ Company, of Meriden, Conn., has received a license to transact business in Pennsylvania.

—Geo. R. Fleming & Co. are advertising a removal sale, stating that they will vacate their present headquarters January 1.

—J. H. Ament & Co. is a new concern at Bloomington, Ill., which will occupy warerooms in the Barnes Building, at 415 North Main street. Mr. J. H. Ament is a brother of the late Mark Ament, of Peoria, Ill.

### Kranich & Bach.

THE officers and directors of the firm of Messrs. Kranich & Bach held a meeting Wednesday, November 28, the object of which was to elect a successor to the late Jacques Bach, formerly president of the corporation. The result of the conference was as follows: President and treasurer, Mr. Helmuth Kranich, Sr.; vice-president, Mr. F. Kranich; secretary, Mr. L. P. Bach. The board of directors includes the above named gentlemen, and Messrs. Helmuth Kranich, Jr., and C. Schlosser.

The unanimous voice of the board was in favor of a continuation of the policy which for so many years has been one of the characteristic features of the success of the house of Messrs. Kranich & Bach.

In conjunction with the foregoing announcement, it is not out of place to say that an increase of orders has been productive of an addition to the force of men employed in the polishing and case making departments of the factory.

### A Blaze at Shoninger's.

LAST Monday afternoon Mr. Rosenberg, manager of the New York business of the B. Shoninger Company, discovered smoke arising from the cellar under the warerooms, in the Manhattan Building, at 96 Fifth avenue. A porter who was sent to investigate reported that the basement was burning and an alarm was turned in. The manager, porters, office boys and salesmen at once began removing pianos. They were reinforced by the insurance patrol and all the instruments were soon rolled to the sidewalk and covered with tarpaulins.

The stock in the basement, which consisted mostly of secondhand goods, was drenched before the fire was controlled. The loss might have been large but for the prompt action of the employees. As it is, only the back part, or office proper, of the warerooms shows signs of the flames and smoke. The fire started from an overheated flue.

Immediately after the firemen had finished their work sawdust was placed on the floor to absorb the moisture and the stock was rolled back. What disposition the Shoningers will make of the stock cannot be determined until the insurance appraisers have finished their work. Should the warerooms be judged unfit for business the Behr warerooms will probably be rented and a new stock of Shoninger pianos will be ordered from New Haven. The loss cannot be given definitely.

—Mr. F. H. King, traveler for Otto Wissner, is in New England.

—Peters & Beach, dealers at Chillicothe, Ohio, have dissolved partnership, Mr. Peters continuing the business, presumably under the old firm name.

—Mr. Walter Z. Holmes, manager of the New York warerooms of F. G. Smith, this week sold a handsome Style 7 Bradbury piano in an oak case to Grace Church house.

—The Wiley B. Allen Company, of Portland, Ore., has bought the stock of Hardman pianos held by W. T. Shanahan & Co. and will sell them at reduced prices.

—Messrs. Edmund and Fred Cluett, of the house of Messrs. Cluett & Sons, together with their Albany manager, were in the city Tuesday selecting Chickering pianos to replenish their stock.

—The suit instituted by Peek & Son against R. E. Kroh, the dealer of Kansas City, for the recovery of \$5,800, has been decided in favor of the defendant. Mr. George W. Peek says that his counsel will move for a new trial.

—Mr. Fred W. Saffery, for the last nine years manager of A. & S. Nordheimer's store in Montreal, Que., is going to Baltimore, where he has accepted the appointment of manager for Otto Sutro & Co. Mr. Saffery has also acted as organist at many churches in Montreal, for the last four years having associated himself exclusively with St. Matthias, Cote St. Antoine.

SALESMAN—Connected with present firm for past six years—desires to change position with first-class house, outside of wareroom work; references as to ability and experience will be furnished in personal interview. Address, "Salesman," THE MUSICAL COURIER.

## The Wonderful WEBER Tone

■ IS FOUND ONLY IN THE ■



■ PIANOS. ■

WAREROOMS: Fifth Avenue and 16th Street, NEW YORK



**Gildemeester & Kroeger.**

**M**R. P. J. GILDEMEESTER, the senior partner of the house of Messrs. Gildemeester & Kroeger, is out on an abridged tour among the piano dealers. He expects to be absent a fortnight. He was in Syracuse Monday and will continue his journey as far west as Cleveland, taking in the towns along the New York Central and Michigan Southern Railway lines. In his report to his firm, Mr. Gildemeester conveys the impression that there is a general gain in the health of the trade and it is the concerted opinion of country dealers that the business is in for a permanent revival.

Mr. E. G. Gottschalk, representing the house, speaks of the intention of the firm to make efforts in the near future to push their trade beyond its present westward limits, the extreme western points in this respect upon which Messrs. Gildemeester & Kroeger now depend being Detroit and Cincinnati. But in order to meet the demands of their customers, even in the existing condition of affairs, the firm's employes are working overtime and the factory is being run to its full capacity.

**Bradbury Pianos East and West.**

Widespreading Interests of Freeborn G. Smith.

(Contributed.)

**D**URING our wanderings about our sister "City of Churches" the last week we made a call at the factory and warerooms of F. G. Smith, 774 to 778 Fulton street, Brooklyn. We were pleased to note many important changes since our preceding visit. The first and a very important one that presents itself as one enters the spacious warerooms is the fine set of offices on the right, extending from the Fulton street window back about 60 feet; these offices are built in handsomely paneled oak and fine plate glass with brass fittings. With the staff of bookkeepers and clerks employed here at the main office of Mr. Smith's vast interests it gives one the impression of being in some great banking house. Indeed few banking houses in America command more capital than this enterprising manufacturer has accumulated through his broad gauge and progressive methods. Stepping from the front to the rear of this building, we were shown into the new and elegant private office of Mr. Smith and his son, F. G. Smith, Jr. Here, too, we could not help thinking, were quarters admirably suited for the requirements of the head of a house whose interests are far reaching and whose branch houses are found in many of our leading cities.

On leaving these private offices of Mr. Smith and his son we stop a moment and find Crosby quartered in a cozy corner adjoining the private office, where Mr. Smith has fitted up a small office for him and surrounded him with all the equipments peculiar to his department of agencies: books of reference, maps, mercantile reports, lists of dealers from all quarters of the globe, with thousands of whom the names Bradbury, Webster and Henning have become household words; and we bespeak for Mr. Smith and his goods a still wider notoriety; for no limit can be placed upon a business where the dominating power brings into play such wonderful financial abilities as have marked the career of this piano magnate.

We met Mr. P. G. Smith, and had the pleasure of an introduction to a new baby grand; and we feel that it is certainly but due to this veteran manufacturer to say to the trade that in this new creation he has a baby grand that must and will find for itself a large demand, embodying as it does all the elements of an assured success. Some 50 of these are now coming through the works, and these will be but the beginning of his production of this favorite style. His factories at Raymond street, Fulton street and Leominster, Mass., are all running on full time and working nights, and yet are unable to fill their orders. We saw some exceptionally fine instruments in all the natural woods, and for handsome design we know of no factory that is turning out a better selling line of pianos than can be had of this large producer.

We were pleased to learn of an important move just made in Chicago. The Bradbury warerooms, formerly occupying 257 Wabash avenue, will be improved by adding the entire adjoining store, No. 255, which will now give Mr. Smith a store 40 feet wide by 160 feet deep, thus making one of the largest and finest warerooms in Chicago, and in every way a room well suited as a distributing house for his large Western business.

We remarked in a recent issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER that Mr. Smith's position in the trade was unique, and the more closely it is studied the more we are convinced of this fact. He stands to-day as capitalist, producer and consumer, and in this triune position holds the key to a situation attained by no other of our American manufacturers. In our interview with him there were facts brought out that proved to us conclusively that one of the important features in securing an agency was to see that the producer was backed by capital sufficient to warrant the dealer in building up a demand for the goods he represented; and when the Bradbury, Webster or Henning agencies are secured the dealer knows to a certainty that he has found a house

upon which he can rely in times of adversity as well as prosperity. Many of our manufacturers with limited capital and unlimited good intentions find that the former when depleted bankrupts the latter, and their customers whom they would gladly save are drawn into the whirlpool with them and all disappear together.

A word to the wise is sufficient: correspond with houses of the F. G. Smith rating, and you will have your accounts in safe hands and where you can safely feel that you are building a trade up with goods that have come to stay.

N. M. C.

**Trade in London.**

BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 15 Argyll street, London, W., November 24, 1894.

**A**T a special sale of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, yesterday, a valuable collection of violins, violas, cellos and bows, the property of G. H. Goodhart, Esq., the late Charles Kelvey, Esq., J. H. B. Dando, Esq., the late A. N. Pawle, Esq., and other private properties were offered at auction and brought comparatively low prices. An old English cello with bow and case was sold for £415s.; an old Italian violin and case for £8 10s.; a violin by Lupot, 1806, for £55; a Stradivarius, 1699, for £260; a Guarnerius, 1734, for £95; a cello by William Forster for £30; a Bergonzi for £200; a Serafino for £38; another Guarnerius for £95 (filius Andre, in inlaid satinwood case, with traveling cover and silver mounted bow), and a third by the same maker for £36 5s.; a Stradivarius, 1701, one of the few existing specimens, measuring 14½ inches, was bought by Hart for £600; a violin by Lupot, with bow by Weichold, for £29; a Bergonzi viola, £35 10s.; a cello by Benjamin Banks, £27; a cello by Tecchler, £41; an Amati, £153; a cello by Jean Baptiste, £36, &c. Mr. Edward Withers, of Wardour street, has three instruments of considerable interest for sale, one being a Bergonzi cello in a fine state of preservation, dated 1730, which he holds at £350; another, a Stradivarius, at £600, and the third, a Guarnerius, at £850.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons at their large place in Lower Seymour street report business as being very good. They have sent out fourteen grands and eleven uprights within the last eight days. They are pleased over the turn their business is taking in Paris, where they have established an agency with E. Mouille at 1 Rue Blanche. This old established house, which was first organized in 1835, having a wide connection, is able to push the Steinway instruments to the best advantage, and the best proof that they are doing so is in the fact that the London house has had to ship to the Paris agency seventeen pianos during the last two weeks, and they had received orders for more the day we called, including two concert grands. Mr. Esheby, manager for Messrs. Steinway & Sons, was on the point of leaving for Paris, where with characteristic push and energy this firm is getting its grands used by the concert-giving organizations, as it has done in London.

We called on Rud. Ibach & Sohn last week and found them busy making an extension to their premises to accommodate their increasing business. They are stocking about 350 pianos here, and are very much pleased with the outlook for business. The class of pianos they have the largest demand for are uprights ranging from 70 to 100 guineas, and some Richard Wagner grands ranging from 150 to 170 guineas.

Messrs. Cramer & Co. have recently taken new quarters near their old established house, at 201 Regent street, for their piano business. The building was burnt two years ago, and has been rebuilt according to their plans, and they now have one of the best arranged quarters for displaying goods to be found anywhere. The premises consist of a large room with a gallery, lighted by a large skylight, where they have organs and upright pianos. The room is so shaped as to give the greatest possible resonance, and so to give customers the chance of hearing pianos at their best. A special feature which Messrs. Cramer have introduced is that in this salesroom they are now carrying all the representative makes, so that a customer wishing to purchase a piano, but not sure of the make he wishes, can try at once the different makes and judge of their merits under the same conditions, and of course purchase at the rates of the individual houses. They have 500 pianos stocked here, and thus Messrs. Cramer give customers great advantages in selection. This enterprising firm reports that its business is greatly in excess of last year. In the line of pianettes and boudoir uprights, of which they make a specialty, they are having a very large trade. Something about their factory, and more about their goods, will be given in a subsequent number.

The Bell Organ and Piano Company, which formally had premises in Bond street, has moved to 49 Holborn Viaduct, and Messrs. Simrock are now at 58 Berners street, instead of their old address in Great Portland street.

Messrs. L. Grus & Sons, the old publishing house established forty years ago at Place St. Augustus, Paris, recently opened a London house at 98 Regent street. M. Grus, besides being one of the most progressive publishers in the French capital, is a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, and has been several years Judge in the Tribunal de Commerce. This is the first time that a French firm has estab-

lished a branch in London under its own direction, and it is M. Grus' purpose to push the interests of the French composers here. He is publishing a well assorted collection of music, including text books, vocal and instrumental works from such authors as Elsen, Herman, Faugier, Steiger, Benjamin Godard, Bemberg, Guy d'Hardelot, Augusta Holmés, Delibés, and in fact works from all the great French composers.

F. V. A.

**Hansing & Scott.**

**M**R. W. J. SCOTT, of Hansing & Scott, the recently organized piano manufacturing firm, located at the corner of Thirteenth and Washington streets, New York, has returned from a four weeks' business trip.

The Hansing & Scott piano was finished and ready for the market about November 1. Upon a careful inspection but one conclusion can be arrived at and that is that Mr. Hansing has fully demonstrated that he is a piano maker. The instrument bearing his name contains the condensed experience of many years' practical devotion to the art of piano building. It is hardly necessary to go into detail regarding the well balanced scale and musical qualities of these instruments. Mr. Hansing would make nothing but what would sustain the character of an honestly made, desirable instrument. An echo device in addition to the muffler or practice rail, the effect of which is pleasing and makes a good talking part, has been introduced.

Hansing & Scott have their new catalogue ready for distribution. Their business for the present will necessarily be limited, as their factory capacity is small, but with Mr. Hansing to make the goods and Mr. Scott to sell them the venture as a commercial success is assured.

**The Gorham Opening.**

**S**ATURDAY last Messrs. C. L. Gorham & Co., Worcester, Mass., held their "opening day." This progressive concern does nothing by halves, and when the time comes around for it to assemble the people of Worcester in its warerooms for a social occasion C. L. Gorham & Co. do themselves proud.

Last Saturday, December 1, was selected for such an occasion, and as it was the first day of the winter months the concern selected artists of ability to entertain the people of Worcester, nearly 3,000 of whom crowded the Gorham warerooms. Mr. M. Fabian was the star pianist of the occasion, commencing the concert at 2 P. M. From that hour until 10 P. M. there was a continuous concert, the artists assisting Mr. Fabian being as follows: Messrs. C. H. Grout, A. J. Bassett, Wm. A. Gaylord, H. C. Mullett, J. J. Heron, and the Misses Louise Shumway and Belle Harrington.

The opening was in every way a success and reflects great credit on Mr. Chas. A. Williams, the genial manager of C. L. Gorham & Co.

**Another Hundred Dollar Piano?**

**T**HE property owned by W. S. and C. N. Downs, on Housatonic avenue, formerly occupied as a corset factory, has been leased by a new company, which will manufacture the Huntington piano. A. J. Brooks, who has for many years been the traveling representative of the Sterling Company, will be its president and J. W. Brooks, his brother, will have the management of the business.

The organization will be known as the Huntington Piano Company, with a capital stock of \$25,000. It will commence business in a small way. The company will make the piano complete, except the cases, which will be made by outside parties. Men are now at work putting the building in proper shape for the business, and the company expect to have pianos ready for the market by January 1.—New Haven "News."

—Mr. Felix Kraemer, the traveling representative of Messrs. Kranich & Bach, had another interview with the surgeons of the German Hospital, Saturday, December 1, with the hoped-for result that his recovery is assured. The crisis has passed and no serious complications are expected.



Flour manufacturers frequently designate their various brands of flour as X, XX, XXX, or XXXX, the best grades being labeled with the most X's. If Phelps Harmony Attachment be compared with other pedal arrangements in this way 'twill require many very large X's indeed to denote its superlative qualities. Supplied by:

A. M. McPhail Piano Co., Boston.  
Newby & Evans, New York.  
Malcolm Love, Waterloo, N. Y.  
James & Holmstrom, N. York.  
J. H. PHELPS, SHARON, Wis.





CHICAGO OFFICE OF  
THE MUSICAL COURIER, 225 Wabash Avenue,  
December 1, 1894.

**B**USINESS with the wholesale dealers is good, but with retailers it is less in volume than it was last month. One of our largest houses, while speaking of the condition of affairs said that, while business was not rushing, there seemed to be a demand for goods in limited quantities, and that the mail orders were larger in numbers than ever, although perhaps the sales would not aggregate as much as they have in previous times.

#### Rumors.

The Chicago Musical College, which is really a large business institution, is now receiving proposals to move its school to some other locality.

Various offers have already been made to Dr. Ziegfeld, and rumor has it that he will take the upper floor of Lyon, Potter & Co.'s addition to the new store and that Lyon, Potter & Co. will occupy the first floor. This is the building now occupied by the Pease Piano Company.

Then again we have heard that a certain tenant of two of the upper floors of the building will not surrender the lease without being paid pretty heavily for doing so, and that Lyon, Potter & Co. may not be able to secure the building.

#### Superfluous Words.

There are many successful piano houses in Chicago. It is not necessary that they should have made \$2,000,000 to be classed among the prosperous ones. Some of the smaller houses, like J. O. Twichell or John Bryant, must also be classed among the successful dealers. No one could have been so long intimately connected with the piano business of this city as the writer without becoming somewhat intimately acquainted with the amount of business the different houses do.

There is one house in this city that it almost seems absurd to say is a phenomenon, and it is almost superfluous to claim that this house is making more pianos (and is not making them without selling them) than any other house on the face of the globe. Sometime we may be able to give figures, and when that time comes we predict that the trade with all its expectations will be surprised at the number of instruments made and sold and the amount of business done by the house to which we refer.

It is not only the amount of business that is startling, it is the tremendous prestige which the concern has secured for its manufactured goods, particularly the pianos, in the last few years. It is also astonishing to realize what advances have been made by this house in the case work, the finish, and the artistic excellence of its instruments.

It is a point to be remembered, and it will be remembered as long as pianos are made, that this house was the first in the West to manufacture concert grand pianos. There is no use in talking, this house is a wonder, and it is our prediction that in the future it will become a still greater wonder to the trade in this and every other country. Of course we refer to the W. W. Kimball Company.

#### Possibly a Double Suit.

The House & Davis Piano Company has recently been having trouble with its contractors. The trouble was caused by the railroad company, which delayed the contractors by not putting in the necessary switches. When the switches were completed, the contractors refused to carry out their agreement without being paid an additional sum, to which the House & Davis Company naturally objected.

The contract has been declared cancelled by the House

& Davis Piano Company, which has made new contracts which will insure immediately the building of the factory. There may be a suit by the first contractors against the House & Davis Company, and the company may bring suit against the contractors.

#### Up to Date.

Lyon & Healy have put their Aolian Hall to a new use recently. They are exhibiting to their visitors a little mechanical graphophone, and are entertaining visitors with reproductions of vocal solos, duets, &c., dialect readings, stories, orchestras and bands.

The little instrument is attracting a great deal of attention.

#### All Correct but the Facts.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Burglars entered the residence of W. G. Kimball, on Indiana avenue, and secured \$2,000 worth of booty. Mr. Kimball is the son of the piano manufacturer.

In writing the heading to this item we did not mean to infer that no one had been robbed; that is an old story. Mr. W. W. Kimball is probably happy at having a son thrust upon him in this unceremonious way; he would probably be equally as glad to have a daughter; but as he has neither, and as the Mr. W. G. Kimball referred to is not a piano manufacturer nor a son of a piano manufacturer the item can hardly be called quite apropos for even the New York trade paper which printed it. By the way, this item seemed to be about the only "news" that appeared in the journal referred to.

#### Arrested for Embezzlement.

The following is from a Battle Creek, Mich., paper:

#### FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

WILLIAM I. PETERS ARRESTED THIS AFTERNOON.

Our citizens were greatly surprised this afternoon by the announcement that Wm. I. Peters, of the firm of W. I. Peters & Co., music dealers and publishers, 57 West Main street, had been arrested on two charges, embezzlement and larceny. The complainant is Wm. E. Dean, who represents the Manufacturers Piano Company, of Chicago.

Mr. Peters has been agent for this company for several years, and they charge him with embezzling the sum of \$1,102.36. The warrant was issued last Thursday. Owing to the fact that Prosecuting Attorney Clark has always been Mr. Peters' lawyer, he could not prosecute the case. Judge Smith has appointed H. E. Winsor, of Marshall, to prosecute the case for the county.

Mr. Peters was arrested this afternoon by Constable Hamilton, and is now before Justice Henry as we go to press. Mr. Peters has been a resident of this city since childhood, and has been in the music business here many years, and has always borne a good reputation.

Mr. W. E. Dean, who is the complainant in this matter, has frequently applied to Mr. Peters for a settlement of the account, and was as frequently promised an entire liquidation. What the outcome of the suit will be it is difficult to predict. No doubt Mr. Peters would be perfectly willing to pay if he had the money, but matters having taken the turn which they have will likely cause the Manufacturers Piano Company to lose the amount of its claim, added to which will be the cost of prosecution, which of course will be a mere nominal sum.

#### Steger's Thanksgiving.

It speaks well for the trade in this city that not a man in it can be found to impugn the motives of Mr. J. V. Steger as to his methods of spending his Thanksgiving Day. Nevertheless all agree that the amount of advertising which he has received by his action could not have been purchased for a great deal more money than his benevolent methods cost him.

Not only before Thursday was his name mentioned in the daily papers, but on Friday there was not a paper published, either in the German or the English language, which did not have from a quarter of a column to a column or more in relation to the scenes which took place at Messrs. Steger & Co.'s store Thanksgiving morning. It was a sight to be remembered. The crowd around the door was immense, and consisted of women and children with their baskets, prepared to carry home the good things which Mr. Steger had provided.

The doors of the store were opened before 9 o'clock in the morning, and by 11 or thereabouts 10,000 pounds of beef, several hundred chickens, several half chests of tea, many loads of bread and a number of cases of port wine were disposed of. There were thousands of people who were furnished with a good hearty meal.

There was a goodly sprinkling of the trade present,

among them being Mr. J. O. Twichell, who became so infected with the spirit of the affair that he gave away every cent he had in his pockets, which happened to be no very small sum; and, by the way, it must be mentioned that Mr. Steger himself was prepared with a large amount of small change, which was also freely handed out.

#### Ben King's Poems Published.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., November 26.—Volume of Ben King's poems just issued were placed in the book stores here and at St. Joseph to-day and were eagerly sought by subscribers and others. The proceeds from the sale of this book will go to the widow and children of the poet. Members of the Chicago Press Club have generously given their time to the publication of this work.

The above is a telegram which has been published recently in the Chicago papers. It will be remembered that Mr. King was formerly connected with the music trade in this city and that he died recently while on an entertaining tour.

#### Enlarged Its Warerooms.

At last Mr. James M. Hawxhurst informs us that he has secured the remaining portion of the warerooms for the Bradbury piano. This just about doubles the first floor wareroom space.

#### Calendars Will Be Fashionable.

The Ann Arbor Organ Company has published and circulated in the trade a very handsome calendar for 1895.

#### Mr. Curtiss' Trip.

Mr. Chas. C. Curtiss, president of the Manufacturers Piano Company of this city, has recently been making quite an extensive trip through the West and Northwest. His principal object was to satisfy himself as to the chances for present and future business. His trip included the principal cities from Wichita, Kan., to Duluth, Minn.

He found things in a rather unsatisfactory condition in Kansas and Nebraska, but says that there is an inclination on the part of Eastern capitalists to put their money in those States, and that only one good crop is necessary to make business prosperous there.

He says there is a sensible improvement in business in the main, and virtually considers the country, from a conservative standpoint, in better condition than it has been for the last ten years. Mr. Curtiss is neither an optimist nor a pessimist, and for this reason his opinion is worthy of the utmost consideration.

#### Personals.

Mr. Jos. K. Rapp, the head salesman for Steger & Co., made a reputation for himself on Thanksgiving Day for wrapping up beef and chickens and bread which almost equals his reputation for selling pianos. We have no doubt he could get a position in any first-class grocery store in the city of Chicago.

Mr. C. H. O. Houghton registered at the Wellington Hotel in this city Thanksgiving morning.

Mr. W. E. Nickerson, of the "Musical Times," was in the city a few days this week, and left for the East on Thursday afternoon. He will visit several cities before returning to New York.

Mr. D. C. Calder, of Salt Lake, arrived in this city a few days since, and occupied himself by buying necessary goods for his holiday trade. He left for New York on Tuesday.

Mr. Peter Duffy, of the Schubert Piano Company, of New York city, was a recent visitor.

Capt. J. Harry Estey, the youngest member of the Estey concern, was in the city this week, as was also Mr. Robert Proddow, of the Estey Piano Company, of New York. Ex-Gov. Levi K. Fuller visited the city on his return from St. Louis.

Mr. Geo. B. Grosvenor, of Dubuque, Ia., was in the city last week visiting his son and buying goods. He will go no further East.

Mr. F. G. Smith, Jr., of Bradbury piano fame, was in town this week and spent his Thanksgiving with Mr. Hawxhurst, the local manager of the Chicago house.

Mr. Will Bush, treasurer of the Music Trade Association of this city, says that after paying for their last entertainment, they have still a little money in the treasury. He also made the singular admission that a few members of

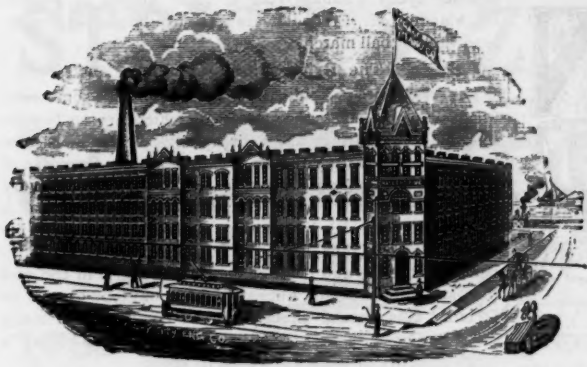
P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

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lenge the world that ours will excel any other.

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MANUFACTURER OF

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the association still owe for their last meal. Mr. Bush says that although the price of the dinner was but \$3, the cost to the association was about \$5.50. Then why not charge \$5.50 a plate and have done with it?

Mr. Geo. C. Adams, representing the McCammon Piano Company, Oneonta, N. Y., came into the office to-day accompanied by Mr. Reimann, of the Rintelman Piano Company. Mr. Adams says that the business of the McCammon Piano Company is booming. Mr. Reimann confirmed the statement of Mr. Adams, who said that the business of the Rintelman Piano Company was prosperous, and that out of the stock in the warerooms at 165 Wabash avenue, there were but two pianos on the floor which were not sold. Temporarily, to meet the requirements of the holiday trade, the Rintelman Piano Company has renewed possession of the old warerooms at 568 North Clark street. This move is made necessary by the requirements of the business. Virtually 568 North Clark street is an additional storage warehouse, as in the present headquarters at 165 Wabash avenue the concern has not room to carry the amount of stock necessary for its growing business.

Mr. Alfred Shindler, Hardman, Peck & Co.'s Western traveling man, has returned from a prolonged tour through the Northwest, and starts Monday on a trip through Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. He reports trade improving everywhere, except in certain sections of Iowa, Dakota and Nebraska, where the bad crops have killed all prospects of business for the present, though orders are as brisk as can be expected under prevailing conditions.

### William F. Hasse.

THIS gentleman was for three years the manager for T. F. Kraemer, at 107 East Fourteenth street, New York, and when that concern liquidated succeeded to the business.

Mr. Hasse is a manufacturer of piano scarfs and covers, and has also the selling agency for the Alvord & Spear piano stools, made at Torrington, Conn.

The agency for these last named goods was secured by Mr. Hasse about a year ago, and has proved a valuable acquisition to his business. It has given him a complete line with which to interest the piano dealer.

Perhaps one of the most important departments of Mr. Hasse's business is that containing the different kinds of interchangeable, self-playing music boxes. The Symphonion ranks first on account of the length of time it has been before the public, the great variety and style of boxes and the practically unlimited number of tunes which can be played. These instruments were introduced in this market about six years ago by Mr. T. F. Kraemer and have proved a success from almost the first, and to-day Mr. Hasse, as successor to Mr. Kraemer, is doing an extensive business in them. His stock is complete in both the instruments and music disks.

In addition to the Symphonion Mr. Hasse has the Polyphone and Regina music boxes. These boxes are somewhat on the order of the Symphonion.

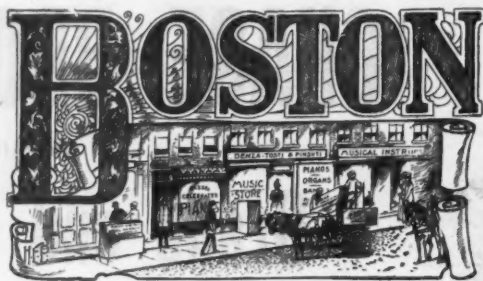
At his quarters on East Fourteenth street Mr. Hasse finds himself greatly hampered for room to properly transact his business, and with the view of obtaining greater facilities he will move in the spring to a larger wareroom, the location of which has not been decided upon. At present he is utilizing a portion of the building at 122 East Thirteenth for reserve stock and a shipping depot. Since September, Mr. Hasse states, his business has been steadily on the increase, and is now doing all that can be done with his present facilities.

Two new catalogues have been sent out recently, one for piano stools, scarfs, &c., and the other for music boxes.

### James & Holmstrom.

THE efforts of Messrs. James & Holmstrom are still being bent in the direction of making a feature of baby grands. Another of these instruments was finished and sent to a Brooklyn patron this week. Mr. James expresses himself freely in his belief that the piano trade is certain to have new blood infused into its veins.

"Yes," he said to a MUSICAL COURIER representative, "we may look for new life after January 1. There is no doubt of that. But no more booms, mind you, no more booms! That unhealthy stage of the work is passed. The trade will resume its old-time status, but we will get there by means of solid, downright work."



BOSTON, Mass., December 1, 1894.

THIS week, on account of Thanksgiving, has been a broken one. Many firms did a large business up to Thursday, while others did little until after that day. All, however, are arranging for the Christmas trade, which they hope will be large.

### Mason & Hamlin.

Mr. Alan G. Mason, after an absence of two years, has resumed his former duties at Mason & Hamlin's factory. Mr. Mason spent a part of his vacation in Europe, where he added to his ideas of acoustics, &c.

Mason & Hamlin last week received cable orders for 63 pianos and organs. Their November retail business in the piano department shows about the same gain as October—that is, double the business of the same month of the preceding year.

Mr. E. F. Page, Jr., who has been connected with Mason & Hamlin several years, is about to pay his last visit in their behalf to Ohio, looking over their various agencies. Mr. Page, after February 1, is to accept a very responsible and lucrative position with Messrs. Rothschild & Co., of Chicago. Mason & Hamlin are sorry to lose so valuable a man.

Mr. E. Baxter Perry, who has just finished a very successful tour in Kansas City, where the critics spoke of him in the highest manner, will go direct to New York State where he will continue his concerts. This is the first year that Mr. Perry has played the improved Mason & Hamlin grand.

Henry Holden Huss will appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall December 28 and 29. Mr. Huss will play his own concerto, using a Mason & Hamlin improved concert grand. This concerto was but recently finished, and Mr. Huss will play it for the first time in public.

The grand and upright pianos sold by Mason & Hamlin in October to Wellesley College are said by the faculty to be the finest instruments ever used in that institution.

The December numbers of all the leading magazines contain a very artistic advertisement of Mason & Hamlin's business.

### Chickering & Sons.

Chickering & Sons at their factory are getting ready to ship to New York a full sized concert grand, one of their World's Fair pianos, and all who are interested in case work should visit their New York warerooms and see this superb piano. It was made for the Massachusetts State Building at Chicago. The case is of mahogany, with a double border of inlaid work of two light woods. On the sides and ends are musical instruments—harps predominating—surrounded by green wreaths in marquetry. On the top is the seal of Massachusetts, also inlaid in colors. The double border is repeated on the inside of the top flap. The legs are absolutely plain, Colonial style, and the entire work, including the marquetry, was done in the firm's factory. The piano will be in New York early next week.

### The Emerson Piano Company.

The Emerson Piano Company has had an excellent month's business; in fact, it is busy all the time.

Yesterday the concern received a letter from Chicago ordering a number of pianos and saying that business, both wholesale and retail, was excellent.

Mr. Payson is now in Cincinnati on his way South, having had a successful trip in arranging for new agencies in the West. The Emerson Company will soon issue a new catalogue.

Mr. P. H. Powers, Mr. O. A. Kimball and Mr. Jos.

Gramer spent Thanksgiving at their homes in Boston Highlands. Mr. Fred. Powers went to Philadelphia to attend the football match.

### The Briggs Piano Company.

The Briggs Piano Company has at its factory some very handsome new cases, the veneers of which are so beautifully marked that they are made up with plain panels—the grain of the wood serving as ornamentation. One case of walnut is particularly noticeable. The markings are very large and distinct, forming a pattern in the centre of a large dark oval with lighter rays radiating from it. This "oval" pattern runs through the entire wood, being repeated in the top and front of the case and also in the end pieces. Nature seems almost to have outdone herself in forming this special effect, but the company has many other fine ones, in fact the house prides itself in having a large quantity of beautiful woods in stock.

Mr. George J. Dowling, the company's traveling salesman, who has just returned from a trip through New England, will leave for a more extended trip next week.

Mr. C. C. Briggs, Jr., entertained a large family party at his home in Newton, Thanksgiving. There were 23 present. Mr. E. W. Furbush passed the day at his home in Dorchester. Mr. F. D. Irish went to New York for the day.

Mr. James E. Lothrop, Dover, N. H., who sells Briggs pianos, was at the factory this week.

### The New England Piano Company.

The New England Piano Company is running full time at its factory and is putting out 25 pianos a day.

The day before Thanksgiving they sent out 25 pianos from their retail store.

Mr. Scanlon spent Thanksgiving Day at 200 Tremont street.

### The A. M. McPhail Piano Company.

Some time ago the A. M. McPhail Company sent to friends asking them to suggest a suitable name for a new style of piano it was making. Out of the names sent in 21 were selected. These were printed on the back of a postal card addressed to the McPhail Company and inclosed with the following circular, which was sent to dealers:

### It Is Finished.

The result of months of thought and experiment stands on the floor of our factory, a piano ready to fill the void created by the times for a most excellent instrument at a most popular price. Only one thing lacking: it remains unnamed. Designed especially for the dealers, it is to them that we look for a name. This leads the McPhail to ask its second favor in 56 years. It is that you mark on the enclosed list of names the name that you think best suited for this new production, returning the card promptly to us. A similar request has been made of every reliable dealer in the country. The most popular name will be chosen. This new piano is intended as a valuable addition to our present line of instruments. Its qualities shall be its success; its success, we hope, will be your pleasure. When all returns are in, we will transmit to you the chosen name and tell you more about this, the latest production of the A. M. McPhail Piano Company.

The name selected is "Boston Symphony."

A. A. Tarbeaux, the company's traveling man, is in Pennsylvania and reports fair business.

The McPhail branch, at Kansas City, Kan., in charge of R. E. Kroh, will close to-day, December 1.

Mr. G. F. Blake returned Friday morning from Athol, Mass., where he spent Thanksgiving with his father and mother.

The McPhail Company will issue a new catalogue about January 1.

### Needham Piano and Organ Company.

Mr. Jas. W. Cheney has just received a number of Needham pianos in preparation for the Christmas trade, which, like the majority of dealers, he thinks will be prosperous.

Mr. Chas. P. Cummings has just returned from a trip through Michigan, Kansas, Ohio and Indiana.

### The O. Ditson Company.

The O. Ditson Company, for the first time in the history of the house, has issued a handsome placard for dealers to hang in their stores. These will be sent to all who sell the company's publications. The house has just published several books—collections of songs and instrumental pieces—for both beginners and more advanced pupils.

### In Town.

C. N. Stimpson, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Lord, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. M. D. Fife, Manchester, N. H.; C. S. Green, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Hawkes, Malden, Mass.; A. B. Seavey, Saco, Me.; Alroy Noyes, Pownal, Me.; W. W. Cobb, Wellfleet, Mass.; Jas. E. Lothrop, Dover, N. H.

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THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS **PIANOS** IN EVERY RESPECT.

APPEAL TO THE HIGHEST MUSICAL TASTE.

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... AMERICAN

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Solo and Military  
Band Instruments.



Are used by the greatest artists in the profession, who recommend them as being well constructed, correct in tune, easy to play, beautiful tone, elegant in model.

Sole Agent for the Celebrated Bertelling Clarinets, Flutes, Piccolo, and both Boehm and Ordinary System.

↔ **HARMONICUM** ↔

Latest Reed Organ like Instrument with Pull and Push Tone, tuned in the usual Bandonion Pitch as well as Chromatic, of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  Octaves.

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Price Lists gratis, mailed free.



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**STOOLS**



**SCARFS**

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

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MARYSVILLE, OHIO.



THIS CHAIR HAS A REGULATING SPRING BACK  
AND COMBINES EASE AND COMFORT.

**THE CUNNINGHAM PIANO**  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

A FIRST CLASS INSTRUMENT IN EVERY  
RESPECT. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE & TERRITORY

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WOOSTER, OHIO.



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**Music Box.**

Plays airs and compositions without changing disks. Large, full Tone. Large Repertory of the latest and best works and popular melodies



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**LYRES and**  
**PILASTERS**

IN A VARIETY OF  
STYLES.

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Bet. 34th and 11th Aves.,  
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**Weaver**  
**Organs**

Easy to sell,  
Hard to wear out,  
Always satisfactory.

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THE JULIUS N. BROWN CO., WESTERN AGENTS.

NEARLY 60,000 SOLD!!



**PEASE PIANO Co.,**

316 to 322 West 43rd Street,

—NEW YORK.—

No. 46 Jackson Street,

—CHICAGO.—

COSTS ONE-TENTH OF CYLINDER ORCHESTRION.



POWERFUL ENOUGH TO FILL ANY CONCERT HALL OR BALLROOM.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE MOST POPULAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THIS AGE

.....ARE.....

The Patent Resonator Music Box

Patented  
in  
All Countries.

**"MONOPOL."**

Patented  
in  
All Countries.

With 20, 40, 50, 84 or 100 Tunes.

It surpasses in Volume of Tone, Musical Arrange-  
ment, Solidity of Construction and Style all other  
similar instruments.

Seven different sizes, according to the number of  
tunes, in twenty different styles, from the cheapest  
article for the masses to the most artistically made  
instrument—an ornament in a parlor.

Automatons. Self-Players. Boxes with Crank.

Large and daily increasing Music Repertory.



20 Tune Music Box with  
Crank.

**"ARISTON," "HELIKON."**

First Prize at many Expositions.

Of World-Wide Reputation. A Work Unsur-  
passed. Durable Construction. Beautiful  
Sound. Largest Music Repertory.

**"ORCHESTRION."**

Flute Automaton. Sensational Novelty.

A Musical Instrument for Dance Halls and large  
Restaurants. Clear, Agreeable Tone.

All these Instruments can be obtained from the  
large Musical Instrument Dealers, from  
Wholesale Dealers and Exporters.



40 Tune Music Box.

**Leipzig Music Works, FORMERLY PAUL EHRLICH & CO.**

JULIUS C. SCHMIDT, 434 Broome St., New York, Gen'l Agent.





## Packard Testimonials.

THE following testimonials from some of America's greatest organists have been received by the Fort Wayne Organ Company:

NEW YORK, September 18, 1891.

To the Fort Wayne Organ Company:

GENTS—It is with much pleasure I can state that after trying the Packard grand combination reed organ (now on exhibition at Steinway Hall), I can simply say I am delighted with it, and can very strongly recommend it as a substitute for the pipe organ. The large pipe organ can only be obtained in capacious hotels, cathedrals and churches. Of course we cannot expect the variety in a small reed organ, but you have given us, at a comparatively small expense, compared with pipe organs, an instrument of wonderful power, capable of being heard with full orchestra, and of a variety of effects for solo purposes, suitable for church music and for the accompanying of the voice.

The stops are of so sound a quality that you imagine them to be a diapason pipe instead of a reed. The touch is very responsive, and repeats so rapidly that a tremolo can be produced with the fingers as on the piano.

The swell is so arranged that it is as perfect and effective as any large pipe organ.

GEORGE W. MORGAN.

332 MICHIGAN AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILL., October 17, 1891.

Fort Wayne Organ Company:

GENTLEMEN—By invitation of Mr. L. E. Thayer, I examined the Packard grand organ. To say that I was surprised at the variety of effects produced, the power and intensity of tone and the delicacy of certain stops is a mild expression.

The voicing shows a master hand and mature judgment, for not only are the individual stops characteristic and independent, but they build up in combinations most admirably. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature of the instrument is its extraordinary power, but I found the pipe-like character of the stopped diapason and the crispness of the reed stops particularly interesting.

Yours very truly, CLARENCE EDDY.

STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK, September 23, 1891.

To Fort Wayne Organ Company:

MR. L. E. THAYER—I have played upon your beautiful Packard organ, in Room No. 7, with the greatest pleasure and interest. What I particularly notice is the true vocal quality of each tone, and also the great distinctiveness of the reeds. I also find that each set is independent of the other, and in the full organ never loses its identity, which is so often the case in reed organs.

The great power I fully understand to be the result of the independent construction of each set of reeds.

In conclusion I must add that for purity, richness and vocal quality, combined with orchestral effect, it is far ahead of any reed organ I have ever played upon.

Yours truly, S. B. MILLS.

CHICAGO, October 17, 1891.

The Fort Wayne Organ Company:

GENTLEMEN—I could scarcely believe it possible that a tone so pure and pipe-like could emanate solely from the simple reeds. The volume of the full organ is great, and the carrying effect something remarkable.

The compactness and probable price of this instrument (which in every way is to be preferred to the best small pipe organ that could be bought for two or three times its price) is bound to create a demand for it.

Sincerely, GEORGE F. ROOT.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC,  
NEW YORK, September 25, 1891.

Fort Wayne Organ Company:

GENTLEMEN—Allow me to express the satisfaction afforded me by an examination of your combination reed organ. To the connoisseur of art your Packard grand exhibits ingenuity and invention successfully applied to secure artistic qualities hitherto unrealized in the reed organ.

I may frankly say that I find the Packard grand an instrument whose originality of construction gives it a phenomenal volume of genuinely musical tone and at the same time develops the utmost distinctiveness in the quality of its various stops, all of which (pipe and string tones equally) are remarkably effective and rich.

Congratulating you on the high artistic consequences of your innovations in reed organ construction, I remain,

Yours truly, ALBERT ROSS PARSONS,

First Vice-President of the Metropolitan College of Music and Organist of Dr. Hall's Church, Fifth avenue.

## A Large and Happy Family Gathering.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE COOK, at their home, "The Anchorage," West Newton, Mass., entertained a family party Thanksgiving, when all the members of their large family, including husbands, wives and grandchildren, were present. The party numbered twenty-six.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook celebrated their golden wedding in 1887, and it was a great pleasure that after seven years the entire family was able to be present and congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Cook on their continued good health. It is seldom that so large a family remains unbroken for such a long period.

Mrs. E. N. Kimball, the second daughter, entertained the party Friday at her residence on Harvard avenue, Brookline.

Mr. Cook is the president of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company, Mr. E. N. Kimball is vice-president, and Mr. W. D. Cook is treasurer.

## Colby Pianos.

THE following taken from the Erie, Pa., "Graphic" will be read with interest by the trade as opening up a comparatively new field for the disposal of pianos:

The Colby Piano Company closed a contract yesterday to supply the Buffalo Syndicate Company with 100 pianos, which will be placed in the 100 cottages that the syndicate are under contract to build and furnish complete at Niagara Falls. The cottages as well as the pianos are to be completed by June 1 next. The idea of building houses and furnishing them even to a piano is rather a novel feature in this section of the country, but it will strike the average person as a pretty good plan, especially for the family who rents. The gentleman who has the contract for putting up the cottages, &c., was in the city on Friday, and before leaving completed arrangements for supplying the large number of instruments noted above.

The Colby piano, made at Erie, Pa., is meeting with a greater success as a salable and satisfactory instrument than most dealers—especially Eastern dealers—are willing to accord it. Take the house of A. D. Coe, of Cleveland, Ohio, for instance. The opening of this magnificent new place of business occurred two weeks ago, and notice what is being done at that point with Colby pianos. An order for 50 was placed November 1 for the holiday trade, mostly for the high priced cases. They were delivered in time for the opening and made a splendid display. Although an order for 50 pianos for one delivery is a good many, at the same time when it is considered that there is a strong, healthy demand for these pianos not only in Cleveland alone, but from miles around, and that this demand is the result of a number of years of steady, progressive work with an instrument which merited the attention which has been given it, there is nothing phenomenal in having so large a number shipped at one time.

Buffalo is another point which is being rapidly developed into a strong Colby center. Under the able management of Messrs. Luxton & Black, who sell no other make, a good business has been done almost from the first. It is not that the Colby pianos are being slaughtered in price in order to find a retail trade. Dealers get good prices for them and there is reason why they can. Look at style A, for instance, a strictly modern style of case architecture, simple and handsome, four feet eight inches high. This is the lowest priced of the Colby make, and it is one of the most desirable sellers, for it is less in price because the

case work is not quite so elaborate, but all other features are equal to their most costly.

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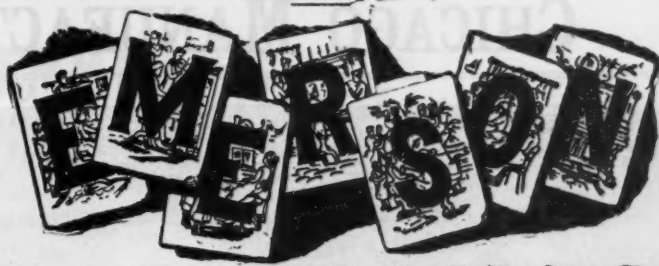
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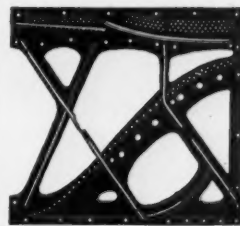
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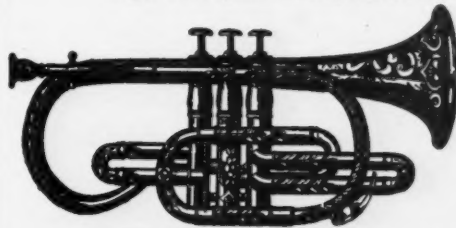
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